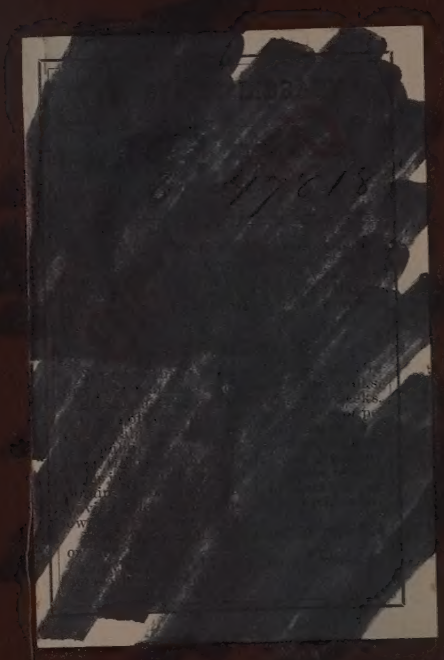

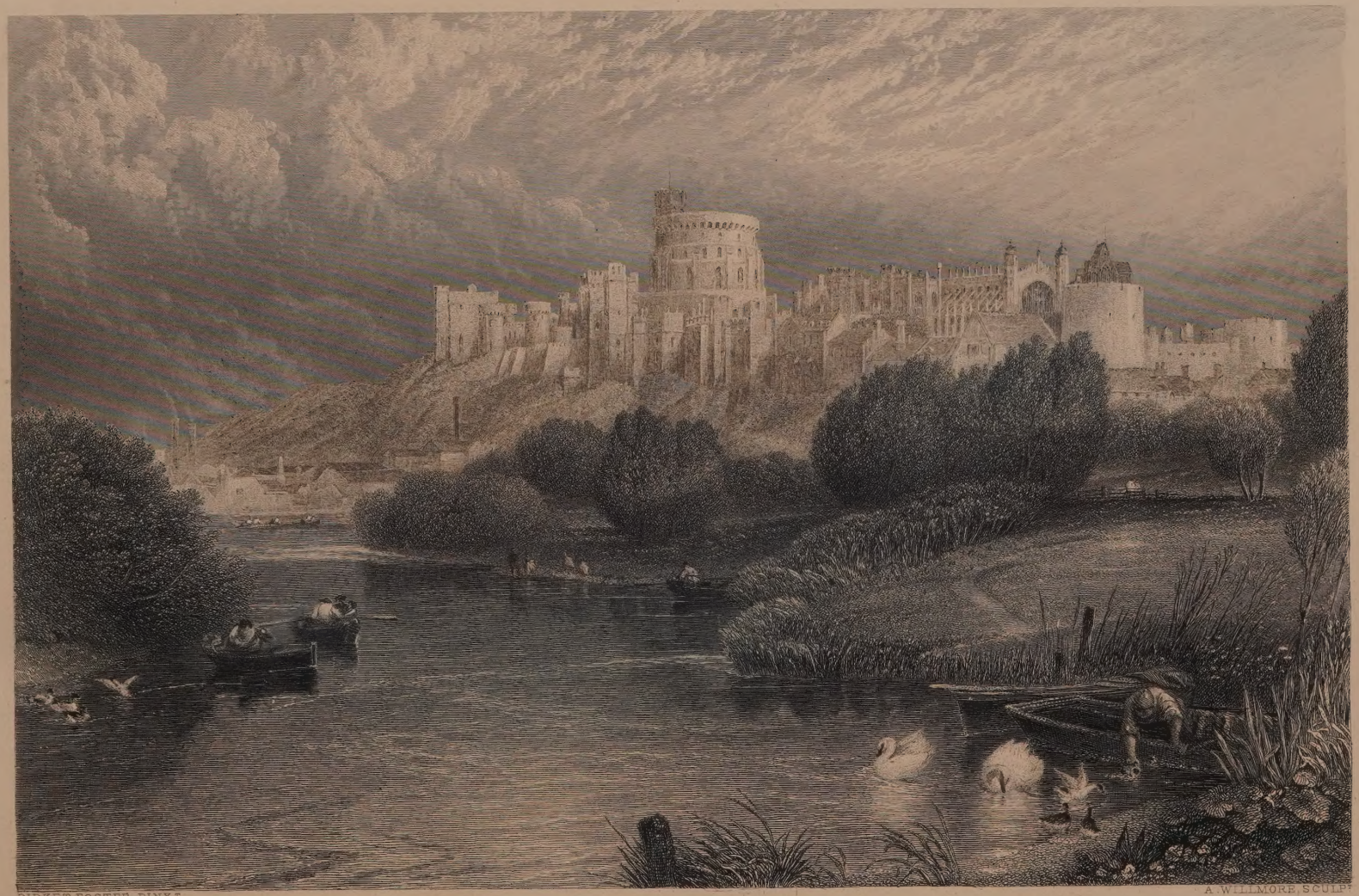

BIRKET FOSTER, PINXT

A. WILLMORE, SCULPT

Windsor Castle.

TOUR D'EUROPE

PICTURESQUE EUROPE

THE BRITISH ISLES

9 17

VOL. I.

PICTURESQUE EUROPE:

A

DELINEATION BY PEN AND PENCIL

OF

THE NATURAL FEATURES AND THE PICTURESQUE AND HISTORICAL PLACES

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CONTINENT.

Illustrated on Steel and Wood by European and American Artists.

EDITED BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

VOL. I.

914

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PREFACE.

THE intentions of the editor and publishers of "PICTURESQUE AMERICA" have been so cordially recognized by the American people, in the general and unusual favor with which they have received the work, that a companion to it, devoted to "PICTURESQUE EUROPE," may hope to be equally welcome. Each, indeed, will be found to be complementary to the other, even where external resemblances in the forms of the scenery of the two continents are most manifest. There are conditions of atmosphere and vegetable growth, and characteristics derived from human labor and habitation, which modify the simplest scenes that may be chosen for illustration; and thus, while the scope and variety of landscape is equally great in either work, the differences which are never absent will instruct as well as charm by their almost endless contrasts.

To appreciate the picturesque qualities of European scenery, we should avoid the habit of making constant comparison with the scenery of America. Those of our countrymen who have never visited the Old World will be oftener misled than enlightened by resemblances which, if correct, can only be topographical. The same form of mountain which, in our Northern States, would be covered with birch and hemlock, generally wears an even mantle of heather in Scotland, and is brilliant with box and arbutus in Italy. Even the bushes and wild-flowers of the foreground, or some chance work of human hands, impress their peculiar character upon the whole landscape, and separate it from ours, as effectually as the ocean. Nature may be still the same friend we knew, but we are at once aware of subtile changes, as of temperament and expression, which ask for their own independent recognition. They are not simply to be enjoyed in their resemblances, or condemned on account of divergent characteristics.

Climate must be reckoned among the first of the natural agencies which affect landscape. The difference of sky and atmosphere, which all Americans feel on arriving in or returning from Europe, is not imaginary. The prevailing winds of the whole year, contained within the western semicircle of the compass, are here rendered dry and keen by the breadth of the continent behind us, while in Europe they are humid from the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the North Sea, and warmed, even

to the borders of the Arctic Zone, by the Gulf Stream. Conversely, our moist winds from the southeast to the northeast, are there dry and bracing, at least after we have reached the central part of Germany. Passing eastward through Hungary and Southern Russia, as the western half of the winds gradually lose their moisture, the color of the sky, the temperature and atmospheric effects become more and more like our own; but the Europe which is most familiar to us, through race and history, is a land of paler skies, of more gradual changes, less sharply-divided seasons, and differences of vegetation corresponding thereto.

England and Ireland, from their geographical position, enjoy a climate more equable than can be found elsewhere, outside of the tropical belt, with the possible exception of Oregon. All who have seen something of English landscape-art, know how the character of Nature is modified by the prevalence of a soft, pearly atmosphere, wherein the clouds hang like silver, and the trees, of slower growth, rise in darker and heavier masses. Distant hills seem gray rather than blue in a light which, though subdued, is more equally diffused over the scene. Vegetation is far less rapid and vigorous, but it covers the earth more evenly and completely, and is less affected by the seasons. Even the rocks are darker in hue, as the atmospheric changes are affected more slowly, and the growths of moss and lichen are far more abundant. Without the long, laborious, and refined cultivation which has turned the British Isles into great realms of park and garden; without the ruins of the past, and the gray, ancient, inhabited homes, scattered everywhere, there is scarcely a vale or nook which does not distinguish itself, at the first glance, from the scenery of other lands.

The same observation applies, in a general sense, to France, Germany, and Southern Europe, although the varieties of natural physiognomy there melt into each other more gradually, and are sometimes tempered by local causes. The immense desert region of the African Sahara affects the climate of the continent, as far north as the Baltic Sea. The wind of the south, losing its hot, arid character, as it crosses the Mediterranean, becomes the *scirocco* of the opposite shore, strong, sultry, and oppressive. Reaching the Alps, it heaps the enormous fields of snow which are slowly impacted into glaciers, loosens the avalanches, and swells the streams on their northern slopes. It covers Germany with a hot blue haze, like that of our Indian summer, having recovered much of its dryness, and only loses its character as it mixes with the cooler currents of air along the northern seas. The western winds, also, become less humid, as they penetrate into the interior of France; and the north wind, by the time it reaches the Lake of Geneva, acquires a keen strength almost equal to that of our northwesters. Strong winds, however, from the causes already mentioned, are rarely accompanied by the same violent changes or the same extremes of temperature, as in America. Since the severest cold of winter comes from the east, it frequently happens that Central France and Southern Germany, lying in the latitude of Canada, escape frost, and have their earliest spring flowers in January.

Another prominent feature in the landscapes of Europe springs from long habitation by civilized races. Primeval woods, in the strict sense of the term—forests which have never even been touched by man—are so rare as to be curiosities. The appearances of a *cleared* region, where the scattered trees which are left standing show, in their erect height and the absence of lower boughs, that they were once parts of a continuous forest, disappeared centuries ago. Every tree or grove, even the greater proportion of the woodland, has an air of finish, of uninterrupted expansion, of human care and government, which, in America, we are only now beginning to see in the oldest settled regions along the Atlantic coast. We sometimes wonder at the enthusiasm of the English, German, and French authors, for "primeval forests," and we have often enough occasion to smile at their singular conceptions of a form of landscape which they have never known. A stanza of Campbell, in his "Lines on leaving a Scene in Bavaria," gives very beautiful expression to his longing for that which, with us, has almost become commonplace:

"Yes! I have loved thy wild abode,
Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore;
Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
And scarce the fisher plies an oar:
For man's neglect I love thee more,
That art nor avarice intrude
To tame thy torrent's thunder-shock,
Or prune thy vintage of the rock,
Magnificently rude!"

So much, in the way of a general characterization of Picturesque Europe, seems necessary to be said. These climatic features indicate effects, manifest in peculiarities of national temperament, and the phenomena of human life, which will readily suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader. But the expression conferred upon landscape by the vicissitudes of historic ages, and the tokens of them remaining at the present day, constitutes, after all, the chief interest which Europe possesses for the native American. Scenes, around which cluster associations, many of them no less his own inheritance than that of his European kinsman, attract him even more than those of superior natural beauty or grandeur. His ancestors may have ruled in the feudal piles, built the venerable abbeys and minsters, or inhabited the quaint mediæval dwellings which still line the shadowy streets of old English or Continental towns. The past of his own stock comes vividly back to him in the pictures of these objects. He not only associates historical events with the scenes where they occurred, but even the familiar literature of Romance comes in to add an interest scarcely less real. Over the varying backgrounds of Nature move in almost endless procession the forms of more than two thousand years of human life. From the shadowy legends of Etruria to the last brief, Titanic

struggle of modern powers, there is hardly a province in Europe which has not been made memorable by victory or defeat, freedom or oppression, the conflicts of races or the developments of religion, science, literature, and art.

In a work which shall furnish representative illustrations of the scenery of Europe, this element of association cannot be omitted. What painters call the *sentiment* of a landscape is to the same extent modified by the deeds it has witnessed in the Past, or the immortal words it may have once echoed, as its external features are modified by long ages of human toil. Scenes which history has never touched may delight us by fresh forms of sublimity, but we turn from them at last, as from a splendid mansion which never possessed a tenant, to humbler landscapes with whose intellectual or moral associations we have long been familiar. The blending of this feature with that of the picturesque in an artistic sense has been fully borne in mind, in the preparation of the present work. While it will include remoter regions whose wildness and grandeur will be new to many readers, it aims to illustrate, so far as the prescribed limits allow, the memorable epochs of European History.

The text of the work, as that of "PICTURESQUE AMERICA," has been prepared by different hands, and my own labor is chiefly comprised in the general revision and arrangement. The opening articles, embracing English subjects of direct interest to American readers, are the work of English writers familiar with the scenes they describe, and the rich store of memories which they recall. The exactness of description obtained by such a plan will, it is believed, be much more satisfactory than if the entire letter-press were written by a single author.

As in "PICTURESQUE AMERICA," the greatest care has been observed, not only in the selection of the subjects for illustrations, and the employment of artists of taste and talent to execute the latter, but also in the preparation of the steel engravings and woodcuts. The experience gained during the publication of the former work, both in regard to illustrations and descriptive text, guarantees an even higher standard of excellence in "PICTURESQUE EUROPE."

BAYARD TAYLOR.

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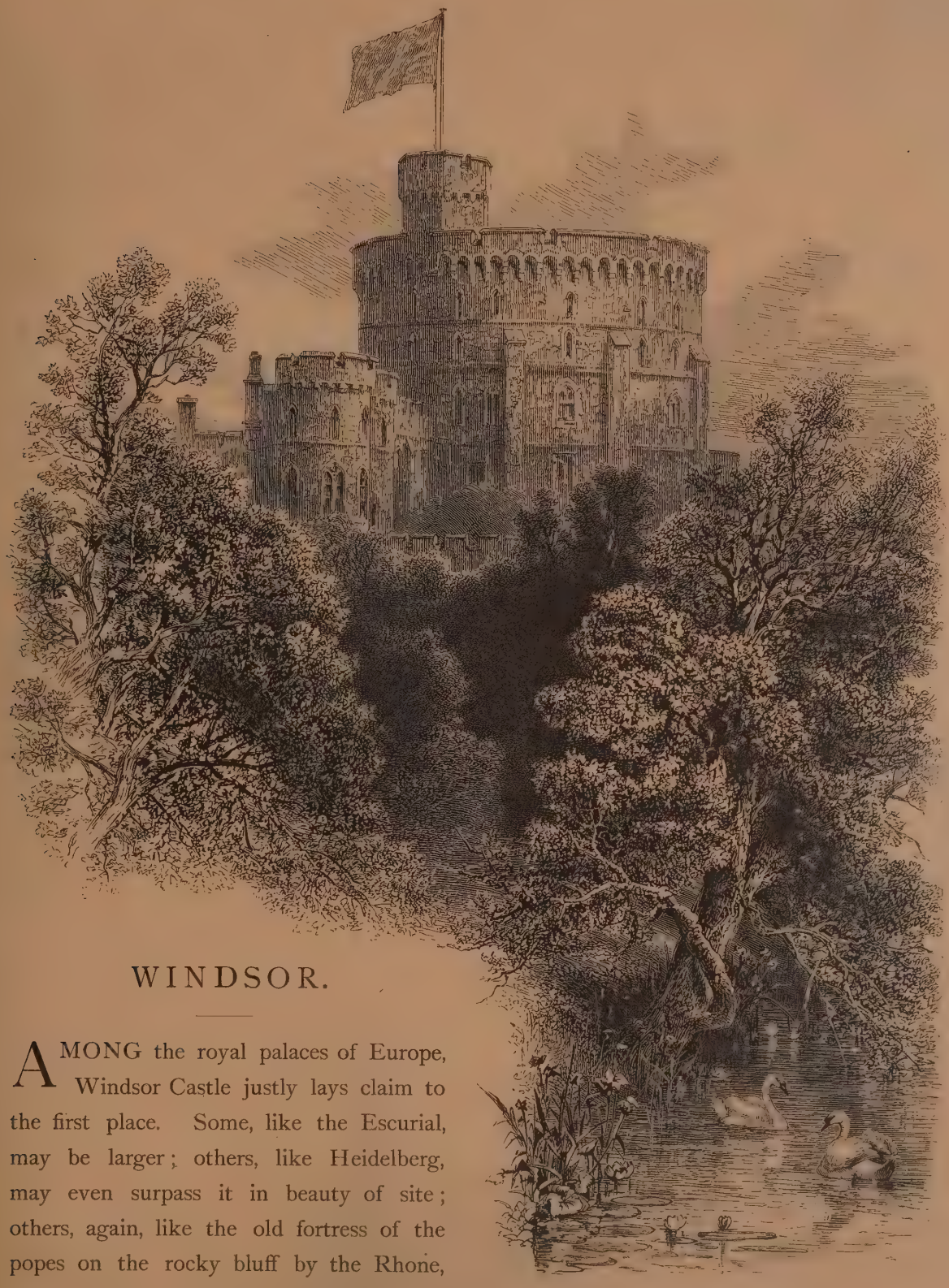
PICTURESQUE EUROPE.



The Round Tower.

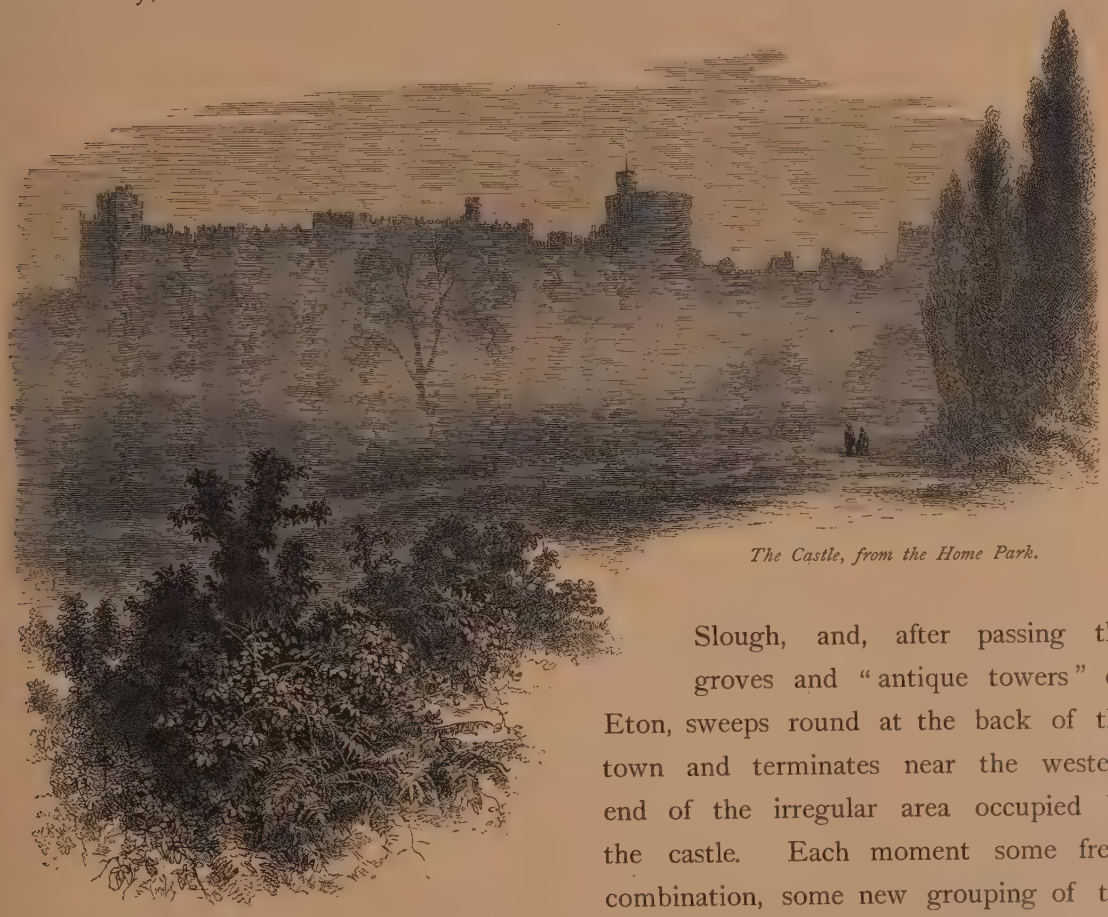
WINDSOR.

AMONG the royal palaces of Europe, Windsor Castle justly lays claim to the first place. Some, like the Escurial, may be larger; others, like Heidelberg, may even surpass it in beauty of site; others, again, like the old fortress of the popes on the rocky bluff by the Rhone, may be more perfect in architecture; but

in none are size, beauty, and grandeur, so united as in the first and oldest of the royal residences. At Avignon, indeed, where for so long popes, orthodox or schismatical, kept their courts, a cathedral and a fortress stand side by side; but Windsor is a palace, an abbey, a college, and a barrack, all in one. Further, it is bound up with English history more completely than any other castle in the country. Other ancient palaces are deserted or destroyed. Sheen, Theobalds, Winchester, have perished; the Tower of London has not sheltered one of the ruling princes since the reign of Queen Mary. Windsor, on the contrary, has received within its walls the members of the royal house since the days when William the Conqueror first laid the foundation of his castle on "the exceeding profitable and commodious spot," which he marked rising by the river among the trees of the forest. Of what had previously existed there we know nothing certain, except that in the Confessor's time the hill was granted to St. Peter's monks at Westminster, "as a perpetual endowment and inheritance." The legend that Merlin raised here a magic fortress for Arthur, wherein was placed the Table Round, though of course absurd, may hint at some earlier stronghold; and the hill itself, with its steep banks and level summit, seems marked out by Nature for such a purpose; but the Saxon kings had their palace at the village of Old Windsor, and it was reserved for the stranger to discover the value of the site.

An exchange was effected with the Abbot of Westminster, and before long a castle crowned the hill. No fragment of this is now known to remain; indeed, it was only allowed to stand for some thirty years, and then was entirely rebuilt upon a much larger scale by Henry I. Though probably the present castle, as we may infer from its plan, occupies the same site, this structure, too, has disappeared; and the earliest buildings that now remain date from the reign of the third Henry, who made many important additions and alterations. Not much, however, is left intact of any work by the predecessors of Edward III. To him belongs the most conspicuous feature of the castle—the Round Tower or keep—and several other parts of the building are remnants of the important alterations undertaken in this reign. St. George's Chapel recalls the memories of Edward IV., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.; to the second of these belongs part of the western half of the northern façade; the remainder dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Very considerable changes were made after the Restoration, few of which were any thing but reckless marring of the picturesque character of the building, after which happily little was done—and that little seldom well—till the reign of George IV., by whose command very extensive works were undertaken by Wyatt the architect (afterward Sir Jeffry Wyattville), during which time many parts of the castle were rebuilt, recast, and modernized. The effect of these renovations is effective on the whole, as the general grouping and outline of the buildings were much improved; yet the details are often disappointing on a nearer view, owing to the architect's imperfect knowledge of mediæval art, and total want of sympathy with its principles.

Two lines of railway now connect the castle with London. One, the South-western, passes along the rich water-meadows by the Thames, skirting the grassy expanse of the Home Park, and bringing into view successively the eastern or garden front, and the long, picturesque, broken line of the northern face, which crowns a steep wooded declivity—once, doubtless, a river-cliff, now thickly clothed with timber—and rises almost like a chain of hills above the misty plain of the Thames Valley. The other railway, a branch from the Great Western, turns aside from the main line at



The Castle, from the Home Park.

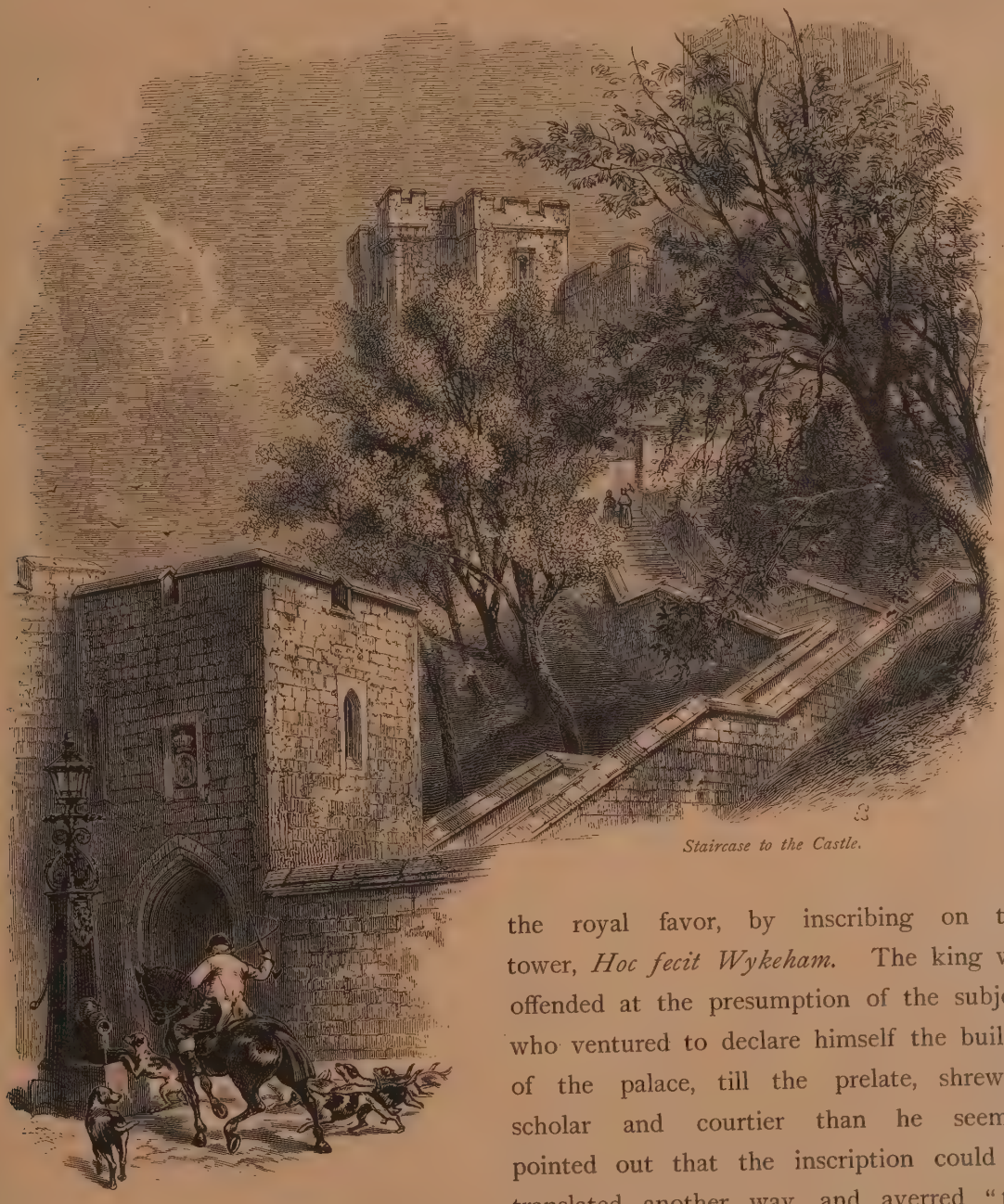
Slough, and, after passing the groves and "antique towers" of Eton, sweeps round at the back of the town and terminates near the western end of the irregular area occupied by the castle. Each moment some fresh combination, some new grouping of the buildings, delights the eye; till, shortly before entering the station, we see the Curfew Tower, backed by the turrets of St. George's Chapel, rising above the gardens, and rather picturesque houses which form one side of the main street of the town. On gaining this we shall at once come in sight of the whole height of this tower, which stands at the northwestern end of the castle. It bears the various names of the Bell, Curfew, Clewer, and Cæsar's Tower, and dates from the reign of Henry II. Part of the interior is still unaltered, though the exterior has been much modernized. The most recent change has been to remove the heavy clock-cupola, and substitute the present sub-conical roof with its light dormer-windows. The old vaulted dungeon yet remains beneath it; and readers of Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle" will remember that many of its most thrilling scenes are laid in this tower. Here the butcher, Mark

Fenwolf, was imprisoned, from its battlements he was hung; and in the upper chamber the encounter took place between Henry VIII. and Herne the Hunter, when, as represented in one of George Cruikshank's most powerful etchings, the king fired at the demon with a "dag" as the latter sank through the floor.

The Curfew Tower.

Descending the hill for a short distance we come to a simple gateway, at the foot of the "Hundred Steps," a twisting flight of stone stairs—said to be one hundred and twenty-two in number—leading from the lower part of the town to a sally-port near the Canons' Cloister. Behind it rises the stately Winchester Tower, the work of that patron of art and friend of learning, William of Wykeham, of whose architectural skill and liberality,

Winchester Cathedral and School, and New College, Oxford, are yet memorials. Placed by Edward III. in charge of his works at Windsor, he superintended the reconstruction of the castle, and, as the story goes, ran considerable risk of losing



Staircase to the Castle.

the royal favor, by inscribing on this tower, *Hoc fecit Wykeham.* The king was offended at the presumption of the subject, who ventured to declare himself the builder of the palace, till the prelate, shrewder scholar and courtier than he seemed, pointed out that the inscription could be translated another way, and averred "this hath made Wykeham" to be his true meaning.

The long ascent of steps will not tempt any but the most energetic of travelers, so we will turn back up the gentler slope at the base of Cæsar's Tower, and, keeping under the castle-wall by the Garter Tower, also the work of Henry II., though it has been almost rebuilt, and the Salisbury Tower, will follow for a short distance the broad

drive which ultimately leads to the great gateway on the south side of the castle. This western face has been thrown open to the street, as well as being thoroughly and admirably restored during the present reign. Having regard to Wyattville's designs for this part, we may deem it fortunate that their execution was deferred. The public entrance to the castle is under an archway flanked by octagonal towers, which is called, from its founder, Henry VIII.'s gateway. We then find ourselves in a long, irregular, shelving court-yard, the lowest of the three wards—or plateaux—which formed the original surface of the hill. To our right, on a terrace, are the houses of the Military Knights of Windsor; at the upper end of the ward rises the huge mass of the Round Tower; in front stands the magnificent pile of St. George's Chapel, and on either side of it clusters an irregular group of buildings—the houses of the dean and canons, quarters for soldiers, and the like. This ward is, in fact, a rather quaint mixture of a cathedral close, a college court, and a barrack-yard, and is full of picturesque bits to delight the artist. We are here on the site of the oldest portion of the castle, though little or nothing remains to show the fact. Here stood some of the most important parts of the palatial fortress which, under the direction of Henry I., replaced the smaller structure of William the Conqueror. On the site of those irregular, picturesque groups of buildings were the chambers, where not a few princes of the blood royal were born or died; where King John, after the meeting at Runnymede, vented his chagrin in almost maniac rage, "biting now on one staff, now on another, as he walked, and did oft brake the same in pieces when he had done;" where good Queen Philippa died, whose spirit, as Froissart says, "surely the holy angels receyved with great joy into heaven, for in all her lyfe she did neyther in thought nor dede thyng whereby to lese her soul." Here, on St. George's Day, 1344, was the Order of the Garter first instituted, with great state, the queen being present, "accompanied by three hundred ladies and damsels, all of high birth, and richly dressed in similar robes." By her royal husband a chapel was dedicated to St. George, nearly on the site of the present one, except that, perhaps, it extended rather farther east; and the constitution of the chapter dates from this period. He rebuilt a large part of the castle, using for this purpose, it is said, the ransoms of the Kings of France and Scotland, both of whom were imprisoned here.

The present Chapel of St. George is of later date, as the first glance will show, every feature being characteristic of quite the end of the Perpendicular period. Indeed, the stone roof is yet later; that to the nave being erected by Henry VII., and that to the choir by his successor. Few parts of the castle are more likely than this to tempt the visitor to linger. As is usually the case with buildings of this epoch, the interior is yet richer than the exterior; the sculptured walls, the fretted roof, and the grand east and west windows will well repay careful examination. But the chapel has an interest yet greater than its architecture. Nowhere, except in Westminster Abbey,

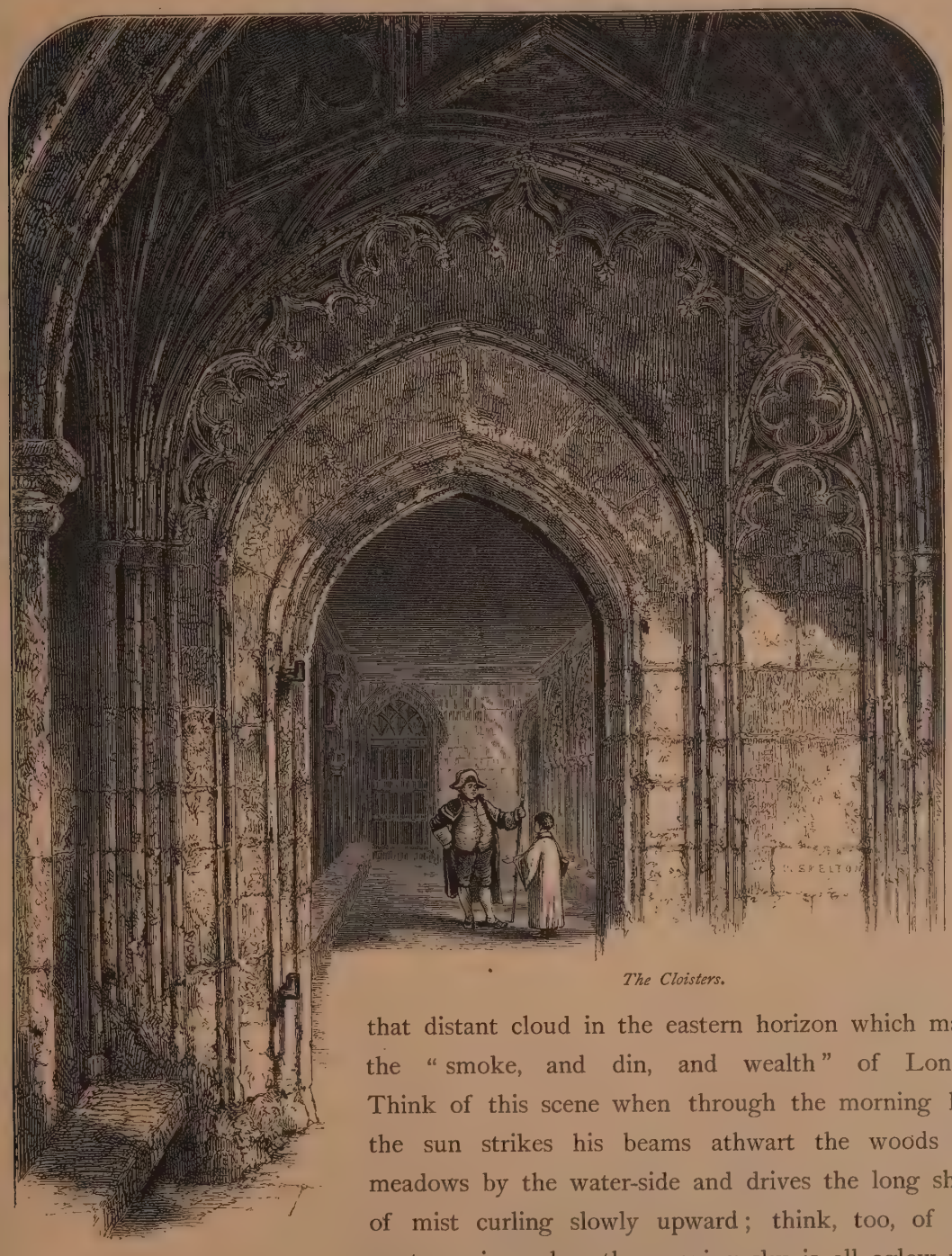
are we more closely surrounded by the memorials of English history. In the gorgeous choir, the Chapel of the Order of the Garter, the sculptured stalls, with their emblazoned plates of brass and pendant banners, recall the long list of illustrious names that have won the blue ribbon since first the Order was founded "to promote the honor of God and the glory and interest of their sovereign." In various parts of the chapel are the memorials of those who have worn the crown, or stood on the steps of the throne. Here a plain slab marks the grave of Charles Brandon. These chantries recall the memories of such names as Beaufort, Rutland, Hastings, and Beauchamp. Beneath the choir Henry VIII. rests by the side of his best-loved wife, Jane Seymour. Hither, in silence and sorrow, they bore Charles I., his pall white with snow which fell upon it as the procession passed to the chapel. In the north aisle is the tomb of "King Edward iiij. and his Queen, Elizabeth Widvile;" Hastings, dispatched by the headsman's axe ere the Lord Protector dined, lies near his master; and in the south aisle a plain black slab marks the resting-place of Henry VI. In the vault east of the choir, beneath the structure known as the Wolsey Chapel, or the Tomb-House, are laid the bodies of the last three occupants of the throne, with several members of their families, the much-lamented Princess Charlotte, whose monument is in the nave, being among them. The history of the Tomb-House is remarkable.—Commenced by Henry VII. for the burial-place of the Tudor family, it was abandoned after the building of his chapel in Westminster Abbey, and was granted by Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey, who began to construct for himself a splendid monument. But disgrace and death came before the tomb was ready.—"The bass-relief in bronze . . . . those Pans and Nymphs . . . . the Saviour at His Sermon on the Mount, Saint Praxed in a glory, and one Pan," were sold by the officers of the Commonwealth for old brass; and his black marble sarcophagus, after lying neglected for years, now covers the tomb of Nelson in the crypts beneath the dome of St. Paul's. The royal vault was opened to receive for a time the body of the late Duchess of Kent; and then again, all too soon, for the late prince-consort, in that dark December, whose shadow has not yet passed away from the land. His remains have since been removed to the superb mausoleum in Frogmore Park; but a cenotaph has been erected, and the chapel has been magnificently restored and adorned with mosaic and marble work by Her Majesty the Queen, in memorial of her sorrow.

The Dean's Cloister is a fine piece of architecture, probably part of Edward III.'s work, and in its neighborhood still remain several fragments of the old buildings and chapel of Henry III. The most interesting view we know gives the entrance communicating with the passage along the north side of the chapel, the doorway to which is a very beautiful one. Here, however, we must not linger, for the most striking feature of the castle has yet to be visited. This is the Round Tower, that huge mass of masonry which crowns a mound in the Middle Ward, and is seen from afar to rise above the other buildings of the castle like the monarch of a mountain-

chain. The existing structure dates from the reign of Edward III., though it has subsequently undergone many alterations, the most important being those of Wyattville, who added a story with the present machiolated battlements and the turret, thus raising the height of the building about thirteen yards. There can be little doubt, we think, that it occupies the site of a still earlier tower, and that the keep of the original Norman castle was also erected here. If, as Froissart asserts, Windsor Castle had been founded by King Arthur, this mound would have been the site of the hall where was placed the "Table Round," but of that tradition one may be allowed to be more than skeptical, though it is possible that the mound may be far older than the castle, and mark the centre of some British stronghold. This tower was the residence of the castellan to whose charge the fortress was intrusted, and of the prisoners of state committed to his custody; among the latter, crowned heads have been numbered. John, King of France, taken prisoner at Poitiers, passed a part of his captivity here, as it would seem from Froissart, not so unpleasantly as might have been, "for he was permitted to hunt and hawk, and take what other diversions he pleased in that neighborhood." At the same time, King David of Scotland, who had been captured at Nevill's Cross, was lodged in a neighboring tower, and tradition states that the curtain-wall was built to facilitate the intercourse of the two prisoners. Another King of Scotland, James I., was also detained for full eighteen years in this tower, and in the "gardyn faire," just by the wall, he wooed and won his bride, Lady Jane Beaufort. Though there is now no ". . . herbere grene, with wandis long and small Railit about, and so with tries set . . . and hawthorne hegis knet" that none might therein "scarce any wight aspye," yet there are still some spots shaded with "leves grene," and the grassy bank is dappled with primroses in springtide, as full like it was four and a half centuries ago.

The Round Tower itself is rather disappointing, on a near view, to any one who has previously admired its superb outline from a distance, for the heavy mass of masonry has no beauty, and barely dignity, while the various incongruities in its details offend the eye. But the view from the summit is one of wonderful beauty. At our feet, as in a model, are ranged the buildings of the castle; beyond them the clustering houses of the town sweep down to the park and to the river. On the one hand the eye ranges over fold on fold of sward and forest; over the Great Park, and the forest of Cranbourne, over countless beeches and oaks of patriarchal age, to the distant ridges of the Surrey hills; on the other, over the Thames and the lawns of the Home Park, over the towers and pinnacles and groves of Eton, across league on league of meadow and park, by stately mansions, standing lonely in their pleasaunces, and cottages gathered round a village steeple; by the Tower of Cliefden and the woods of Dropmore, to the far-off lines of the Chiltern Hills. The Thames, like a silver band in a carpet of richest verdure, comes winding down through this vast river-plain, and,

sweeping past the castle-walls, by Runnymede and Datchet and Staines, by Richmond Hill and Putney Bridge, by a hundred other spots whose names for many a varied cause are household words in the homes of England, broadens on its course toward



The Cloisters.

that distant cloud in the eastern horizon which marks the "smoke, and din, and wealth" of London. Think of this scene when through the morning haze the sun strikes his beams athwart the woods and meadows by the water-side and drives the long sheets of mist curling slowly upward; think, too, of that western view when the evening sky is all aglow with crimson and orange light, when the purple shadows begin to soften the emerald green of the meadows, and the endless windings of the river gleam beneath the great arch of heaven like the "red, red gold."

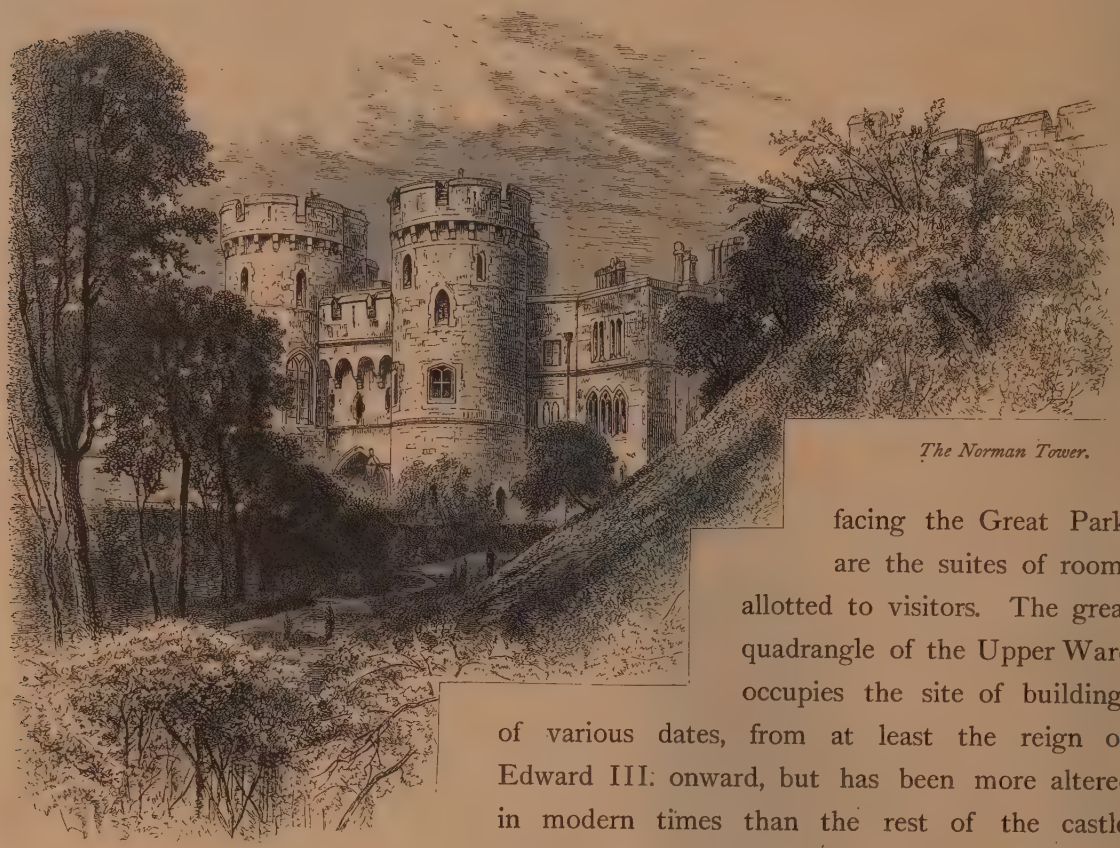
To reach the Upper Ward, that part of the castle which forms the palace proper, we skirt the moat of the Round Tower, and enter the court by the so-called Norman Gateway. Unless it happens to stand on the site of an earlier entrance, this must have obtained its name on the same principle as Bottom's dream, for it was not built till the reign of Edward III. Injudicious alterations have much marred the effect of the exterior, especially in the case of the Northern Tower, where large pointed windows have been constructed to light a portion of the Royal Library. Much of the remainder of the gateway, though in it also incongruous windows have here and there been inserted, is still well preserved. The old wooden portcullis yet remains in place, and the window above the gateway has actually been cut through its massive gratings. This lights a chamber, in olden time often used for a prison, and its walls are still covered with memorials of its unwilling guests. Here is one engraved by a stout old cavalier: "Sir Edward Fortescue Prisoner In this Chamber 12th day of Januarie 1642. Pour le Roy. Forte scutum Salus Ducum." Apparently he was not soon released, for another inscription is dated May 22d. The chamber now wears a different aspect to what it did then. The hand of the restorer has been here also, but guided by reverent knowledge and perfect taste. No destruction has been permitted, except of any modern excrescence, while old hangings, quaintly-carved furniture and other fittings, antique china and glass, with other ornaments rich in color and harmonious in designs, while they are in keeping with the massive gray walls, give the room a thoroughly home-like aspect, and present a perfect picture of a "ladie's bower" in the olden time. But one must crave pardon for venturing in antiquarian enthusiasm to lift the curtain from rooms not open to the public.

The Northern Tower, as we have said, forms a termination to the picture-gallery built by Queen Elizabeth—now the Royal Library. The collection of books, prints, and drawings contained here, is extremely valuable, and the aspect of the place is most inviting to the student. Should he even there find that much study is a weariness of the flesh, he has but to walk to one of the windows, and refresh his eyes with the exquisite view that is spread before him. We doubt if there could anywhere be found such a nook for a reader, as is furnished by the circular chamber (one floor in the "Norman Gateway") at the end of the gallery. The spaces between the windows are lined with books, and the outlook ranges over a large part of the Thames Valley. If the "weary ways of men" seem but as the dust that is stirred, aimless and endless, there is the handiwork of God in Nature, in its changeful but eternal cycle of beauty; if the thoughts of the wise are sad, and the shadows of the past are dark around, there are the playing-fields and turrets of Eton to tell of the fresh springs of life ever welling up for hope in the future.

The "State Apartments" occupy the rest (and the principal part) of the great quadrangle of the Upper Ward. We may leave it to the guide-books to describe this

THE THAMES VALLEY, FROM THE ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

splendid suite of rooms, with their noble series of pictures—interesting both for art and for history: the collection of armor and other curiosities, such as the shield given by Francis I. to Henry VIII. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; a portion of the Victory's mast, perforated by a ball, now converted into a pedestal for Chantrey's bust of Nelson; Gobelin tapestry, rare cabinets, and the like. The queen's private apartments occupy the east side of the court, and overlook a sunk garden; and on the southern,



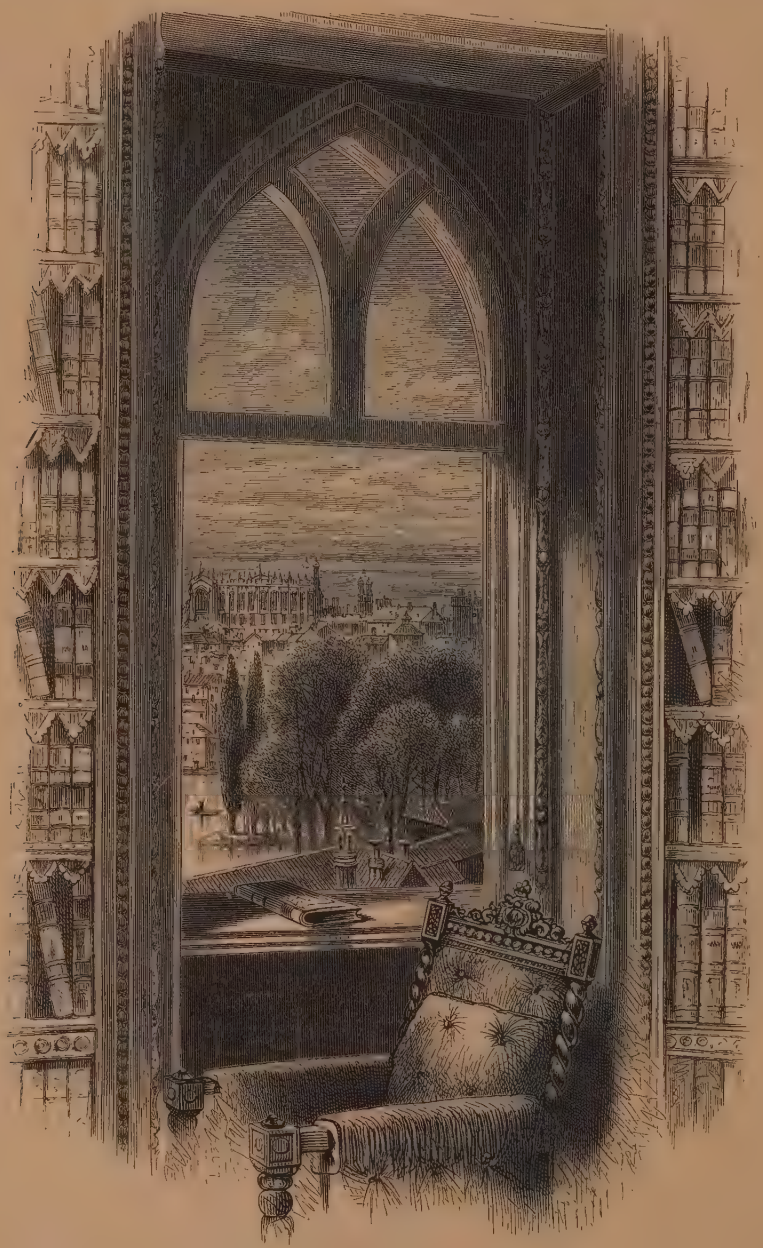
The Norman Tower.

facing the Great Park, are the suites of rooms allotted to visitors. The great quadrangle of the Upper Ward occupies the site of buildings of various dates, from at least the reign of Edward III. onward, but has been more altered in modern times than the rest of the castle, parts of it having been entirely rebuilt by Wyattville, in the reign of George IV. The principal entrance, which bears the name of that king, is on the southern side, and looks down the grand avenue of the "Long Walk." This is, indeed, a right royal road; and it must be a splendid sight, when some foreign sovereign is being conducted to the castle, to see the procession ascending the slope to the gateway, through a line of mounted guards, with the cannon thundering among the trees in the avenue below.

We must not quit the castle without a glance at one of its greatest attractions—the Terrace. This surrounds the Upper Ward on three sides, and commands a series of exquisite views over the Home Park and the valley of the Thames. Standing here, how many a scene from by-gone days passes before the eye. There comes in stately procession, clad in brocaded silk, and stiffer ruff, the Virgin Queen, with her throng of courtiers—the cautious Cecil, the learned Bacon, the reckless Leicester, the petulant Essex,

THE SLOPES, WINDSOR.

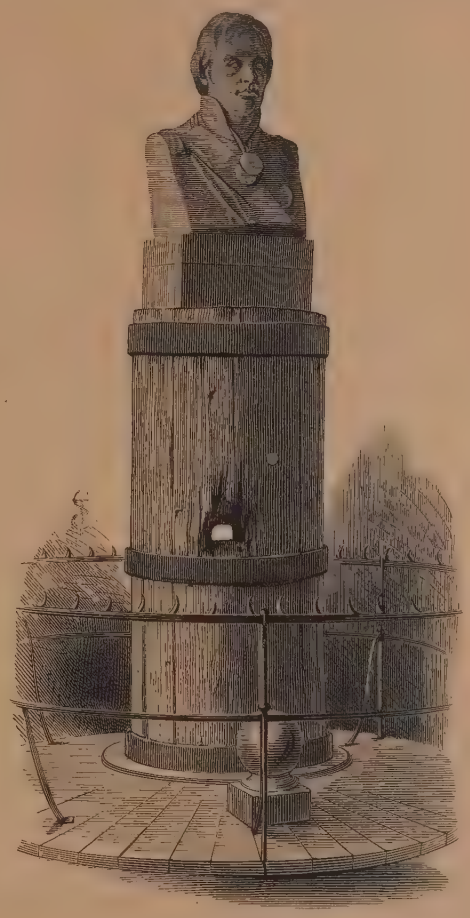
and Raleigh handsome as wise. Here, in more troublous times, Charles I., with saddened face and melancholy eyes, passes by, at last almost alone, except for the sentinels that guard him as a prisoner. Here comes his son, the merry monarch, with a roistering throng of spaniels, lords and ladies, of some of whom least said soonest mended.



View from the Library Window.

Here, in much later days, comes a very different group, which still lives in Miss Burney's diary: "The little princess, just turned of three years, in a robe coat covered with fine muslin, a dressed close cap, white gloves, and fan, walked on alone and first, highly delighted with the parade, and turning from side to side to see everybody as she

passed: for all the terracers stand up against the walls to make a clear passage for the royal family the moment they come in sight. Then followed the king and queen, no less delighted with the joy of their little darling. The princess royal leaning on Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, the Princess Augusta holding by the Duchess of Ancaster, the Princess Elizabeth, led by Lady Charlotte Bertie, followed." Then, but a few years later, a sadder sight is seen. The same monarch, stricken with the direst calamity that can befall our race—"a white-haired shadow roaming like a dream" the scenes of former happiness: the darling of his old age, "all light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, taken from him."



Nelson's Bust.

Paths are cut through the wood that clothes the Slopes beneath the North Terrace; and every step along this old river-cliff affords some fresh glimpse of beauty through the interlacing boughs. Now they close in, and allow us but a glance at the brook which is running at our feet. Now they open out again, and, through a vista of greenery, the valley of the Thames stretches away into the summer haze, or the stately chapel and gateway of Eton stand out against the purple lines of the far-off Downs. From by the brook-side itself, as you look back, the Round Tower lifts its huge mass into the air in almost solitary grandeur; seeming vaster than ever, as it rises far above the lower turrets of the Norman Gateway and the dense foliage that clothes the Slopes.

Time bids us not linger more; there is all the park to see, so, by the favor of our conductor, let us return to the Terrace, pass round Her Majesty's private garden, which, in order to harmonize with the eastern face, is laid out in the formal Italian style, and adorned with statues; under the southern façade, and then down the Long Walk into the Great Park. Beneath the grand elms, nearly two centuries old, there is shade on the hottest summer day, and the rich greensward refreshes the eye. To the left, the Home Park stretches away toward the Thames, with its fine old beeches and elms, and many spots of interest in the past and the present. Herne's Oak, where the wood-goblin had his haunts, as all the readers of Harrison Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle" will remember; and where the "hart of grease," Sir John Falstaff, came disguised with huge

William the Conqueror's Oak, Windsor Great Park.

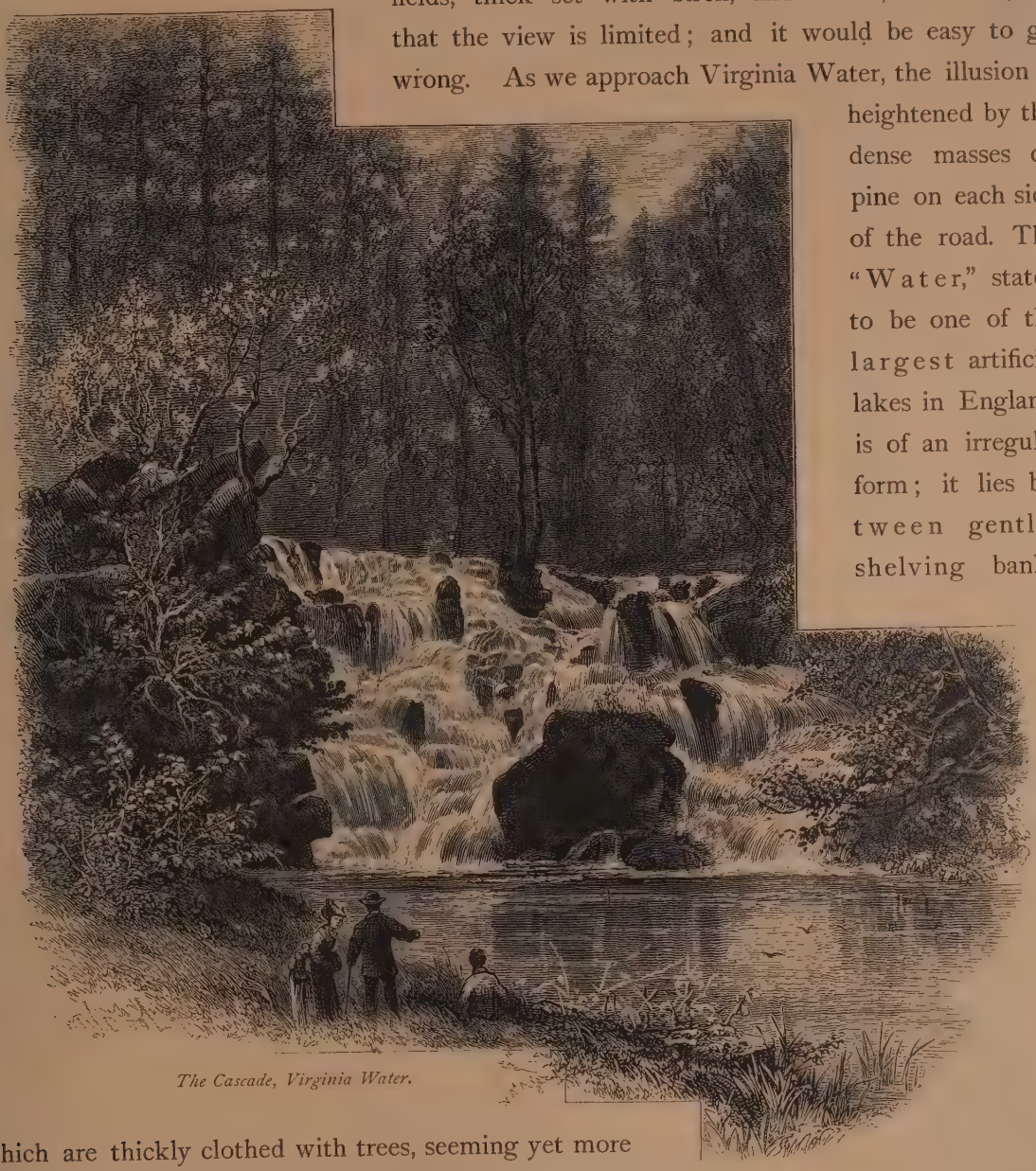
horns on his head, to be "pinsed" by the fairies for his evil desires, was blown down a dozen years since; but a young tree has been planted on the site. Beyond the limit of the Home Park, across the Datchet Road, and into the heart of the Great Park, the

avenue extends with its double row of great elms, and terminates at Snow Hill—an eminence crowned with an equestrian statue of George III. At the end, a road turns off to Bishopsgate, and the pretty village of Englefield Green. Nowhere is the park more beautiful than here. The broken and undulating foreground offers a constant succession of sylvan scenes—fern-clad dells and glades beneath the overarching boughs, where the rabbits scamper, rustling over the withered beech-leaves; and the stag raises his head to gaze in proud indifference on the intruder. Each step through this varying scenery brings to sight some new beauty. Now the great beeches close on the path, and we seem entangled in the forest; again they open out, to disclose, as in a frame, some portion of the more distant view. This, if time permit, is far the best way of approaching the castle. The outline of the great masses of masonry that crown the long hill is the most perfect architectural effect that we have ever seen. The whole of the castle is visible; the buildings form three separate and diversified groups: on the one hand the Upper Ward; on the other, the irregular outlines of the Lower Ward, clustering around St. George's Chapel; in the centre, rising almost alone, and high above the rest, is the great mass of the Round Tower. Whatever Wyattville's sins against mediæval art in its details may be, and they are numerous enough, he had one power in which the more learned architects of the present day are lamentably deficient, that of composition—the most sure sign of true genius. Not the gray Schloss that crowns the Mönchsberg height at Salzburg, not the grander and more varied northern view of the old town of Edinburgh, the most perfect outline that we have seen in a somewhat wide experience, can surpass that of Windsor Castle from near Bishopsgate.

Let us now retrace our steps to the statue: passing onward, we cross another long avenue called Queen Anne's Ride, and then approach Cranbourne Tower, the remains of a hunting-seat, built by Lord Ranelagh, in the reign of Charles II., and afterward inhabited by various younger members of the royal family, the Princess Charlotte being the last. It is picturesquely placed on rising ground, overlooking the Great Park, in the midst of grand oaks. There are literally hundreds of trees here, any one of which would be worth a study; their branches rugged, gnarled, shattered; their boles knotted, scarred, hollow, with great gaping rents; mere ruins now, but such ruins; more picturesque than even in the days of most perfect vigor. The largest and oldest of all is reputed to have lived a thousand years, and to have been a favorite tree with William the Conqueror, whose name it bears. It is quite hollow, as may be seen, and the space within its trunk is full seven feet in diameter. Beyond the Lodge lies Cranbourne Chase, a fragment of the vast forest which once extended for miles toward the south and west of the castle, stretching far away into Surrey, and along the southeast of Berkshire up to Hungerford. Here, also, are numbers of grand oaks, with a few aged hollies and beeches, and a solitude as complete as in the forests of the Schwartzwald. In walking along the road leading from this place to Virginia Water, we were

WINDSOR PARK, NEAR BISHOPSGATE.

more than once reminded of one of those great German woodland regions. Houses are few; the road, for such a district, is lonely, and runs through copses or hedges and fields, thick set with birch, and beech, and oak, so that the view is limited; and it would be easy to go wrong. As we approach Virginia Water, the illusion is heightened by the dense masses of pine on each side of the road. The "Water," stated to be one of the largest artificial lakes in England, is of an irregular form; it lies between gently-shelving banks,

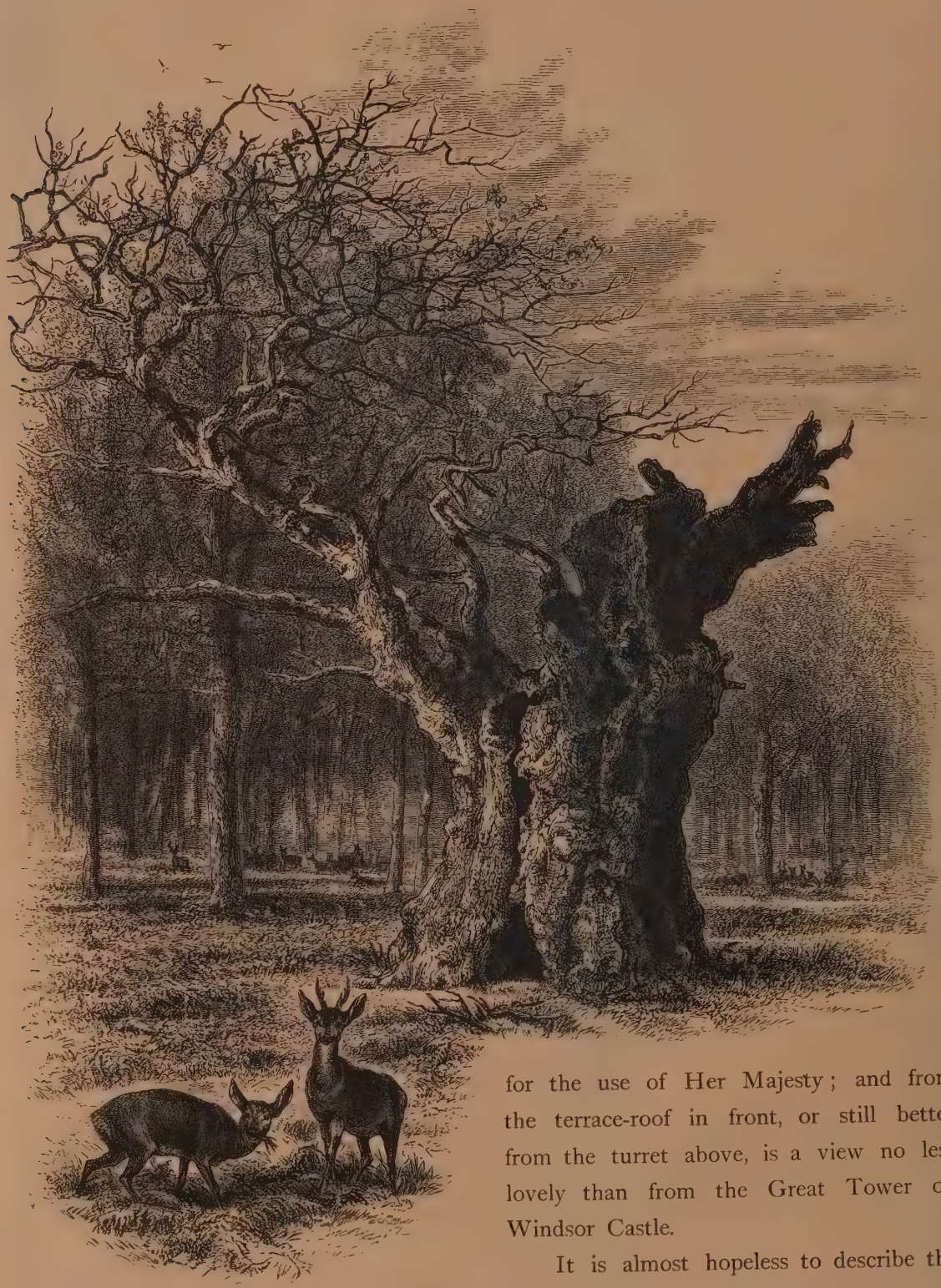


The Cascade, Virginia Water.

which are thickly clothed with trees, seeming yet more lonely than the country through which we have passed.

Paths run by the edge of the lake among the groves of pine and larch, and, were it not for a mock ruin and one or two incongruities, art would have here successfully imitated Nature. Its waters are discharged by means of an artificial cascade formed of great blocks of stone, over which the stream dashes into a little glen, whose sides are clothed with willow and birch. But the loveliest spots beyond all comparison are to be found on the rising ground to the south, called the Belvedere Hill, which is crowned by a sort of summer-house, built so as to present a faint resemblance to a fort. The battery of

cannon, which looks harmless enough now, was used by the Duke of Cumberland in the campaign of 1745. In the upper part of the house are some rooms reserved for the use of Her Majesty; and from the terrace-roof in front, or still better from the turret above, is a view no less lovely than from the Great Tower of Windsor Castle.



Giant Oak, near Cranbourne Tower.

It is almost hopeless to describe the prospect which greets the eye as you step

THE FISHING TEMPLE, VIRGINIA WATER, FROM THE BELVEDERE.

forth upon the tower. Surely the "Earthly Paradise" by the rivers of Damascus can scarcely be more fair. Yet one should not compare it with foreign scenes. There is no danger here of thinking on the gardens by Abana, or the purple distances of the Lombard plain; no memory arises of that carpet of verdure which from the crags of Drachenfels seems to melt into far-off mists beyond the towers of Cologne, or even of those endless undulations of field and forest that shelve gently away from the Oden-

The Watch Oak.

wald Hills toward the Danube Valley. The scenery is English, thoroughly English, such as, so far as our experience goes, you find nowhere but in our southern counties. Description is hopeless; we can see it before our eyes, but cannot picture it in words. Beneath our feet the wooded hills sink rapidly down to the valley; through a break in the trees Virginia Water is seen calm in the sheltered glade, reflecting, as in a

mirror, the little "Fishing Temple" on its opposite shore. Behind it a wide expanse of woodland shelves gently upward. Here the sombre foliage of Scotch firs seems like a broad shadow on the landscape; there the larch raises its lighter spires and brighter tints, and then again the graceful birch still more relieves the scene. Line after line the groves recede into the distance; broken now and again by a stretch of sward, now by one gleaming sheet of distant water, till at last the eye passes over a level belt of trees to rest on some distant hills low down in the horizon, part of the northern limit of the valley of the Thames. The Castle of Windsor cannot be seen, as it is hidden by the farthest line of wood, the gap in which is a short distance behind the statue on Snow Hill. In another direction we look more completely down into the valley of the Thames, and the well-known landmarks of Richmond, Highgate, and Hampstead, with a dull haze spreading over a wide arc of the horizon, tell us the place of London. Still more to the south, the Crystal Palace rises beyond the Grand Stand of Epsom, and the pleasant ranges of the Surrey Hills lead our eye yet farther south to the wooded ridge of the Hog's Back.

Descending the hill in this direction we enter a dense mass of forest, traversed by a grassy road called the Cedar Walk. Here is complete solitude; Nature seems to have chosen this as one of her sacred groves. The soft green turf is silent to our tread, the great Scotch pines and cedars, the yews, and occasional holm oaks, all these evergreen trees with their sombre foliage, give an unwonted solemnity to the scene, while the lighter tints of the birch refresh the eye and banish gloom. No sound breaks the Sabbath stillness, save the chance notes of birds or the gentle sighing of the wind through the pines. Each turn of the road reveals some new beauty and lures us onward. Here is one scene, most beautiful of all, if choice can be made. Step but a few yards away from the ride, and it is masked by the dense undergrowth of laurel and brake. In the centre of the picture a dead oak extends its gaunt arms in strange contrast to the greenery around; a young yew-tree embraces the withered trunk, its fellows spread their branches like a pall behind; on one hand the tasseled birch rises in graceful contrast, on the other warm-colored stems of the Scotch pine are thrown into prominence by the dark background of yew and cedar. Year by year spots such as these become harder to find, the towns thrust out their spider-arms farther and farther into the green fields, and extend more widely their dusty web of streets, the mines defile the fairest scenes with their heaps of refuse, the reek of the furnaces and of the factories darkens the clear sky and withers the woodlands with its pestilent breathing; the streams, limpid once, are foul with nameless abominations, and the fountains clear as crystal have become the poison-cup of death. Far distant then be the days when the oaks of Windsor shall shake to the woodman's axe, and villas "replete with every modern convenience" replace the groves of pine that still extend for many a mile along the Berkshire plateaus!

A pleasant walk from Virginia Water leads to the Oakingham Railway, whence a short journey over an undulating country, and through cuttings bright in summer with

In Cedar Walk, Virginia Water.

the golden flowers of broom and furze, leads us once more into the plain of the Thames Valley at Staines, where the Southwestern line to London or to Windsor is

joined. But if time allows it is better to return to the latter place by the left bank of the river. Staines itself, though an ancient town, offers little to detain the wanderers. It boasts no picturesque houses, and not even a good church. The sole relic of antiquity is an ancient stone, erected in the latter part of the thirteenth century to mark the boundary of the lord mayor's jurisdiction. This is said to have given the name to the place, though some have supposed it to be of much more remote origin, and to have been derived from a Roman milestone which is believed to have been placed here. A mile farther up the stream lies another little town, Egham, bearing the usual "home-from-business" aspect, that is so characteristic of most places within easy reach of London—a station at which you expect to see a considerable number of comfortable, rather rosy-looking, middle-aged gentlemen, with a very fresh flower in button-hole, get into the train at about nine o'clock in the morning, and emerge again from the same about five or six in the evening; carrying, perhaps, besides the usual umbrella, a suggestive wicker-basket or matting-bag.

Just above Egham begins a broad strip of meadow-land, extending for nearly two miles between the river and the first wooded rise which marks the limit of its ancient course. Here is Runnymede, the English Grütli, situated as appropriately; for just as crags and peaks surround, and a lake spreads its blue waters below, the little Alp which was the birthplace of freedom to a mountain-people, so in England, with its undulating fields and grassy lawns, a water-meadow by one of its fairest rivers was aptly chosen for the place of meeting; and further, as became an insular people, the seal was set to Magna Charta on a little island in the Thames. Before this was done, King John had been for some time at Windsor Castle, where he had gathered together a considerable force, intending to make an attack on the barons, when an outbreak took place in London, on hearing of which, to quote Hollingshed, "he changed his purpose, and durst not depart from Windsor, being brought in great doubt lest all the other cities of the realm would follow their example. Hereupon he thought good to assaie if he might come to some agreement by way of communication, and incontinently sent his ambassadors to the barons, promising that he would satisfy their requests if they would come to Windsor to talk with him. Howbeit, the lords having no confidence in his promise, came with their army within three miles of London, and there pitch down their tents in a meadow between Staines and London, whither King John also came, the fifteenth day of June, and shewed such friendly countenance toward every one of them that they were put in good hope he meant no deceit."

The charter ratified at this meeting (a copy of which, "injured by age and fire, but with the royal seal yet hanging from the brown, shriveled parchment," may yet be seen in the British Museum) has been truly called the earliest monument of English freedom, since in it the vague expressions of preceding charters were exchanged for precise and elaborate provisions. "Great rejoicings," as the chronicler says, "were

made for this conclusion of peace between the king and his barons, the people judging that God had touched the king's heart and mollified it; whereby happy days were come for the realm of England, as though it had been delivered out of the bondage of Egypt, but they were much deceived, for the king, having condescended to make such grant of liberties far contrary in his mind, was right sorrowful in his heart."

A short distance beyond Runnymede lies this village of Old Windsor, situate near the ancient Roman road for Pilchester. It was a place of importance when the site of Windsor Castle was only a forest-clad hill, but since the foundation of the latter it has

Magna Charta Island.

declined into a quiet country village. Near the river—on a site now not precisely known—stood a palace of the Saxon kings, where, among others, the Confessor kept his court, so often vexed by the strife of rival thanes. As one chronicler relates, Harold, afterward King of England, and his turbulent brother Tosti, had a quarrel even at the royal table, which ended in a regular fight, in which the two noble earls behaved—as was common in the good old times—like a couple of modern margees; and Harold gained an omen of Stamford Bridge by a decided superiority in this pugilistic contest. Here, too, "on the second day of Pasch, Earle Godwine, as he sate

at meat with the king, being suddenly stricken with a grievous sickness, he shranke down domb in the seat where he sate, which his sonnes, Earle Harold, Leslie, and Girth beholding, bare him into the king's chamber, hoping that he should have recovered, but where his strength failed him, on Thursday following he died in miserable torment, and was buried in the olde monasterie of Winchester." Another chronicler gives a more startling account of the end of the great earl: "Sitting at the king's board with the other lords he perceived that the king suspected him of his brother Alfred's death, and said, 'So mays safely swallow this morsel of bread that I hold in my hand, as I am guiltless of the deed.' But as soon as he had received the bread, forthwith he was choked!"

Beyond Old Windsor the Thames curves back and again approaches the road, and the Home Park is entered near the Royal Garden. On the right lies Datchet Mead, whither the fat knight, John Falstaff, was carried in a buck-basket, covered with goul-lines, "and in the height of this bath . . . . thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge like a horseshoe." On the left is Frogmore, long the residence of the late Duchess of Kent, and now the place of her burial. Her remains are entombed in a granite sarcophagus, beneath a circular-domed structure, which bears some resemblance to the celebrated tomb of Theodoric at Ravenna. A few minutes' walk from this is the mausoleum of the late prince-consort—a magnificent cruciform structure with a lofty diagonal dome in the centre. The interior is superbly decorated with serpentine, colored marble, and frescoes. His body rests in a sarcophagus of Aberdeen granite, above which is placed a recumbent effigy in white marble, the work of Baron Marochetti. Here, in memory of the friend of Art, its choicest gifts are fitly brought; and, as is right at the grave of one who loved Nature no less well, the cypress rears its funereal shades in type of human sorrow, while flowering shrubs and forest-trees, in all their summer brightness, are meet emblems of Christian hope; Art and Nature thus uniting to pay the last honors to him who moved

". . . . Through all this tract of years,
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot . . . ."

ETON.

Eton, from the River.

"Then, hand in hand, her Tames the Forrest softly brings,
To that supreamest place of the great English kings,
The Garters Royall seate, from him who did advance
That princely order first, our first that conquered France;
The Temple of Saint George, wheras his honored knights,
Upon his hallowed day, observed their ancient rites:
Where Eaton is at hand to nurse that learned brood,
To keepe the Muses still neere to this Princely Flood;
That nothing there may want, to beautifie that seate,
With every pleasure stor'd: And here my song compleate."

DRAYTON'S *Polyolbion.*

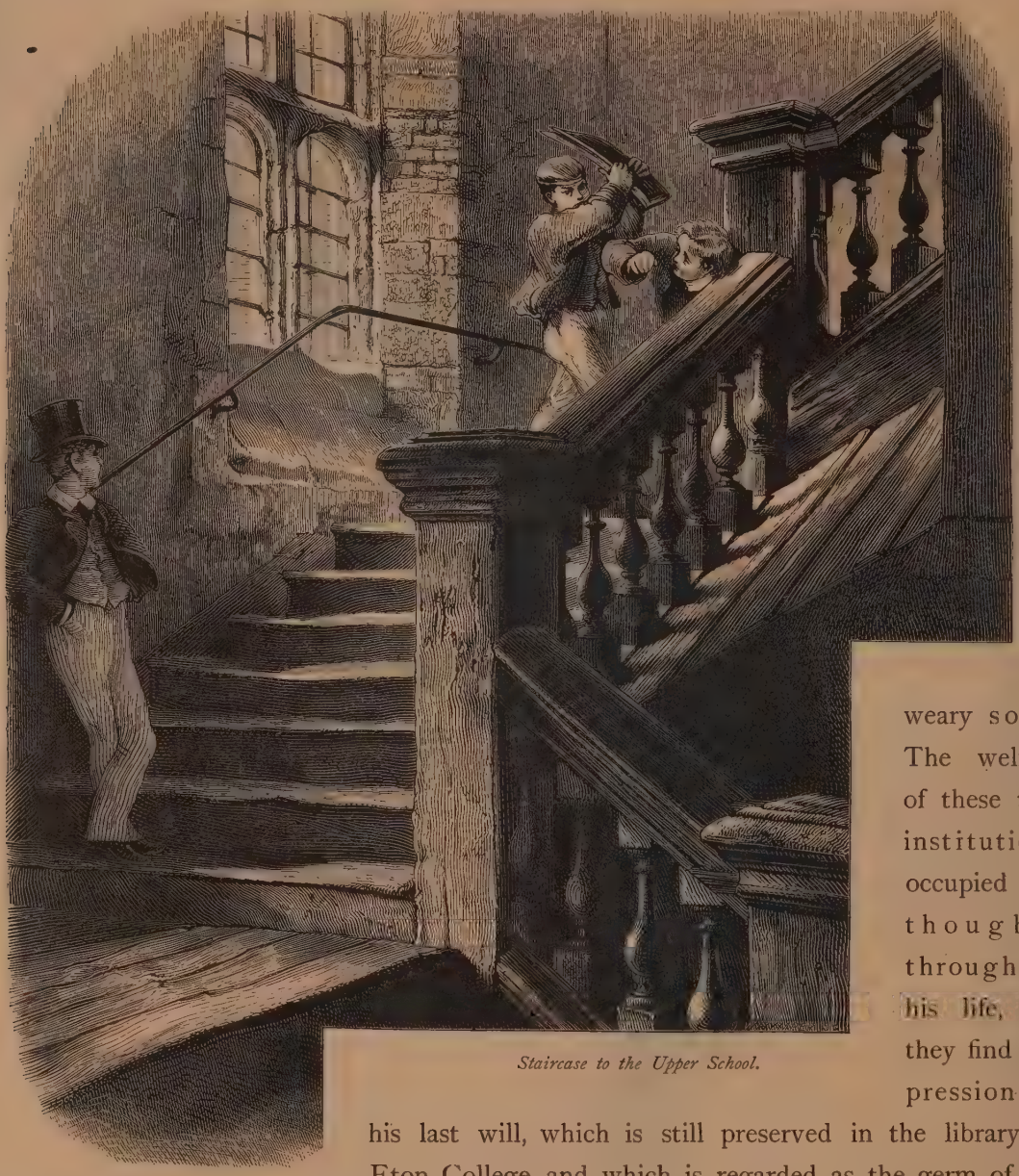
IT is a striking contrast after gazing at the "proud keep of Windsor, rising with its triple rank of kindred and coeval towers," as our boat glides swiftly down the river-stream, to turn our heads and find a scene of quite another character before us on the other bank. The precipitous chalk-cliff, dedicated from time immemorial to

purposes of defense and majesty, looks down on a rich meadow, where cows and horses are browsing peacefully. Behind this rises a line of brick buildings mellowed by age into such tints as painters love; and still farther off the arch and turrets of a college-chapel, suggesting that sense of piety and learning which it was the original object of Eton College to foster, and is still her pride to maintain. Eton College was founded by King Henry VI.; and it is a pleasant thought for those who have enjoyed, and still enjoy, his royal bounty, to know that the calling into existence of the first of the English schools was the effect of no passing whim, nor the aimless squandering of

Interior of the Quadrangle.

superfluous wealth. The foundation-stone of Eton was laid by the king on December 6, 1441, his nineteenth birthday. Often must he have contemplated from the terrace of his castle the little parish church of the "island village," Ea-ton, nestling in its strip of gravel soil under the shadow of the castle defenses, and thought that he would there found a monument which should be worthy of his fame, and at the same time preserve into far ages the best and noblest qualities of the English spirit. The scholar-king, to whom history has done but scanty justice, felt that he was not fated to succeed in the rough contests of the world, that he would be conquered in war by many a more powerful rival, and eclipsed in celebrity by many a more strong and popular successor; and probably on this account he clung with the greater earnestness to the scheme over which he had brooded in his boyish years of founding two institu-

tions, one at Eton and another at Cambridge, which should give all the education which was then needed for an English gentleman, and where, according to the belief and practice of the time, a due number of priests should pray for the repose of his



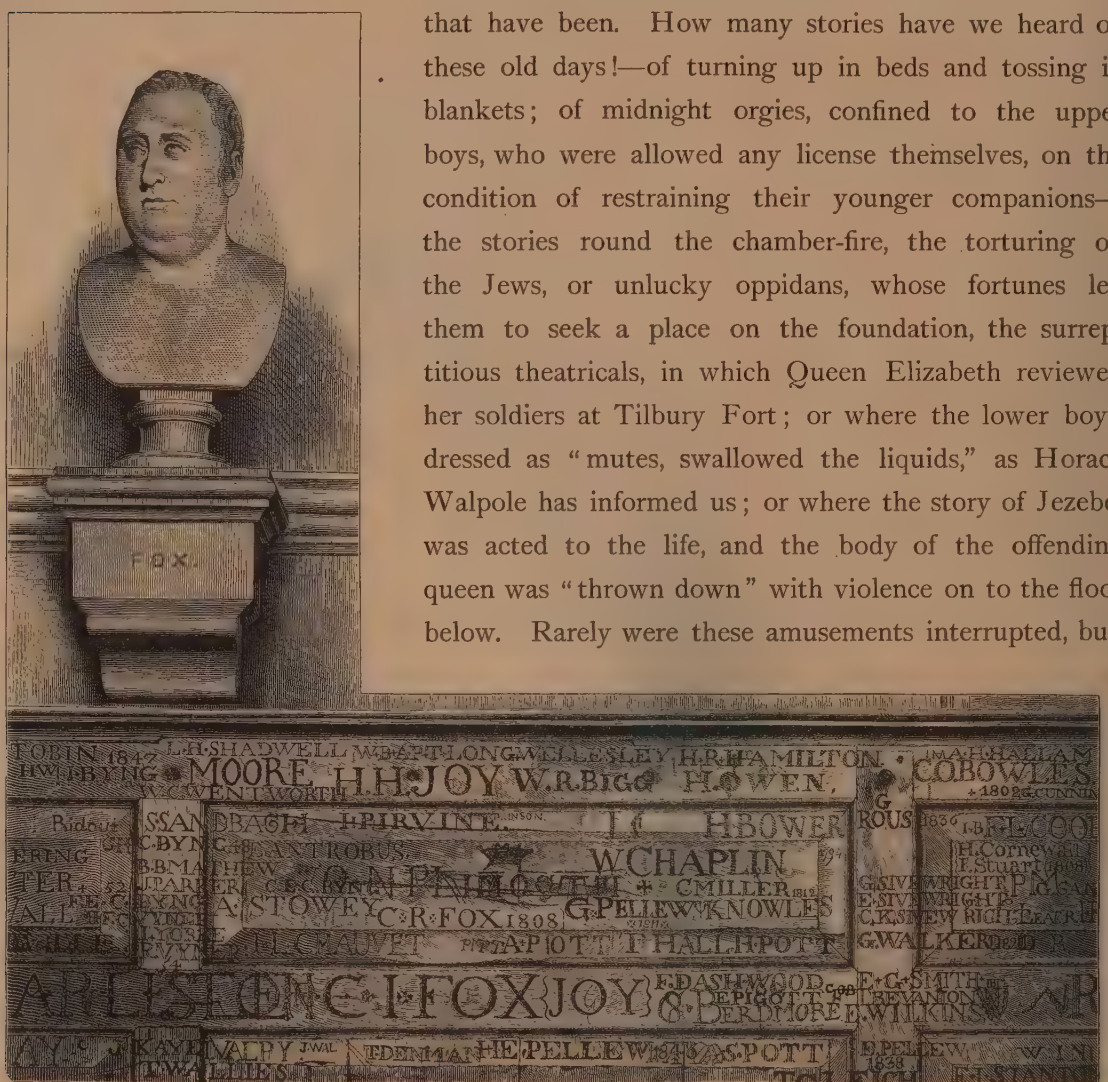
Staircase to the Upper School.

weary soul. The welfare of these two institutions occupied his thoughts throughout his life, and they find expression in his last will, which is still preserved in the library of Eton College, and which is regarded as the germ of the statutes by which the college is governed, and as the most authoritative canon of the founder's intentions.

Eton seems to have been from the very first, what it ever afterward remained, a nursery of the gentlemen of England. Henry VII. was an Etonian. In the "Paston Letters," written in the reign of Henry VII., we have evidence that country gentlemen rode up from Norfolk to attend the school; and Latin verses seem to have formed then, as they do now, the summit of the scholar's efforts toward distinction. It is

therefore not unfitting that the effigy of the king, to whom all Etonians owe so much, should be one of the first objects presented to the sight of a new boy as he arrives at the school. The statue of the founder occupies the centre of the school-yard, which is itself the centre of the life and movement of the place. Let us take a look around us. On the right hand is the gray old chapel, a picturesque and beautiful building, but not nearly so magnificent as the founder intended it to be. The present chapel, which can accommodate seven hundred boys, was intended merely to have been the chancel of a large cathedral church. The windows were to have been carried up to much beyond their present height, and the majestic building was to have been covered with a vaulted roof of stone, which would have made it a rival to its sister of King's. But these designs were crushed by the outbreak of civil war, and the walls and buttresses stood roofless under the sky for many years, until the work was at length completed on a far less ambitious model. Immediately behind the statue of the founder is the low arch leading into the cloisters. The clock-tower, with its oriel-window, reminds us of Hampton Court Palace and St. John's College, Cambridge, and dates from the reign of Henry VIII. —a hundred years later than the chapel. The oriel-window gives light to the "election-chamber," the old withdrawing-room of the provost's lodge; the row of windows on the left is that of the election-hall, a private dining-room of the Provost of Eton, one of the few remaining examples of those old-fashioned receptacles of domestic hospitality now left. In these rooms the famous Provosts of Eton, Sir Henry Savile and Sir Henry Wotton, lived and entertained their distinguished guests. Here Lord Bacon, not long before his death, spent a few days "in such company as he loved," and conceived a wish to spend the last years of his life in the seclusion of these learned courts. Here Sir Henry Wotton, after serving his country as diplomatist in every part of Europe at a time when all men of action needed "an open brow and a closed mouth," received the visit of young John Milton from the neighboring village of Horton. Here he praised the first efforts of his Doric muse with something of serene superiority and kindly patronage; and here he gave that advice and wrote those introductions which were to start the young scholar on his foreign tour, and fill his mind with rich and never-dying memories. The rooms of the provost's lodge are decorated with the portraits of many of Eton's noblest sons—young statesmen or men of fashion, with their boyish faces stamped upon the canvas before the lines of care and thought had settled down upon them. The chain of portraits extends over one hundred and fifty years, and we may regret that it has ever been broken. There is a real value in historically-transmitted influences, and the steadfast, thoughtful look and premature manliness of many of these possessors of famous names may give a lesson to their successors. We read in them, if nothing else were wanting to teach it us, that Eton has always been the chief nurse of England's statesmen. On the left of the quadrangle, opposite the chapel, is the building which formerly contained "long-chamber," the chief dormitory of the seventy collegers—these are the original

kernel of the school, while the oppidans are in theory only the private pupils of the head-master. It has been displaced by modern requirements, and we suppose that the memory of it will soon have passed away. With it, too, has passed the tradition of that old rough school-boy life, so disagreeable in the present, so amusing in the narrative or the retrospect, now happily numbered with the things that have been. How many stories have we heard of these old days!—of turning up in beds and tossing in blankets; of midnight orgies, confined to the upper boys, who were allowed any license themselves, on the condition of restraining their younger companions—the stories round the chamber-fire, the torturing of the Jews, or unlucky oppidans, whose fortunes led them to seek a place on the foundation, the surreptitious theatricals, in which Queen Elizabeth reviewed her soldiers at Tilbury Fort; or where the lower boys, dressed as "mutes, swallowed the liquids," as Horace Walpole has informed us; or where the story of Jezebel was acted to the life, and the body of the offending queen was "thrown down" with violence on to the floor below. Rarely were these amusements interrupted, but,



Bust of Fox in the Upper School.

when the "Doctor" did intervene to stop the irregularities, a friendly butler walked before, rattling his ponderous bunch of keys, lest a sight too awful should meet the eye of the offended chief. Rising over the room, on the right of the clock-tower, the apartments which formed the lodging of the Provost of King's, when he came in state once a year to visit his brother of Eton, is the high-pitched roof of the college hall. Some years ago it was a plain building enough, but it is now resplendent with tapestried daïs, stained-glass windows, richly-ornamented gallery, and carved stone fireplaces. These

last were discovered behind the wainscot, where they had been left unsuspected since the building of the hall, fresh as they came from the sculptor's chisel. In the body of the hall dine the seventy collegers; at the high table preside the Fellows; on the left of the high table is the iron bracket which formerly supported a copy of the Bible, which was

Lower School.

read for the edification of the feasters; and the oriel window affords a place for a buffet, which is decorated on great occasions with college plate. The portraits are those of collegers who have become famous in their country's service. Archbishop Sumner smiles blandly from between his lawn sleeves, Earl Camden looks as grave and wise as an owl under his lord chancellor's cap, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe plants his foot haughtily on a Turkey carpet. The visitor will not forget to inspect the buttery or the cellars,

and to descend the steep steps which lead to the college kitchen. This is a noble room, with a high conical roof, fit to carry aloft the steam and savor of a thousand banquets. In it an ox might easily be roasted whole, and plum-puddings boiled for the entire population of a good-sized town. If we step into the brewhouse-yard, we see a token of the history of the completion of the college. The foundations of the hall are laid in

"Fives" Court.

massive stone, and the windows are carried up for some distance in excellent perpendicular tracery; but this suddenly comes to an end, and is finished hastily with brick. The joining of the brick and stone marks the place where for the best part of a hundred years the buildings mouldered in the air, while a prince of York disdained to put a touch to the design of a Lancaster. The last window of the chapel offers a still sadder spectacle. The stone transoms and mullions are wrenched and turned from their

proper curvature, and, however skillfully the work has been performed, we cannot but regret that the design of a grander edifice was not realized.

We will return to the cloisters. In the corner we see the college-pump, a poor substitute for the handsome conduit which the founder wished to be erected in the centre of the court. But the beauty of the water is not to be surpassed. It is the classic fountain of Etonians, the Pirene or Aganippe which inspires their songs—the visible sign of the presence of the Muse among them. How many heated cricketers have cooled their lips with it on a blazing July afternoon, or oarsmen strengthened their arms with its icy coldness for the coming contest on the river!—and to those who have drunk of it, as boy and man, it has deeper associations. As David longed for a little water from the well of Bethlehem, and it was brought to him at the peril of his soldiers' lives, so a dying provost sent on his death-bed for a glass of "cloister pump;" surely a pure and innocent viaticum. The houses round the court are the abode of the Fellows —mysterious existences to the young Etonian—retired masters, who find here a desired haven for their old age. In old days, we have heard from archæologists, the Fellows lived only in one room, and had young scholars lodging with them, so that the life of the place clustered round this quiet spot, now so lone and so forgotten. Modern Eton has gone far afield, and its sons are seen and their merry laugh is heard over all the surrounding country. Up the river, nearly as far as Maidenhead, the stream is covered with their boats, and nearer to Eton the banks swarm with their naked forms, as they take "headers" or "footers" into the water. The fields which surround the school, happily for Etonians all common-land, are appropriated for football in the winter and cricket in the summer, as these two games have far outgrown the space originally provided for them in the playing-fields. The roads echo to the tread of the Eton Volunteers, the fields are scoured by the beagles and the huntsmen of the Eton College Hunt; and a Fellow of three hundred years ago would find it hard to recognize, in the free and active crowd who have seized upon the surrounding country for their amusements, the close-guarded knot of students who were confined strictly to the college bounds. We do not think the neighbors would wish the intruders away.

In our survey of the school-yard we omitted one very important part of it. It is entered from the road by a passage under the Upper School, a long building, erected by Provost Godolphin, the brother of the famous minister in the reign of Queen Anne. It runs along the whole west side of the quadrangle, and underneath it is a cloister which affords shelter to boys waiting for their lessons to begin, and an occasional retreat to football and fives players who have been driven from other places of sport by stress of weather. The Upper School forms a noble room, perhaps rather too long for its width. It is decorated with busts of sovereigns and statesmen, and contains five desks, appropriated to the teaching of masters. In old days it was the custom for boys to be taught in a large room—partly, we suppose, for economy of space,

partly in order that the eye of the superior might correct any lacking zeal on the part of his assistants. Modern convenience separates the divisions of the school into smaller parts, and gives the students desks to write on—a privacy which is favorable to progress. The walls are paneled with oak, and cut with the names of Old Etonians. Time was when boys cut their own names on the walls, but this is long past. Five or ten shillings secures the knife of the official carver, who hands down the youth's name to posterity, accompanied by those of his companions who leave at the same time as himself. In the illustration given in our text there can be little doubt that the massive letters in "C. I. Fox" represent the handicraft of the statesman whose bust smiles on us from above. It is interesting also to notice the number of well-known names which occur in this little space of the wall's surface. Chatham, Howe, Wellington, Canning, Hammond, Porson, and Gray, are names of which any school may be proud. The list of Eton's worthies, as exemplified by the busts of her Upper School, includes soldiers, sailors, statesmen, divines, and poets; only one place is still left, which we have heard appropriated to Shelley, a boy who was a strange phenomenon at Eton—ill-treated, he said, by masters and boys, to whom Eton owes a memorial she should not be slow in paying.

The College Hall.

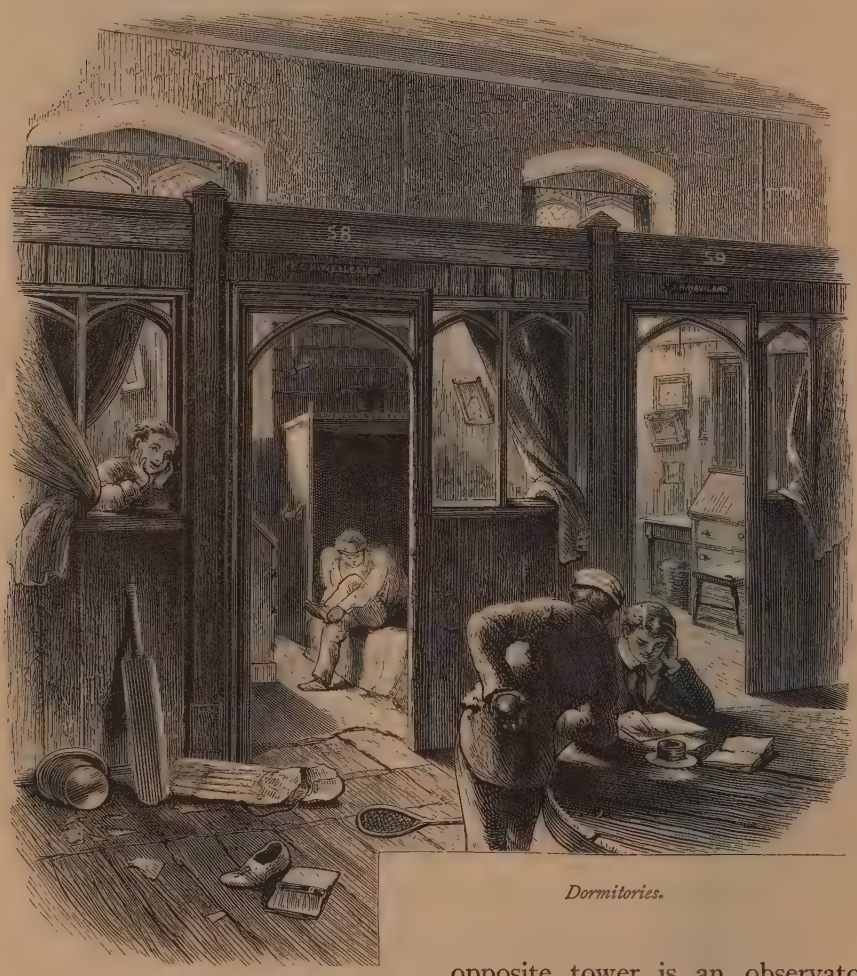
A door at the end of the Upper School leads into the "library," or head-master's room, which contains a double set of attractions for visitors and boys. Here the sixth

form are taught, and generations of boys have listened to the scholarship of Hawtrey and Goodford. The walls are elegantly decorated. Athenian youths move along in procession to the Parthenon; Cytherea carries the sleeping Ascanius in her arms to Paphos; a large view of Rome forms a pendant to a picture of a Greek theatre, and classic taste is excited by the plans of carceres and metopes of Phidias. We face the long list of Newcastle Scholars, with the bust of the donor of the scholarship presiding over them. We imagine that the Upper School, when it was first built, was considered a great improvement. The cradle, the *incunabula* of Eton, must be sought elsewhere. The Lower School is on the ground-floor, and runs at right angles to the Upper School. It is exactly under the Long Chamber, of which we spoke above. This room, built in the first half of the sixteenth century, is, as far as we can tell, the original home of Eton scholarship and learning.

Entrance to the Playing-Fields.

It is divided into two parts by a barrier, or *cancelli*, which, we suppose, formed the distinction between the Lower and the Upper Schools. If this was so, the Lower School was in those days much the larger half, but it has now altogether disap-

peared. It is impossible to regard the worn-out, hacked, and mutilated desks and forms, without something of reverence. The windows and the posts which support the roof contain the names of those who have in old days obtained scholarships, and gone to King's College at Cambridge. A niche behind the lower master's desk shows where formerly must have stood the statue of a patron saint, either of the Blessed Virgin or of St. Nicholas. Upper School and Lower School have been long outgrown. Across the Slough Road, on the site of the house where Shelley studied as a boy, arises the imposing pile of the new schools. In front of them frowns a Russian cannon, a trophy of Crimean prowess, which, perhaps, were better away. The school-rooms are large, with every luxury of oak paneling and mullioned windows. In one of them is an organ, which is open for the boys to practise on; in the opposite tower is an observatory, with a large telescope with which young Etonians discover unsuspected nebulæ, and unmask the duplicity of double stars. In another part of Eton is a chemical laboratory, where some dozen boys may be seen at all hours of the day making gases or analyzing compounds; and behind it, occupying a still larger space of ground, is a double racquet-court, a game unknown to the fathers of the present Etonians.



Dormitories.

Such are the public buildings of Eton; but a stranger might ask where the nine hundred boys are lodged who swarm out into the school-yard at lessons, or into the fields at play. He has only yet heard of Hall and Long Chamber, which are appropriated solely to the scholars on the foundation. To render it intelligible to him it would be

better to describe Eton as a university for boys in which the colleges are represented by the masters' houses. Each master's house contains thirty-five or forty boys, each one of which has his own room in which he breakfasts, has tea, and sleeps. Reader, if you have never been in an Eton boy's room, you do not know how snug and cozy it is. The bed folds up very neatly and takes no room, the washing apparatus and the brushes and combs are put out of sight, a large cupboard contains table-cloths and tea-things, together with such supplies of additional dainties as the pocket of the occupant can afford. The table is covered with books and adorned with flowers; the mantel-shelf has a fringe of his sister's work, and a few choice ornaments which remind him of home. The walls are so covered with pictures that there is scarcely a square inch left. The post of honor is held by photographs of the boy's own home, and of his nearest relations. Then follow "moving scenes by flood and field," the finish of a long run, the stage-coach in a flood, or a group of big hounds lazily reposing. Indispensable to the adornment of the room are the school almanac—a document as mysterious as the Roman *fasti*, and formerly divulged to a few favored rulers—the rules of the school societies he belongs to, and, above all, the numerous caps and hats of many and divers colors which he is permitted, or ever has been permitted, to wear. To conclude, there are the boy's bats, if he is a cricketer; the little flag which his boat bore in the last race, if he is an aquatic, and the pewter cups which he has gained by athletic prowess.

We have mentioned incidentally the chief games which are in vogue at Eton College, but there is one which is peculiar to it alone, and the origin of which is curious and interesting. The steps which descend from the school chapel into the quadrangle come down first on a broad landing-place, to the right of which is one of the bays between the buttresses which were intended to support the stone roof of the chapel. The balustrade on one side of the staircase here comes to an abrupt end, and below the step where it finishes there is the hole of a drain. In this space, so curiously defined by accident, the game called "Eton fives" has grown up, and whenever that game is played the same peculiarities are exactly repeated. There is also a string-course on a slope, which has some effect on the chances of the ball, and each one of these peculiarities must be copied with the utmost nicety unless the game is to be a failure. But we have lingered too long in these courts and streets; we must pass into Weston's Yard, with the head master's house on one side, and the printing-press of Sir Henry Savile, where the famous Eton Chrysostom saw the light, and the new buildings of the collegers, with the School Library, which owed so much to the taste and munificence of Provost Hawtrey, on the other. We must pass under the arch, where those boys are lingering, into the playing-fields, the very name of which sends a throb through the heart of an Etonian. Earth has not any thing to show so fair. The thick elms, planted by Provosts Rous and Godolphin, are in their prime of foliage, although their allotted time is nearly run, and they are beginning to fall with ominous rapidity. The classic

brook of Chalvey runs its silver course under old Sheep's Bridge, where the little minnows leap in mimic rage against the freshets, and try to surmount the barrier they never pass. On one side is the long avenue of "Poet's Walk," extending on the side of Fellows' Pond, the old fish-pond of the monks of Eton. On the other side is Sixth-Form Bench, once appropriated to the use of that body, and commanding a view which can scarcely be surpassed in England—"the towers and battlements" of Windsor Castle, "bosomed high in tufted trees;" St. George's Chapel, standing out against the sky; the bright gleam of Windsor weir, and the massy circle of the Curfew Tower.

Let us go a little forward and we shall stand on the most perfect cricket-ground the world can show—a ground which is only too true, where the ball is returned with such absolute nicety that the batsman's skill is scarcely put to a sufficient test; and, as a fringe and ornament to this smooth, living carpet, rises a massive line of horse-chestnuts, whose silver fairy blossoms scent the air with fragrance, and quiver gracefully in the wind. But we can linger no longer. No one who has paid even a passing visit to Eton can forget a place so beautiful, and so characteristic of the country to which it belongs. For more than four hundred years it has been what it is to-day, indissolubly bound up with the life of England, and exercising no unimportant effect on its destinies.

Eton, from the Slough Road.

Hunn Island

D. Appleton & Cº

NORTH WALES.

Conway Castle.

MYRIADS of years ago, when the sea still flowed deep over the site of London and of Paris, the waves were breaking against a rocky coast on the eastern border of the land which is now called Wales. Its hills had been furrowed by the storm long ages before the Alps rose from beneath the ocean, and the peak of Snowdon may claim an antiquity in comparison with which the "Monarch of Mountains" itself is of mushroom growth.

What wonderful mutations must this rugged land have seen in those almost endless cycles of years, the fragments of whose hieroglyphic records science is deciphering for us! What strange foliage must have clothed those slopes, what strange creatures must have wandered in the valleys—all of whom have passed away and left not a trace behind! A land thus old itself, in latter times it has been a camp of refuge for every thing that is old. Here an ancient language is spoken, primitive customs linger among an ancient people, the land is full of memorials of ancient days, not only castles and abbeys, but also cairns and cromlechs, walls and piles of unhewn stone, ruins of the strongholds of chieftains, whose very names have long been forgotten. For centuries the advancing tide of the lowland races broke almost harmless on the edge of the rugged mountain-land; and even now, notwithstanding roads and railways, the contrast between the rich Cheshire plains and the bare Denbighshire hills is hardly greater than between the races which inhabit them.

North Wales offers to the traveler the types of three distinct classes of scenery, the evidences of three distinct periods of history; the former are represented by the lowland fringe, the subalpine zone, and the mountain fastnesses, the latter by the modern structures, the mediæval castles, and the primeval ruins. Let us keep these in view in this brief sketch of the country. Though a land of hills, yet the memory of the lowland plains is not left behind when we enter Wales. Not only does the great expanse of the sea so constantly in view suggest wider possibilities of thought and action than the solid crests of endless mountain-ranges, but also, not seldom, a strip of level land intervenes—sometimes, it must be confessed, to the detriment of the scenery—between the cliffs and the sea, and smooth straths by the river-side extend for miles, like green fjords, into the very heart of the hills. Such are the plains of the valleys of the Clwyd, the Conway, and the Traeth, broad reaches of richest meadow-land, shaded here and there with groves of ancient trees. Among scenery such as this Rhuddlan Castle is planted, on a low, rocky plateau above the Clwyd. Its walls seemed to frown sternly when the Norman troops kept watch and ward over the fair valley on which their iron grasp was fixed. There has been wild work, too, more than once about this spot, in earlier days, in the border-wars between English and Welsh, from, at least, the time when, almost eleven centuries since, the armies of Offa of Mercia and Caradoc of Wales joined in a death-grip on Morfa Rhuddlan, and the conquered Celt's only choice was between the Saxon's sword and the "cruel crawling tide;" but now the scene is peaceful enough. The summer sun lights up the warm red of the crumbling stones, and glances on the glossy leaves of the mantling ivy; the sward is green, with the springing grass in castle-court as by river-side; and the basking cattle standing ankle-deep in the cool, rippling stream, are almost too lazy to whisk away the more intrusive flies.

Here, also, the new is shouldering the old, and the nineteenth century comes into sharp contrast with the middle ages; for, from the walls of Rhuddlan we see the

houses of Rhyl, looking something like a great collection of packing-cases scattered on the sea-shore to await shipping. Though unpicturesque, it is a brisk, healthy, and rising watering-place, the creation almost of yesterday, but now furnished with "baths, circulating libraries, billiard and news rooms, churches and chapels," and a new pier, which, to quote from the guide-book, "adds considerably to the attractions of the place, forming an agreeable promenade during the day, and a ballroom by night."

Rhuddlan Castle.

A few miles farther along the coast, the Conway gives us another of these plains, but in this the river broadens out till at last it sweeps into the sea as an estuary. Here, on a rocky knoll by the water-side, the English invader fixed a new rivet of the fetters which he was binding on the people of the land, and the castle of Conway marks a second step in the subjugation of Wales. Here again the present and the past meet side by side in contrast, just as sharp as that of the lowland and the mountain; for, hard by the towers of the ruined castle stand two of the triumphs of modern engineering—the bridges for road and railway across the river. The former of these, erected by Telford about fifty years ago, is a rather graceful structure; the latter, which may be seen in the background of our sketch, is a tubular abomination, only less hideous than that over the Menai Strait. The artist will find that he spends much time in endeavoring to find points of view from

which he may study the beautiful ruin, undisturbed by the hard, intractable lines of this convenient but perfectly ugly structure. The castle itself is one of the most picturesque in Wales, if not in Britain. Erected by Edward I. to command the valley of the Conway and hold the keys of the mountain-fastness of Carnarvonshire, it remained a stronghold till the days of the Stuarts, when it stood its last siege, and capitulated to the Parliamentary

The Banqueting-Hall, Conway Castle.

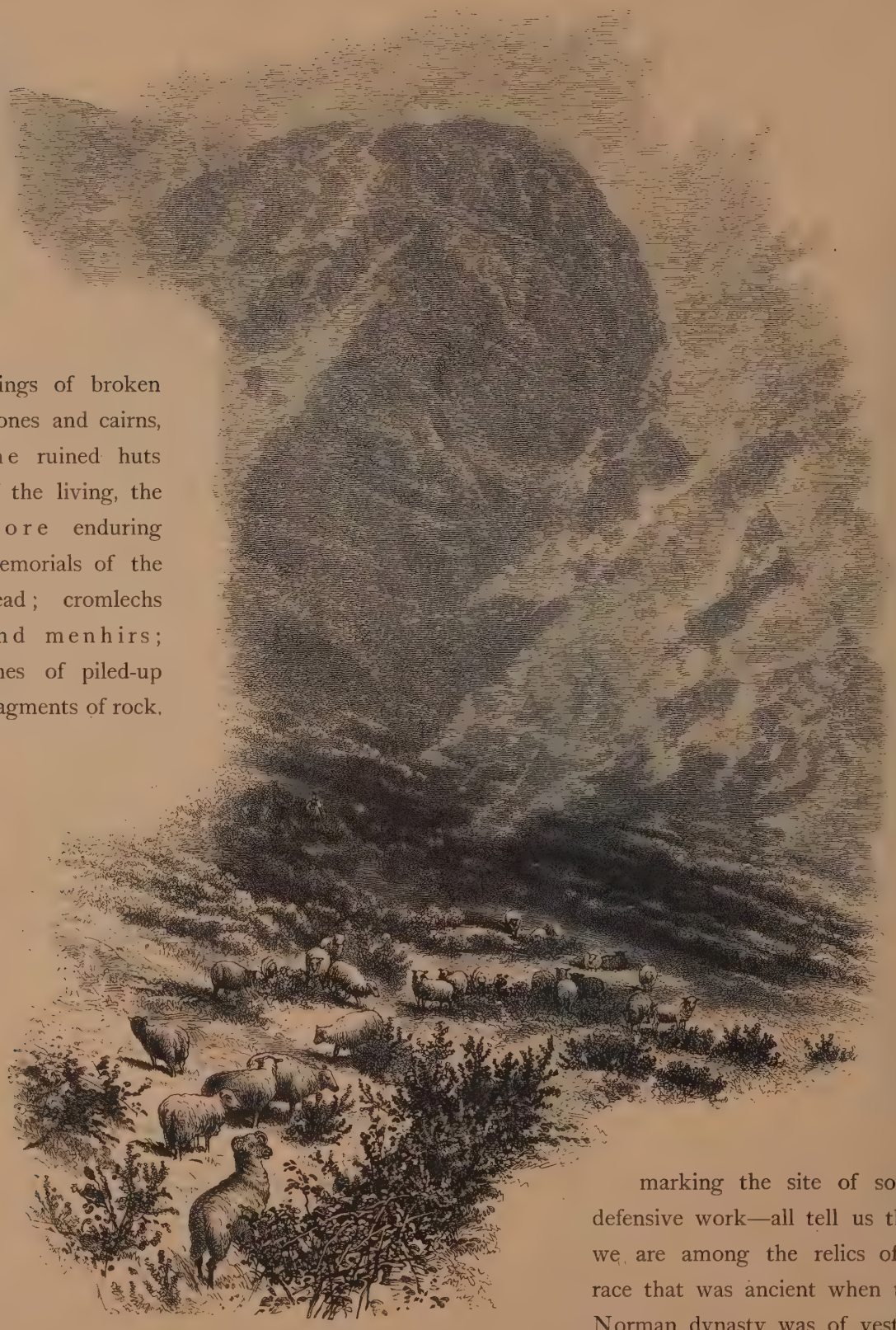
forces, but was not dismantled till after the Restoration. Since then it has been exposed to the fury of the storms and the barbarism of man for more than two centuries, yet, in many parts, its walls are still little harmed. So strong, indeed, is the masonry, that one tower on the southern side has had nearly half its base removed, and yet the upper part still holds together, apparently unshaken by the trains which daily rush past within a few yards. The interior of the castle is now carefully guarded, and the attacks of time are, as far as may be, averted. The chief attraction within is the grand old hall, more than forty yards long, the roof of which was once supported by five stone arches; half of these have now fallen, and the floor has, to a great extent, tumbled down into the

vaults below, but the ruins yet allow us to form some idea of its departed glories. Here Edward and Eleanor kept their court, with great festivity, one Christmastide; now ivy has taken the place of tapestry on the walls, and the stones are decked with the green fronds of giant hart's-tongue ferns. Another exquisite bit of architecture is an oriel-window, constructed in one of the eastern towers, called after Queen Eleanor. Its fretted roof and double row of slender-pointed lights, delicately wrought in the more tractable red sandstone, render it even now a gem of thirteenth-century work.

Beyond the town of Conway, we pass at once into the Alpine district of Wales, if the term be permitted, and at the same time come in contact with another and yet older phase of its history. The hills rise steeply, in places precipitously, from valley and from sea, to form a great moorland district, a broken, undulating plateau, which at last sweeps upward to the dark frowning summits of Carnedd Llewellyn and Dafydd. Conway Mountain is the first of these escarpments, a bold, rocky bluff, a great shoulder of the hills, preparing us by stony slope and broken cliff for the yet grander outlines of Penmaenmawr. The carriage-road which skirts the base of these crags, and in places rises high above the sea, is known to every traveler for the impressive scenery around, and the fine view over Beaumaris Bay. Less well known, but even more worthy of visit, is the track which leads from the town of Conway along the edge of the mountain district, and by the summit of Penmaenmawr, to the village of Llanfairfechan. It winds up through a rugged country, commanding lovely views of the Conway Valley and the sea, till it crosses at the back of the headland of Penmaenbach, and then descends again to join the high-road at the foot of the greater cliffs of Penmaenmawr. Those, however, who have seen the precipices from below, and admired this almost Alpine road, will do well to keep to the uplands, and not descend till the summit of Penmaenmawr has been left behind. The whole of this walk is full of scenes of beauty and interest. The mountains fall toward the sea in bold precipices and steep, stony slopes; the first being the one sketched here. Beautiful at every hour are these gray cliffs of crystalline rock, battered but unshaken by the storms of ages, looking with steadfast brows into the teeth of the north wind; but never so beautiful as when the mist, quickened into life by the morning sun, wreathes its tender folds around their crags, and sweeps along the stony slopes which plunge downward toward the sea. These slopes themselves, though bowlder-strewed, and nurturing only coarse mountain-grasses, or the hardiest shrubs, have yet a beauty of their own—a beauty, tender almost by comparison with the sternness of the cliffs, when the sun glints bright on the herbage, or the heather glows beneath the autumn sky.

On these mountains we pass at once into a region full of memories of the oldest days of Wales. Here, between the Conway Valley and the sea, lies the land to which the hilly strip above the Clwyd was but the outer defense. Here, as you walk, again and again on the bleak upland moors, you pass the memorials of the ancient people.

Rings of broken stones and cairns, the ruined huts of the living, the more enduring memorials of the dead; cromlechs and menhirs; lines of piled-up fragments of rock,



Cliffs of the Conway Mountain.

marking the site of some defensive work—all tell us that we are among the relics of a race that was ancient when the Norman dynasty was of yesterday's growth; to which even

the Roman legion was a troubler of its decadence. One of these fortresses, which figures for the last time in history in the wars between Edward I. and Llewellyn, occupies the very summit of Penmaenmawr itself, full fifteen hundred feet above the sea. A considerable part of the wall yet remains, though built only of loose stones. Thus situated, and approached by slopes of great steepness, it must have been a formidable fortress in the days when arrows and stones were the only missiles—especially if the guide-book assertion be true, that twenty thousand men could be sheltered within its walls. Garrison-duty there must have been any thing but a pleasure; for the gales blow with such fury on that exposed headland, that an enemy would have found it to his advantage to attack down the wind, as it would have greatly blunted the force of the missiles hurled against him. Even the beautiful view over the Menai Strait and the Isle of Anglesea must have at times almost exasperated the woes of a shivering sentinel, as they lay spread out like a garden below, and taunted him with the sight of an unapproachable paradise.

But our road now leads us away from the coast—we must turn from the gates of Conway up by the margin of the estuary. A railway now ascends it on the right bank but the road on the other side passes through many lovely scenes, which ought not to be hurried over. We leave behind the ancient Roman station of Caerhun, its earthworks and its old yew-trees; we pass below the crags of Pencaer-helen, crowned with one of the most perfect British fortresses in Wales; and by the woods of Trefriew, with its chalybeate springs; by Llanrwst, with its ancient church and vibrating bridge; by many a beautiful combination of grove and meadow, of rock and stream, till we reach Bettws-y-coed, the haunt of British artists.

What frequenter of the summer exhibitions of pictures, and winter shows of sketches, does not know Pandy Mill, the Fairy Glen, and Pont-y-Pair, this scene on the Lledr, and that view on the Llugwy? It is no wonder—the whole district is full of beauties, that have a magnetic influence on all lovers of the picturesque. Who could wish for a better subject than that reach of the Lledr, where, between the rich masses of foliage which line its banks, the river sweeps, clear and cool, to tumble over those dark foreground blocks of slaty rock, and that line of rocky bluffs behind the trees reveals the presence of the mountain-land? Think of all the changing tints of green and gray and purple upon those fretted crags and furrowed slopes; think of the flickering lights that glance through the tremulous leaves, to play on trunk or stone or shadowy pool; think, too, of the diamond flashes of the feathery stream, as it hurries down over rocky ledge and through opposing bowlders! How beautiful, again, is that crag falling steeply down to the brawling river, contrasting so well its bold lines, slaty rock, and rough ledges, barely masked by mountain-herbage, with those softer forms of woodland slopes beyond! Or look at that scene on another stream. Though a burn not far away comes tumbling over the slaty steps, the water

PANDY MILL AND FALL, NEAR BETTWS-Y-COED, NORTH WALES.

here lies still and dark, with many a deep silent pool, where great speckled trout love to lie hid in the lee of some projecting slab, waiting for the good things swept down

Shepherd's Crag, on the Llugwy.

from above. Better for that patriarch had he been content with minnow and unwinged food, and looked long before he leaped at the semblance of a fly. Let him flap his tail and bend the rod as he will, in a few minutes he will be gasping in the angler's basket.

ON THE RIVER LLEDR, NORTH WALES.

From Bettws to Capel Curig is a lovely drive along the mountain-side, with views over the valleys of the Lledr and the Conway, and past Rhayadr-y-Wennol, or the Swallow Falls. These are among the prettiest cascades in Wales. The Llugwy flowing between steep and densely-wooded banks, plunges in three leaps down a rocky declivity about twenty yards high. Its beauty, therefore, does not consist in the one

Pool on the Llugwy.

glittering sheet, "like a wall of shattered chrysoprase," sweeping down in majestic grandeur to the depths below, but in an endless series of leaping jets, as the stream now bounds aside from a projecting crag, now dashes over a rocky slope, now slides down a shelving wall. It is, in a word, not the spot which fancy would seize upon as the haunting-place of a Kühleborn in sullen, solitary state, but would people with a whole family of water-sprites, dancing and sporting in whirling eddy and falling spray.

With its fern-clad banks, and the foliage waving over the brink of the stream to cast flickering shadows over bowlder and eddy, with the sunbeams glancing down from step to step, to glitter on even the lowest curls of foam, and turn the last spray-drops into jewels, it seems a spot most meet for the happier flights of fancy, for glimpses of childish faces rising joyously among the eddies, and the sound of merry laughter above the roar of the leaping water; but gloomier thoughts have prevailed, so guide-books tell us, in the neighborhood, and from beneath the lower fall the peasant thinks he hears the unavailing cries of a certain knight of Gwydir, eternally tormented there for his cruelties and crimes.

On through wilder scenes, by barer moorlands, with loftier and grander mountains rising around, till we reach the heart of the Welsh highlands, and at Capel Curig stand at the foot of Snowdon. From this neighborhood by far the most striking views of that mountain are obtained. Great precipices descend from the highest peak to the dark combes where the still waters of Glaslyn are hidden among the cliffs; to the right the shattered ridge of Crib-goch rises on the opposite side of a projecting buttress, rendered more prominent by its greater nearness, and so forming a triplet of peaks. Beneath these, long lines of precipice, ice-worn cliff, and hummocks of rock, descend to the grassy moorland slopes that form the base of the mountain. Hard by the inn at Capel Curig, the little torrent that chafes and foams among the bowlders beneath the rustic bridge passes through two small lakes, called Mymbyr. From their shores, or from the neighborhood of the bridge itself, the best views of Snowdon are obtained. Too often, however—as on the present occasion—he veils his head in dark masses of vapor, and the clouds seethe up from the corrie of Glaslyn, as though, as is sometimes absurdly reported, it were the crater of a volcano.

The ascent of Snowdon from Capel Curig, though more arduous, is more impressive than from either Llanberis or Beddgelert. Slowly mounting along the high-road over the wild moorland to Pen-y-gwryd, between the steep flanks of the Great Glyder and Moel Siabod, we glance down the green expanse of Nant Gwynant, whose pastures seem fairer by contrast with the desolate region all around, and, passing across its head, arrive close to the summit of the Pass of Llanberis. Hence, a stony track leads us over slopes of rock and mountain-pasture to the shores of Llyn Llydaw. Silent these, when the sunbeams lend a brightness to its rocky banks, and the crags of Snowdon are reflected in its waters, but not ignorant of fierce turmoil when the Atlantic gales are whirling their vapors over the peaks and roaring in the corries. Narrower and steeper tracks lead from Llyn Llydaw to the yet wilder banks of Glaslyn. This little tarn nestles in a grand corrie beneath the very summit of Snowdon, and is almost inclosed by magnificent precipices of crystalline rock, more than a thousand feet in height. In ages long past, the snows lay deep in this lonely recess, when from the corries beneath the peak of Snowdon huge glaciers streamed out far down the neighboring valleys.

Now only in winter-time, when the fresh-fallen snow lends once more an Alpine grandeur to the scene, can we get some notion of what the mountain must have resembled in the Great Ice Age. From Glaslyn, a narrow track leads up a rocky buttress to the crest of the mountain. This is far the most interesting route to the summit. The path winds upward over broken rocks, as it scales the face of the great cliff, the finest in all Wales. All around are crags of hard blue crystalline rock, often jointed so as to resemble groups of rude columns—for this part of the mountain is nothing but a great sheet of lava, that in far-distant ages of the world's history flowed

Bridge near Capel Curig.

from the orifice of some long-vanished volcano. To climb the windings of this path is a somewhat arduous but not difficult task, and ladies often make the ascent. On the crest of the mountain the ordinary route from Llanberis is joined, which rises easily along the ridge to the summit, which bears the name of Y Wyddfa, or "the conspicuous." This is a rocky cone, which supports a huge cairn—one of the stations of the Ordnance Survey—and a couple of tiny cottages, to refresh and shelter the traveler. Enthusiastic worshipers of the picturesque pass the night here, in order to see the sun rise. As in most cases no "soft air fans the cloud apart," and that orb entirely declines to "beat the twilight into flakes of fire," the votary is seldom rewarded for his trouble.

The view from the peak of Snowdon is said by all the guide-books to be a very grand one, embracing "the loftiest points of England, Scotland, and Ireland . . . . the

THE SWALLOW FALLS, NORTH WALES.

Isle of Man, sparkling with ocean-lights—the Menai, running like a silver thread in a web of verdure—and Anglesea, with her hills and coasts spread like a map before the eye. I should be glad to attempt to describe it, but I am bound to confess that I never saw it. Thrice have I shivered for a considerable period on the peak (not to mention other occasions when I have turned back, wet through, from the expedition), and a few dozen cubic yards of mist have been all that rewarded my patience. At one time or another I must have spent nearly a month at the foot of the mountain, and commonly it has been useless to think of making the ascent. From this it will be inferred that it sometimes rains on Snowdon. It does. Snowdon, in fact, from its height and position, is a great cloud-catcher, and the neighborhood is to be avoided at those seasons when westerly and southwesterly winds prevail. In the early summer, however, there is often much fine weather.

From the summit of Snowdon, an easy horse-path leads down the gentler northern slopes of the mountain. It commands in one place a fine view of the great eastern precipice, with the blue waters of Glaslyn and Llyn Llydaw sleeping far below among domes of ice-worn rock; at another, of the wild amphitheatre of crags and bowlders, at the head of Cwm-glas, above the valley of the Llanberis Pass; then it descends near the gloomy recesses of Llyn-dû'r-Arddu, a lonely tarn, whose shores are strewed with huge bowlders, and whose waters are shadowed by the dark precipices of the summit-ridge. Beyond this spot slope succeeds to slope of barren moor; and the route would be dull were it not for the views over the lowland country and the Isle of Anglesea. These views, however, gradually become more and more restricted, till the descent to the shores of Llyn Padarn introduces us to new scenes of beauty among the gardens and the groves of Llanberis. Here once more we come on to the handiwork of the nineteenth century; for a railway has been carried along the western shore of the lake, and by its hard, formal lines has sadly marred the charms of the rocky margin. To the railway contractor nothing is sacred.

If the weather be unfavorable, or the traveler do not care for the exertion of climbing Snowdon, he may descend from the head of the Pass of Llanberis by an excellent carriage-road, which drops down gradually through wild scenery beneath the buttresses of Snowdon and the Great Glyder. Opinions differ much as to the attractions of this pass. Some praise them very highly; to myself the scenery has generally appeared rather dreary than grand.

Another route from Capel Curig to the north coast is not unfrequently preferred by those who are quitting the district, as it leads direct from that place to Bangor. This is by the valley of Nant Francon, which passes on the eastern side of the Glyders, through some of the wildest scenery in Wales. The carriage-road runs by the side of Llyn Ogwen, a beautiful lakelet, surrounded by grand cliffs and broken masses of fallen rock. Much higher up, and in the heart of the Glyders, is a corrie, in which reposes

THE STREAM FROM LLYN IDWAL, NORTH WALES.

the ill-omened tarn of Llyn Idwal, which is reported to take its name from a young prince, the heir of Owen Gwynedd, who was treacherously murdered here by his guardian. Bare, dark cliffs surround it, among which the gales are said to rage with peculiar fury, producing fierce eddies of the wind which "toss up waves resembling, in force and height, those of the ocean in a storm."

High up in the cliffs above lies a strange chasm, bearing the name of Twl-Dû, or the Black Cleft, popularly termed the Devil's Kitchen. It is a deep, dark gorge, not more than a couple of yards wide, which has been cut by a streamlet from a little tarn on the upper part of the mountain. In fine weather this is almost dry, and it is possible to climb part of the way either up or down it. The effect of the huge walls of black rock, rising close on either hand, is singularly grand; and the contrast between them and the narrow strip of blue sky above, or of bowlder-strewed moorland below, is very striking. Though a precipitous descent renders one portion of the cleft impassable, the neighboring cliffs are accessible, and offer a very tempting route for the ascent of the Great Glyder. Not a few Alpine saxifrages and ferns, the relics of an ancient flora, will reward those who linger to search the crags. Below Llyn Ogwen lies the fertile valley of Nant Francon, "beauty sleeping in the lap of horror," as it has been poetically styled. The name is said to signify the Valley of the Beavers. Above us the buttress of the mountain is scarred deep with excavations and strewed with *débris*, for here is the site of the celebrated Bethesda slate-quarries, more valuable than many a gold-mine.

Mountain-Path near Capel Curig.

WARWICK AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

West Gate, Warwick.

IF you would see at their best the quieter aspects of English scenery, that look of wealth, using the word in its widest sense, which so especially distinguishes much of England from the country across the Channel, you cannot do better than go to Warwickshire. Nowhere are there richer cornfields on the uplands, or greener meadows by the streams; nowhere do finer masses of foliage clothe the slopes or diversify the plain; nowhere are the combinations of rolling hills and winding valleys more attractive. It is the very heart of England—English essentially in its winding lanes, its hedges white in May with thorn-blossom and wild-rose, its primrose-covered banks, its green meadows, its warm, red earth, its gray churches, old half-timber houses, and castellated mansions half-hidden among stately groves.

The town of Warwick itself is no less representative than the shire, and yields to very few in the picturesqueness of its buildings, or the interest of their history. It is built upon a low range of hills which slope rather steeply to a grassy plain by the side of the Avon. Seen from a little distance to the southeast, the situation of the place is extremely picturesque, as its houses and trees cluster above the irregular mass of the castle which rises like a crag above the river, or the lofty church-tower which crowns the summit of the hill.

WARWICK CASTLE, FROM THE WEST.

Let us take our way thither from the Great Western Railway-station. We are soon carried back to earlier days by a gray mansion with great stone-mullioned windows, elaborate iron gates, and a formal garden in front under dark Scotch firs, just the sort of place which one peoples instinctively with gentlemen in long curling wigs and richly-laced attire, promenading solemnly up and down with ladies in stiff rustling silks, or dispersed in Watteau-like groups in all the bravery of their apparel—a place which, though now it seems somewhat come down in the world, makes one want to step in at once, and secure it for a home.

But pass on up the hill; in front of us rises a queer structure, which, as we get nearer, resolves itself into an old gateway capped by a chapel of rather gingerbread Gothic. This upper structure, now used as a charity-school, is said to date from Henry VI.'s reign, but in that case the restorer's hand must have been heavy upon it.

Do not yet pass the gate, but turn down this street on the left, and let us first get a view of the castle. Moreover, there is here a bit of old Warwick which should not be missed. Pass the castle-gate, and go on down Mill Street; at each step the houses become quainter, as now and again the trees and towers of the castle rise picturesquely in the gaps between the broken roof-line, till at the end we come to a delightful spot, and where on the right hand the end of the castle rises above a bank of trees behind the garden-wall, on which a considerate peacock basks, with his enameled head flashing in the sunlight, and on the left hand there is a whole row of half-timber houses, the glory of Warwickshire. To see these at their best, come almost to the water's edge, and stand, as our artist has done, in the shadow of this group of old elms. It is not easy to find a patch of ground which gives such a series of outlooks: when your eye is tired with tracing the carvings and patterns of the dark beams—here in lozenges, here in square, here in parallel lines—turn round and walk a few yards to the very water's edge, where such a view awaits you as few towns can boast. True, an old mill—not, however, unpicturesque—a little interrupts the prospect of the castle, but I am not sure if it does not enhance by its smaller proportions the grandeur of the huge mass of masonry behind. In the few windows of many forms, oriels and projections of various kinds, with the octagonal form of Cæsar's Tower, redeem from monotony this otherwise unbroken face; while the gray stone, the varied green of the trees, from the dark arms of the Lebanon cedars to the brighter tints of elms, and the yet brighter gleam of the greensward beyond, through which the river winds among other clusters of forest-trees, make up a picture hard to be surpassed. If you would turn from grander to smaller things, the scene close at hand on the other side is not without its beauties. In front a little island, covered with wood, helps to adorn the stream that turns the mill, while a few dozen yards to the left are the ruined piers of a broken-down bridge, thickly covered with shrubs and greenery.

The castle, a glance will show, is not the work of one age, but has been patched

GUY'S TOWER AND THE WALLS OF WARWICK CASTLE.

up and altered, and renovated, from time to time. Of the "donjon" of Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred, of the buildings of Turchill, its last Saxon lord, nothing remains. Ruined in the wars of the barons, it was almost rebuilt toward the end of the third Edward's reign; but after the fall of its princely owner, Warwick, the king-maker, on the field of Barnet, its next three owners died by violent deaths, and its walls became dilapidated under the reign of the Tudors. Sir Fulke Greville (Lord Brooke) restored it at great expense, "making it the most princely residence that is within the midland parts of this realm." His restorations and subsequent alterations have almost obliterated the earlier work in the upper part of the castle; but the substructure with its massive vaulted roof and clumsily-moulded octagonal pillars, Cæsar's Tower with its machicolated battlements, the entrance-gate and barbican, with their double portcullis, are still perfect, as is the picturesque Guy's Tower, which crowns the highest part of the rock, and is, perhaps, of slightly later date than the rest.

Few dwellings in Britain are more closely connected with the stirring scenes of English history. Here was the home of a line of warriors, whose swords did service in many a fight against Scotland and France. Here lived the Black Hound at Warwick; and hither he brought the miserable Gaveston to meet his fate on Blacklow Hill. Here lived the "father of courtesy," the Regent of France, the guardian of Henry VI.; here open house was kept by the king-maker, who fell on Barnet-field, "his glory smeared in dust and blood;" and after him came the ill-fated, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," and Dudley, the lord high admiral, whose head, like that of the previous owner of the title, fell on the scaffold. Since then more peaceful endings have been allotted to the Earls of Warwick, though the title has since become extinct.

We must not linger in the interior of the castle, tempting as that still is, though sadly shorn of its choicest treasures by the fire which raged in the eastern part about four years since, when the library, the baronial hall, with its magnificent collection of armor, and many valuable pictures and costly ornaments, were almost wholly destroyed. The ravages wrought on the building are yet barely made good; the loss of its contents is irreparable.

From the home of the Earls of Warwick turn now to their last resting-place. The antiquity of the town is still indicated by the four streets crossing one another near the middle at right angles. In the northern of these is the parish church. From a distance, its general proportions and its lofty, pinnacled tower are remarkably effective, but it is disappointing on a nearer view, from its defective details. The reason of this is at once obvious. It is a Gothic building of the reign of Queen Anne. The town suffered terribly in the year 1694, from the ravages of a fire, in which the western part of the church was destroyed. As the architects of that day were masters of proportion, but without the slightest sympathy with or understanding of mediæval details, the result is what might be expected. In our time the case is exactly reversed, and we get ill-

HOUSES UNDER THE CASTLE, WARWICK.

composed structures covered with details so incoherent that they might be termed "scorbutic," were they not by themselves beautiful.

The fire happily spared the Grand Chancel, and the interesting Lady or Beauchamp Chapel. The former, a stately structure in the Perpendicular style of architecture with a vaulted stone roof, and great windows which once glowed with stained glass, is raised high above the floor of the nave. In the very middle, on an altar-tomb, is laid the

Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick.

effigy of the founder, that stout old warrior, Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. His left hand rests on the sword, idle now, that did good service by the Prince of Wales's side at Cressy and Poitiers, and afterward for three years against the infidels in Palestine. His right hand clasps his wife's. Strife passeth away, but love remains, seems to be the lesson of the monument.

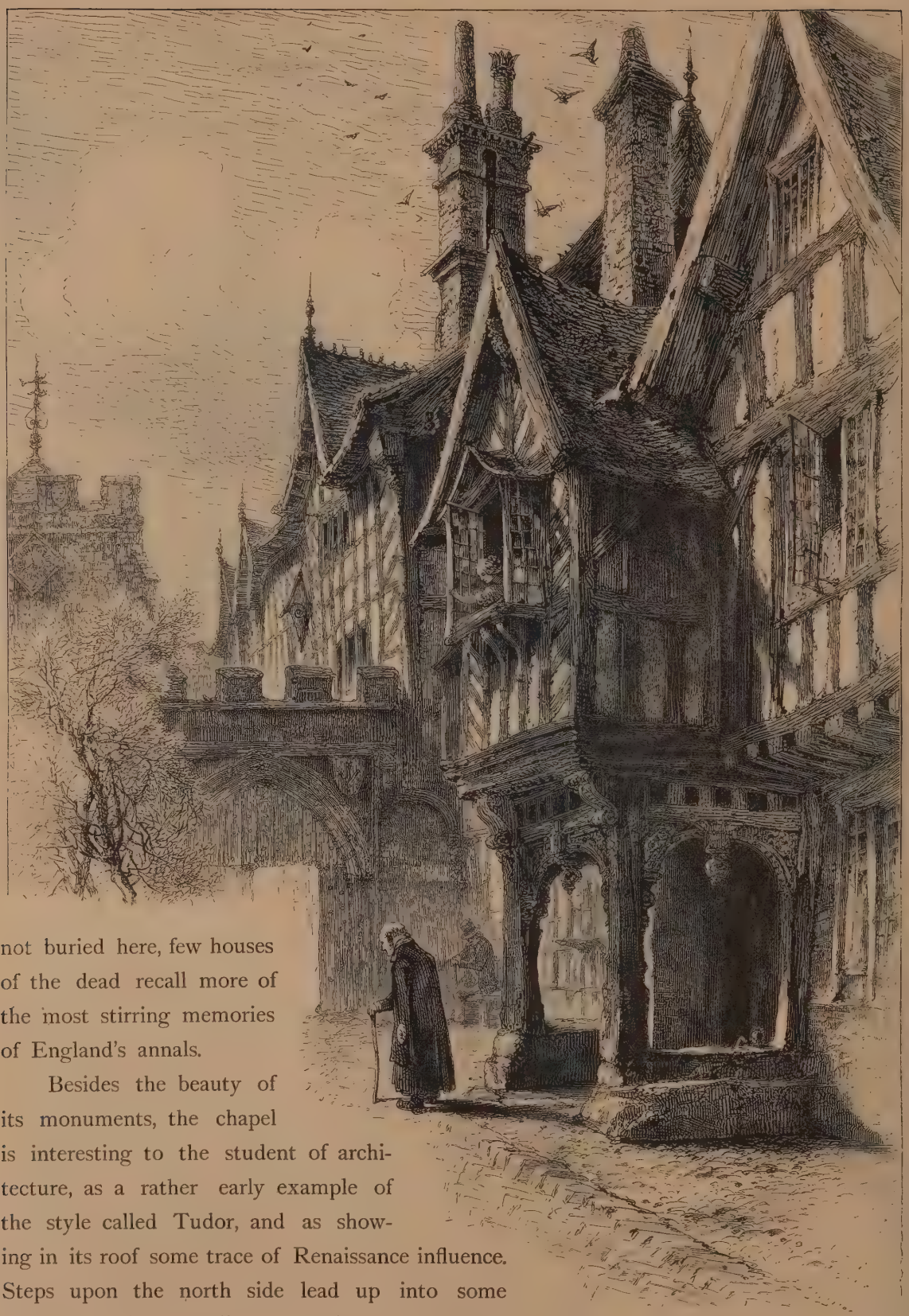
In a line with the south aisle, but at a lower level, is the famed Beauchamp Chapel,

Warwick Castle.

the tomb-house of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, illustrious alike on battle-field and in council-chamber, guardian of the young Henry VI., and Regent of France. Dying at Rouen in 1439, his body was brought to England, and, five-and-twenty years after, the shrine beneath which he rests was completed. His effigy in bronze, clad in full armor, the head bare and resting on the helmet, the hands raised in prayer, lies

Chantry, Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick.

beneath a hearse of metal hoops on an altar-tomb of Purbeck marble, the side-niches of which are filled with mourning figures, also of metal; effigy, hearse, figures, all are gilded. The body of the "most worshipful knight," as we are informed by the quaint inscription on the tomb, rests in a "feir chest made of Stone;" under the "tumbe in a fulfeise route of Stone set on the bare rooch," near the head of the founder, is the altar-tomb of the "good earl," last of his line; and against the north wall is the magnificent marble monument of his brother—more famous in every sense of the word—Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Splendid in life, he is no less sumptuous in death, and costly marble of Italy and rich carving are lavished on his stately tomb. His only son, "the noble Impe Robert of Dudley," who died in childhood, rests on the other side of the chapel. Though the great King-maker, who plucked the "white rose with Plantagenet," the wrinkles of whose brow "were likened oft to kingly sepulchres," is



Leicester Hospital, Warwick.

not buried here, few houses of the dead recall more of the most stirring memories of England's annals.

Besides the beauty of its monuments, the chapel is interesting to the student of architecture, as a rather early example of the style called Tudor, and as showing in its roof some trace of Renaissance influence. Steps upon the north side lead up into some picturesque but puzzling chantries, on a higher

level, but still below the floor of the choir, with which one communicates by some steps leading into a sort of passage called the confessional. The roof of this, like the rest of the building, is richly carved, and is adorned with pendants. The purpose of the chapel is disputed; to me, it appeared more like a chantry than aught else. It now contains a plain lectern of the time of Charles II., and a worm-eaten coffer, on which are placed three old helmets—one yet retaining the crest—which belonged to the Marquis of Northampton, brother of Henry VIII.'s last wife, Katherine Parr. The adjoining chamber to the west, which communicates both with the church and the Beauchamp Chapel, is much plainer in style, and, as the blocked-up window in the corner of the sketch shows, must be later in date than the choir.

One gem of Warwick yet remains. Turn back to the cross, and follow the western street to the gate. This too is crowned by a church, but of it more anon; the black-timbered houses left and right next claim our attention. In most places the former would be attractive enough, but in this one the latter cause them to be neglected. Here antique chimneys and gables, projecting windows and eaves, with richly-carved beams and shadowy recesses, an old gateway and a church-tower, make up one of the prettiest architectural groups that can be imagined. Rich as is all the west country, from Chester to Hereford, in these picturesque memorials of the domestic architecture of England in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, there is nothing that I have seen to surpass these houses by the west gate of Warwick. The footpath is continued as a broad terrace-walk in front of the houses, while the street itself sinks rapidly down to the gateway beneath the church-tower. The group is thus no less picturesque as a whole than in its parts, and there is no need of wandering in close lanes or squalid alleys to examine its details.

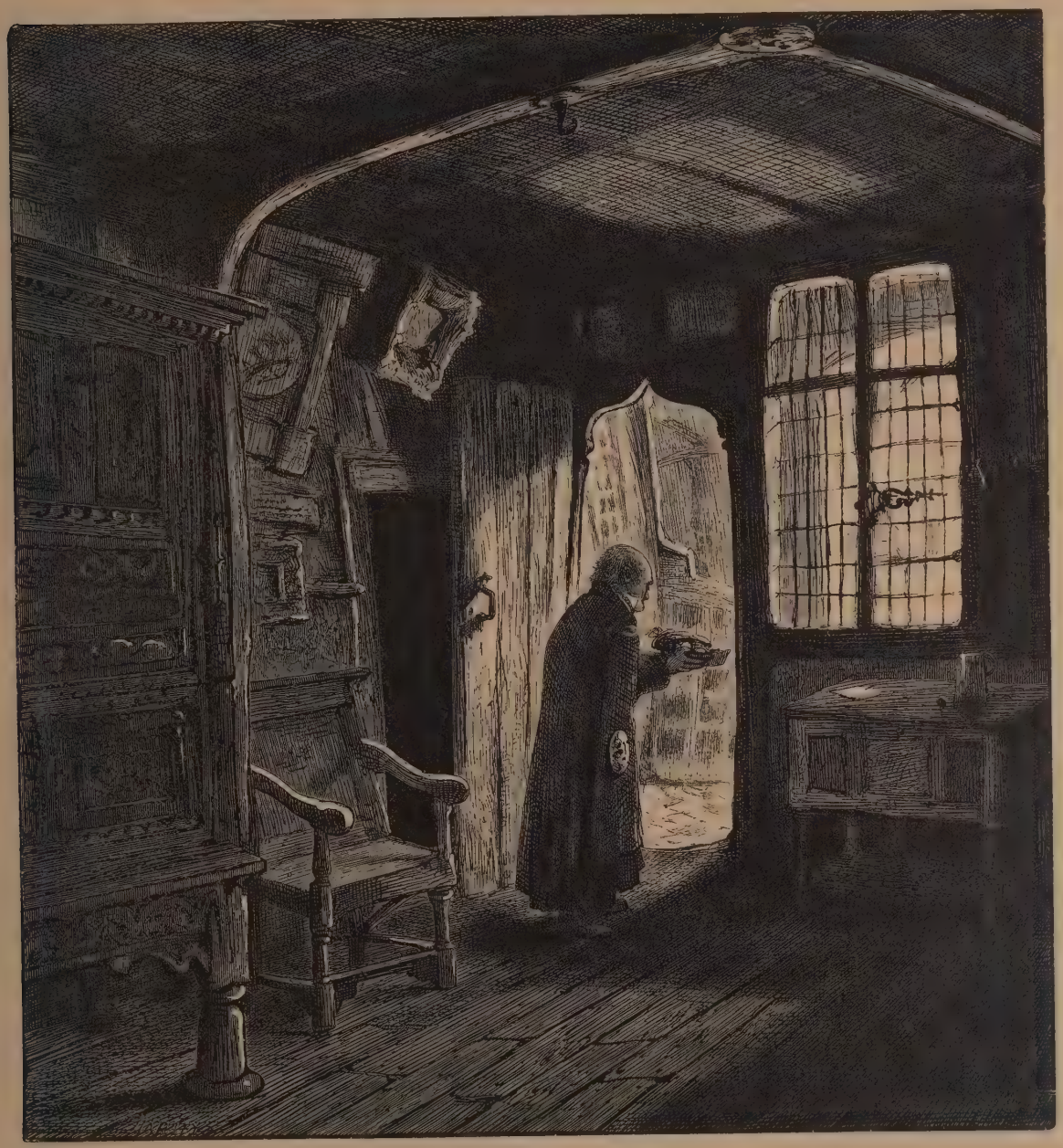
The nearest house, which forms a part of the same structure as the hospital, but whose richly-carved porch forms the most prominent subject in our sketch, is not part of the foundation, but belongs to the Delisles. The Tudor arch which admits to the bedesmen's precincts may be seen just beyond. Pass within by the projecting façade, under the low massive arched doorway into the court-yard. You leave the nineteenth century behind, and can dream yourself back in the days of the Stuarts. Which part is most picturesque I can hardly say. In front is a two-storied house of three gables. Bears leaning in various positions on ragged staves—badges of the house of Dudley—support the ends of the beams; another bear and hirsute porcupine are displayed on the walls; and both these and the shields on the walls are emblazoned in bright colors, and so relieve the blackness of the massive beams. This structure is the master's lodge, and a more congenial dwelling for a scholar can hardly be imagined. On the western side of the court is the old dining-hall. This is now disused, as the brethren no longer live in common; and, as it serves for a scullery and is impeded by partitions, has a forlorn look. In it, however, so a tablet on the walls tells us, James I. was entertained by Sir

Fulke Greville, on September 4, 1617. If, however, we must choose among the various points of view which this court offers, we give the preference to the southeastern angle. Along part of the east side runs an open gallery approached from below by a covered flight of steps, and underneath it is a kind of cloister, formed of massive beams of black wood. The upper gallery communicates with the master's lodge, and with several of the

Leicester Hospital Court-yard.

brothers' rooms. Another hall formerly faced the street, and the fine beams of its roof can still be seen, but it is now cut up into chambers, and looks as if all but filled with gigantic packing-cases. Through that low door in the corner of the court we pass to the kitchen, a delightful old room, and partly divided by a wooden partition, and with a great fireplace in one corner. The walls are hung with old halberds, guns, and pistols, as though the maimed warriors, to whom preference is to be given in electing the brothers, had hung up their arms. A grand old chest from Kenilworth Castle

stands near another corner. Needlework of Amy Robsart, and handwriting of the founder, Robert Dudley, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth, hang framed on the walls. On a shelf is a huge copper beer-tankard, holding six quarts, filled thrice a year, on gaudy days. Take the place all in all it is a pleasant haven for the end of



King James's Chair in the Kitchen, Leicester Hospital, Warwick.

life, and one of the deeds, not too numerous, for which the Earl of Leicester deserves grateful remembrance. The brethren may be married or single; they have a couple of snug rooms and eighty pounds a year. The rules do not seem burdensome, the chief duties being attending certain services in the chapel, and wearing a dark-blue

gown, on the sleeve of which is a large silver badge—the bear and ragged staff, of course.

This chapel of the hospital, dedicated to St. James, probably belonged to one of the guilds which once possessed this property, and is built, as has been stated, over the town-gate; it has been carefully and prettily restored, but the chief interest is in its situation. The body of the chapel is supported by the massive ribs of the old vaulting of the gateway, the walls of which rise from the rock; the tower is built up in front of the former entrance like a sort of barbican. Vehicles no longer pass through the steep, narrow passage into the town, for, as at the other end of the street, the wall has been broken through, and a wide opening made. The view of the gateway from the outside is also picturesque. Very little of the old town-wall still remains, but a fragment supports the terrace of the master's garden. Here we are reminded, for a moment, of Chester—the massive, buttressed, weather-worn sandstone-walls, overlooking gardens and houses, and a broad green meadow by the Avon, with the hills which bound the opposite side of the valley, recall, though every thing is on a smaller scale, the view from the western wall of that town across the Roodee.

If the surroundings of a man's life produce any effect on the development of his character, we might expect that a thoroughly English poet would be born in our midland counties. This expectation is fulfilled in the birthplace of Shakespeare. Stratford-on-Avon stands among characteristic mid-England scenery. There are hundreds of spots in the red-loam districts of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Staffordshire, almost exactly like it. The Avon, a fairly broad, bright stream, glides along through a wide river-valley, bounded by rather steep and often wooded banks. The bed of this, dotted with cornfields, and varied by clumps and hedgerow lines of trees, shelves or undulates gently down to the brink of the stream, by which are level water meadows, where the grass grows green and deep. It is a land, not so much of natural beauty—for the general scenery is slightly tame—as of peace and content, a land whose spring is bright with primroses and wild hyacinths, with apple-blossoms and may-flowers, where the air is heavy in summer with the scent of new-mown hay, the fields in autumn are golden with the waving grain.

Stratford-on-Avon itself differs little from other of the smaller market-towns in the midland counties. It has the same substantial but rather sleepy look, giving one the idea that life goes, with the majority of its people, rather too comfortably to make it worth their while to plunge into the modern scramble for existence or race for wealth. Still, signs of growth are beginning to manifest themselves in the neighborhood of the railway, where we notice a large factory and several new houses, so that, when trains become

STRATFORD CHURCH; AND SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

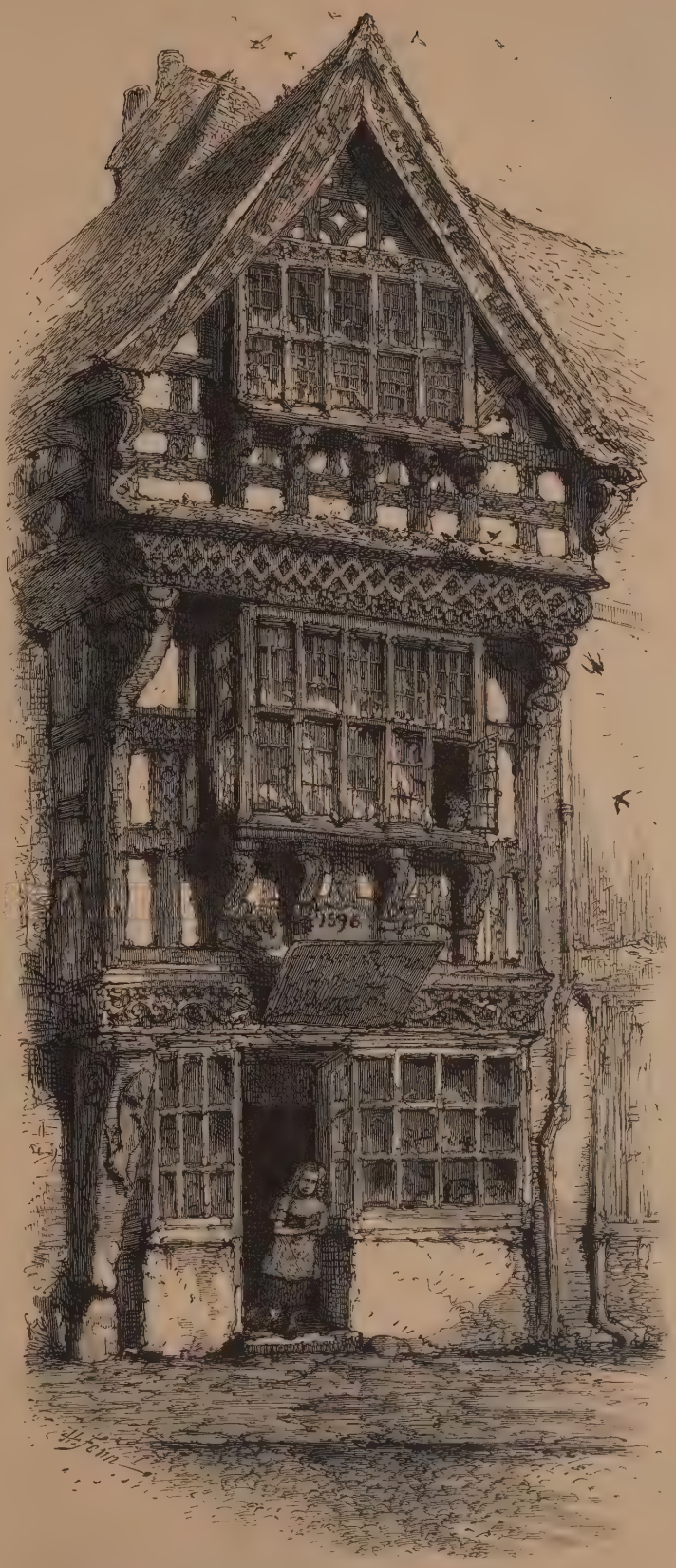
more frequent incidents in the day than they are at present, this place also may be dragged into nineteenth-century bustle. We say not this in reproach of Stratford, for, so far as a passing traveler can judge, the town seems better appointed than most of its size, and produces on the mind a marked impression of long-continued opulence; the proportion of substantially-built houses in it appearing to be larger than usual. It seems just the place where, as happened in the Shakespeare family, dwellings would go down from father to son, and generation follow generation to the last home in the same churchyard.

Room in Shakespeare's House.

In the short compass of these pages it would be impossible even to touch on the almost endless controversies about Shakespeare's life. Considering his fame even among his contemporaries, and the comparatively recent date of his death, it is surprising how little is known with certainty about him. Suffice it to say that he was born on or about April 23, 1564; that his father was a man of some substance, and at one time bailiff of the town, though possibly the fortunes of the family had somewhat declined; that the young Shakespeare was probably educated at the Grammar-School; that he married very early, went to London some three years afterward, where he won, first as an actor, then as a writer of plays, fame and fortune; that he purchased a good house in his native town in the year 1597, and retired thither a few years afterward. There he died, while still in the prime of life, in the year 1616, and in the month of his birth.

The pilgrim will at once make his way to the birthplace of Shakespeare, a house in Henley Street, at no great distance from the railway-station. This, at the present time, hardly answers to Washington Irving's description: "It is a small, mean edifice, of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners;" but the reason is, that the tumble-down tenement, which, as shown in the upper engraving, had been mutilated again and again by careless repairs, has been carefully restored to something like its original condition. Thus it is now far more like what it was when Shakespeare played about its door, though, doubtless, many of the minor details have been changed. It now appears the kind of abode that would have been inhabited by a fairly well-to-do burgess of the sixteenth century, and shows that Shakespeare's genius was not quite so much a cuckoo's-egg production as the words quoted above would imply.

The front-door opens into a small, low kitchen, said to have been the usual living-room of the family. The walls, like the rest of the house, are constructed of stout wooden beams and plaster. Of the former,



Old House, Stratford.

some are old, some are later insertions. It is paved with stone slabs, said to be the original flooring. These are much cracked and shattered, owing to the room having been "desecrated," to quote the cicerone's words, by being used as a butcher's shop. There is an ample fireplace with the usual "ingle-nook" so common in old houses. This room opens into another, which was probably the "ben" or better living-room of the family, and there is besides a third smaller chamber. The usual narrow awkward cottage staircase leads to the upper floor. Here, in a small room overlooking the street, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born. Its walls, as may be seen in the drawing which represents the corner opposite to the door, are half timber, and are covered with scribbled names—*graffiti*, where clown and peer, fool and genius, shoulder each other. Its sole furniture, at the present time, is that seen in the engraving; two or three handsome high-backed chairs, a little table, and a very quaintly-carved bureau. This furniture, however, is not part of the original plenishing of the cottage, nor did it belong to Shakespeare. The bureau came from an old college, which once existed in the town; the chairs were presents. The adjoining chamber has a high-pitched roof, and is said to have been used by the elder Shakespeare as a storehouse for wool. Now it contains copies of the various reputed portraits of Shakespeare, and one which claims to be an original. Whether it be so or not we leave to critics to decide.

The other part of the house, which has been more extensively restored, is used as a museum of Shakespearean relics. Though some of these require almost as great a capacity of belief as those in the *trésoirs* of foreign cathedrals, the pedigree of others is satisfactory, and the collection as a whole is interesting, apart from its associations. A table-case contains some interesting early editions of his works; there is a letter addressed to him, the only one extant; a deed signed with his father's mark; a gold signet-ring with the initials W. S. entwined in a knot, which it is contended must have belonged to him, though others assert it is only a betrothal-ring; a jug, which was his property, an old chair from the Falcon Inn, Bidford, which he occupied at the revels of his club; and a much-hacked desk from the Grammar-School, whereat he is reputed to have conned his lessons. Besides these there is wood from the mulberry-tree which he planted at New Place (which, less fortunate than Milton's at Christ's College, Cambridge, was cut down in 1758), the piece of its fruit, preserved in a phial like the blood of St. Januarius, and a hundred other curiosities.

Hence we pass into the High Street, with its old-fashioned houses dating from various periods in the last two centuries, a few perhaps being yet earlier, chief among which is one with projecting gable and richly-carved beams and brackets; a fine specimen of its kind even for the west country. It bears on its front the date 1596, so that Shakespeare probably saw it built, and must often have passed its door. A short distance beyond, by the low-towered church (the Guild Chapel), is the site of New Place, the house where Shakespeare spent the last years of his life. About the middle

of the last century its owner, one Francis Gastrell, first cut down the mulberry-tree which Shakespeare had planted, and three years later razed the house to the ground—the notion being that he considered the rates too high. Only a few of the foundation-stones now remain, so that there is little to tempt us to linger.

We pass on next to the gem of Stratford—the churchyard and church of the parish—which would well repay a visit, even if it were not Shakespeare's last resting-place. A lime-tree avenue leads up to the porch, but we must first turn aside for a few moments to the churchyard, and visit a path which he, doubtless, often trod, for no poet

Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

could have resisted its charms. It is a terrace-walk beneath a row of fine old elms. On one side rises the church—spire, transepts, chancel, grouping themselves afresh, at every step, through the leafy openings of overarching boughs, the shoots of bright-green foliage contrasting with the gray old stones, worn but not defaced by the storms of centuries, like childhood on the lap of age. On the other side the Avon slowly glides past the bridges and houses, past the green meadows on its opposite brink—

"Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge he overtaketh on his pilgrimage"—

on through the broadening valleys to the Severn's stream, "till the river become a sea."

Let us now enter the church. It is a fine cruciform structure, rich, even for

a town of this size, in monuments and architecture. The chancel and parts of the church are fifteenth-century work—good examples of the Perpendicular style. The rest, including the tower, belongs to a somewhat earlier date. At the east end of the north aisle a fine group of monuments—tombs of the Clopton family—arrests us for a moment. But to find Shakespeare's resting-place we must pass on to the chancel. There, on the north wall, within the communion-railing, is the monument and bust so well known to every lover of the drama. The white paint with which it was incrusted in the "dark ages" of the eighteenth century has been removed, and a careful restoration made of the ancient colors. The grave itself is a few feet distant from the wall, and is marked by a slab, whereon we read the familiar lines:

"Good frend, for Jesvs sake forbeare
To digge the dvst encloased heare,
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

He sleeps among his own people. On his right hand lies Anne Hathaway, his wife; on his left, his favorite daughter, Susanna Hall—"witty above her sex, but wise to salvation." Farther away is the grave of her husband, Dr. Hall, and their only child, Elizabeth. Just east of Shakespeare's grave is the altar-tomb of Thomas Balsall, Dean of Stratford, the builder of the chancel, who died in 1491; and, farther yet, the handsome monument of John o' Combe, so well but probably so unjustly known by the doggerel epitaph attributed to Shakespeare.

The spots of interest connected with Shakespeare are not limited to Stratford. A short mile away through the fields is Shottery, a small village, where is the old half-timber cottage, the home of Anne Hathaway, whom Shakespeare wooed not wisely in the days when "ginger was hot in the mouth;" and four miles off is the fine park of Charlecote, the estate of the Lucy family, still, as of old, well stocked with deer. Here dwelt Sir Thomas Lucy, the prototype of Justice Shallow, as the story goes. Between him and Shakespeare disputes not unnaturally arose, because the latter, when a wild lad, liked hunting by moonlight, and "conveyed" the knight's venison. In order to avoid persecution and prosecution for this offense, the youth quitted his home for London. If the story be true, the world is indebted to the knight's determination to "make a Star-Chamber matter of it," as it has thus gained a Shakespeare and a Justice Shallow.

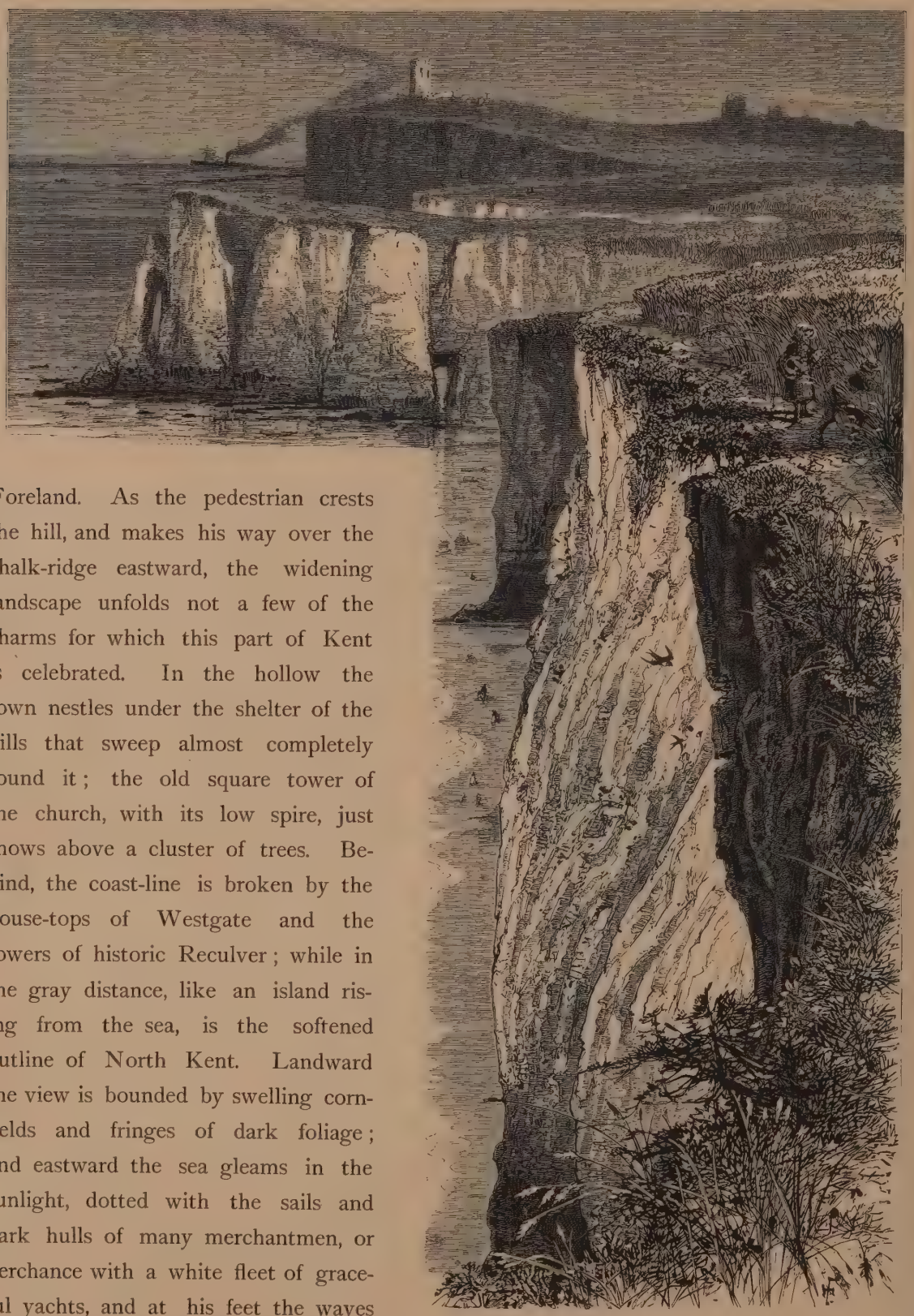
Dover Castle

THE SOUTH COAST,

FROM MARGATE TO PORTSMOUTH.

IN his playful abuse of English watering-places, Charles Lamb dwells with momentary pleasure on the time when he and his cousin "were happy many years ago for a brief week at Margate." If the gentle essayist was really serious in thus preferring Margate before all our other southern places of resort, the preference was probably owing as much to his Cockney tastes as to the fact that neither he nor his companion had ever until this seen the sea, and "had never been from home so long together in company." Lamb was eminently a lover of humanity—of London humanity above all others; and there was something to him homely and familiar in the life here which mimics that of the capital so closely. If the crowds of excursionists day after day brought him no new types to study, he had at least ample opportunity for studying familiar ones under a variety of novel aspects, and in the pursuit of pleasures with which his simple nature could freely sympathize. What Margate was then, it still is. And though popularity may have resulted in vulgarizing the "*Porta Maris portus Salutis*," it has also made it one of the most amusing places in England; and a field for the study of broad humor, even more loved by our most genial caricaturists than it was by Lamb. Though, as a "gate of the sea," this port can never hope again to rival the glories of the days when the Duke of Marlborough used to make it the starting-point for all his great expeditions, and one-half of the motto we have just quoted has therefore lost its special appropriateness; yet, thanks to the bluff breezes that come laden with health-giving ozone across the broad sea, and the absence of low-lying marshes, Margate can still proudly claim to be the *portus salutis* of all this coast-line.

Beyond these, however, Margate has few attractions, and excursionists in search of the picturesque, though they may linger for a while in the old Norman Church of St. John's, and study with interest the memorial brasses in which it is exceptionally rich, will soon wander farther afield along the rugged line of cliffs that stretch away to the



Foreland. As the pedestrian crests the hill, and makes his way over the chalk-ridge eastward, the widening landscape unfolds not a few of the charms for which this part of Kent is celebrated. In the hollow the town nestles under the shelter of the hills that sweep almost completely round it; the old square tower of the church, with its low spire, just shows above a cluster of trees. Behind, the coast-line is broken by the house-tops of Westgate and the towers of historic Reculver; while in the gray distance, like an island rising from the sea, is the softened outline of North Kent. Landward the view is bounded by swelling cornfields and fringes of dark foliage; and eastward the sea gleams in the sunlight, dotted with the sails and dark hulls of many merchantmen, or perchance with a white fleet of graceful yachts, and at his feet the waves roll in, with a slumberous sound, and

The North Foreland.

dash in silver foam on the shingle beneath the jutting headlands. It may seem a strange fancy, but we are never deeply impressed with the chalk-cliffs that gave to our land the name of Albion. Their very whiteness is destructive of all the venerable sublimity and awe-inspiring effect which are the chief charms of the gray old rocks that frown along the granite capes of Cornwall, or of the brown iron-brows that beetle over Irish seas. They appear so newly-cut and regularly-rounded, that one cannot imagine them as being the same on which Cæsar looked from the shore of conquered Gaul, as on another world through which his victorious eagles might be borne. The artist, with a pardonable pride in the art which can make all things beautiful, is not trammeled by these considerations. He presents to us the varying curves, the picturesque forms, the noble masses, the subtile lights and shades, and we are satisfied. His cunning hand, by a few delicate touches, can even convert the uninteresting modern lighthouse into the semblance of an ancient beacon-tower.

In truth, however, the disappointment with which one who has previously made acquaintance with this coast only through the medium of paintings first looks on the actual scene, lasts no longer than the daylight. When the mists and soft gray shadows of twilight are creeping into the crevices, or when the moon just touches with its mystical light the foreheads of the rocks, and the shifting curves of the water on the white beach; when, through the dark passages which the waves have worn, one catches the gleam of the sea, and, above all, the Foreland light burns like another Pharos, the scene is full of a weird magical beauty which belongs to these white cliffs alone.

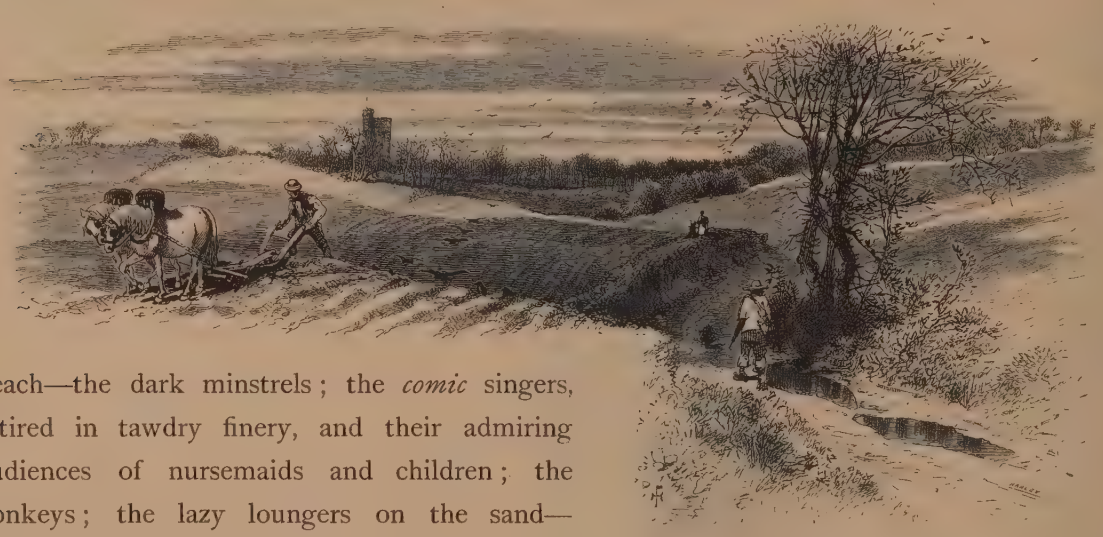
On the North Foreland—the *Cantium* of Ptolemy—a beacon-light of some kind has probably burned ever since the Roman age, to light the mariner clear of the Goodwins. Part of the present structure was erected late in the seventeenth century, but it has been considerably modernized since then. Off this point, in June of 1666, was fought the memorable four days' fight between the English fleet, under Abercrombie, and the Dutch, commanded by De Ruyter and De Witt.

Turning inland from the Foreland, and traversing long, unfenced fields of corn, there rises in the midst of this scene of plenty, so characteristic of wheat-growing Thanet, the old tower of St. Peter's, Broadstairs, whose tall head may be seen for miles and miles inland or at sea—a worthy successor, and probably more useful to pilots and fishermen, than that chapel dedicated to "Our Lady of Broadstairs," which was of "so great repute, that vessels lowered their topmasts in passing." The quiet little watering-place, where Dickens spent so many of his summer days, lies below the church in a steep hollow, the sea-entrance of which, like that of all the "gates," was anciently guarded by towers and a portcullis. Leaving the town to our left, we go down a lane shaded by overhanging branches of chestnuts and elms; and skirting

a wood, come out again on a stretch of cornfields, which remind us irresistibly of Tennyson's lines—

"Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the fields the road runs by."

Ramsgate lies before us, but despite its size and lovely situation there is not one picturesque object on this side of the town to arrest the eye, nor does a closer acquaintance reveal much that is either novel or interesting. With the scene on the beach—the dark minstrels; the *comic* singers, attired in tawdry finery, and their admiring audiences of nursemaids and children; the donkeys; the lazy loungers on the sand—with all this motley crowd, Frith's painting has familiarized us, and the people who are here to-day might well be the same who sat to the artist for that sketch. A mile or so beyond the town, however, is a hill, that is sacred as the "God's acre" where rest the bones of hundreds of our Saxon forefathers. Standing on this hill of Osengall, the mind glides back through the centuries to the threshold of English history; not by a single bound, as when we stand amid the temples and palaces of ruined Herculaneum, but step by step down the ladder of Time. From the town the breezes bear to us the murmur of modern life; the rolling waves of cornfields on every side are laden with the fruit of present toil; but far away to the west, rising from a belt of foliage, softened by the blue haze of distance, are seen the great square tower and pinnacles of Canterbury, recalling to us the long line of pilgrims who have come to worship at the shrine of St. Thomas. The *omnium gatherum* of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales;" King Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles; Sigismund, Emperor of the West; Emmanuel of the East; Henry V. after his victory at Azincourt; Edward I. bearing his offering of the golden crown of Scotland; John and his brother the "Lion-hearted;" the great Plantagenet in penitential garb—these are among the illustrious pilgrims who have knelt there. Where the leaded spire of Minster Church rises picturesquely in the



St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

mid-distance, among the ancient oaks, the meeting between Ethelred and the first Christian missionary took place; and down there among the marshes, at the head of Pegwell Bay, is Ebbesfleet, where Augustin died. The higher ground, marked now by a belt of trees, was then a promontory, on each side of which the tide flowed. Tradition also points to this as the landing-place of the Saxon Hengist a century earlier, and from its position before the sea receded it was probably, for many ages, the favorite haven of Thanet. The sturdy Norman town of Sandwich, still farther south, recalls the landing of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, after his Austrian captivity, when he journeyed on foot to Canterbury. This, the oldest of the Cinque Ports, was then—it is difficult to realize the fact now—the most famous harbor in England; and so late as the reign of Edward IV. its customs yielded annually no less than seventeen thousand pounds.

The Southeastern Railway goes no farther along the coast southward than Deal; but the traveler may mount a coach at this point, and enjoy a pleasant drive across the breezy hills to Dover, or, if he should prefer a walk along the cliffs, there are many points of interest to repay him. Walmer Castle is the place whence Mr. Pitt, and other ministers, watched the operations of that fleet of copper boats which was designed to annihilate the French navy anchored at Boulogne. This "contemptible species of warfare" failed ignominiously; and the government long had cause to regret what was called the "Catamaran Project." Later, the same minister came hither frequently to confer with Lord Nelson, whose fleet was anchored in the Downs. But the chief interest of Walmer Castle centres in our military hero who, while Warden of the Cinque Ports, often took up his abode here. On the southern terrace he walked morning after morning, and looked on the line of breakers rolling over the Goodwins, where, according to a Kentish tradition, lie—

> "Earl Godwin's castles overthrown,
> And palace-roofs and steeple-spires;"

and on the dim line of the land where so many of his triumphs were won. The window in the turret overlooking this terrace is that of the room in which the "Great Duke" died.

Dover is seen in its most impressive aspect when approached from this direction. On the one hand, the weather-beaten castle rising in majestic grandeur, tower above tower, its front bared toward the narrow strip of turbulent sea, as if defying the enemies of England; on the other, the rolling ridges of chalk, clothed with waving corn and soft verdure, and dappled with the shadows of fleeting clouds. At the foot of the castle-cliff clusters the town, over which the ancient fortress has so long kept watch and ward; behind the town is a level valley where the knights of the castle held many a brilliant tournament; and, beyond, the frowning headlands whose sheer strength had wellnigh

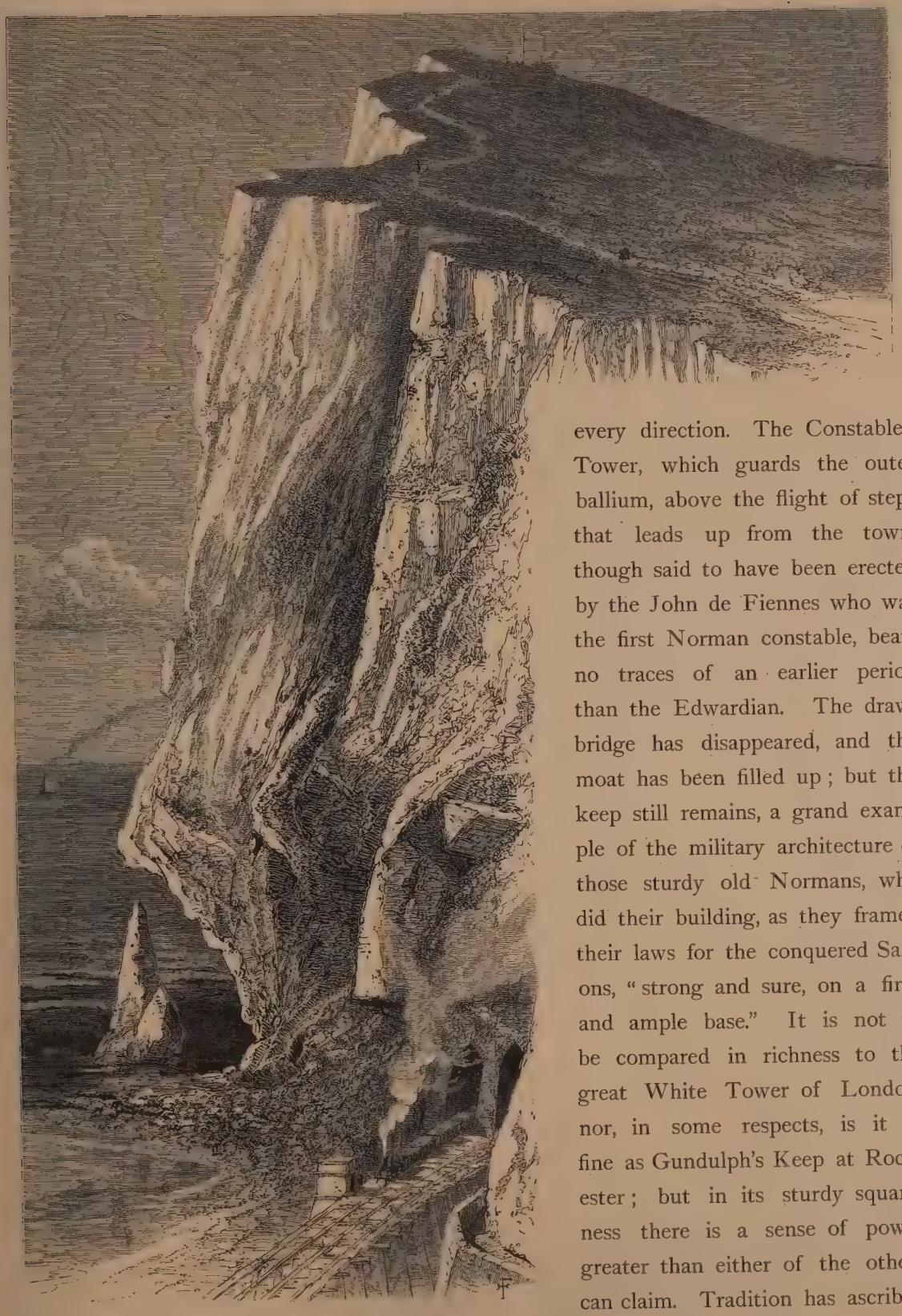
baffled the skill and perseverance of Cæsar himself. How many stirring scenes of English history have been witnessed from these heights! In this haven, or near it, the Roman conqueror of Europe landed* nearly two thousand years ago; and hundreds of the descendants of the imperial legions have marched up the great highway, the line of which may still be traced toward London. Hither the destroying hordes of Norman soldiers came after the battle of Hastings. From this port Richard I. and his knights embarked for the Holy Land. In the church of the Templars, now a ruin, John is said to have made his degrading homage to Pandulph, the disgrace of which, more than all else, stung the barons into revolt; and here, secure in the castle-keep, Hubert de Burgh, a few years later, defied the forces of Louis, Dauphin of France. Probably it is in this castle that Shakespeare lays the scene between Prince Arthur and the "gentle Hubert," for De Burgh was about that time lieutenant of the castle. Whether the name of Arthur's Hall, which is still given to a room in the keep-court, has any traditional connection with the main incident of the tragedy or not, it is certain that Shakespeare did not incline to the theory that the young prince was murdered in the Castle of Rouen; and throughout he speaks of the prison as being on English soil. Arthur's dying words, when he leaps from the ramparts—

> "O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
> Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!"—

are conclusive on this point.

Though the attempts to adapt a Norman stronghold to the needs of successive lieutenant-governors, whose tastes have naturally grown and kept pace with modern ideas of luxury, have resulted in the sacrifice of many features of the highest interest, the castle is still a good and tolerably perfect type of a Norman fortress. The Roman *Pharos* and a Saxon church, said to have been built by the Kentish king, Eadbald, show that the importance of the site had not been disregarded in earlier times; but there is nothing now existing to indicate whether the work of strengthening the formidable position on any great scale had been seriously undertaken before the Norman era, though the line of a Roman intrenchment is still traceable. Among the portions of Norman date which have disappeared since the earliest description of the castle was written, were many watch-towers, which, breaking the line of the wall surrounding the great court, must have added immensely to the picturesque mass of that grand pile. The most curious and perfect example of the period now existing is the *Abrincis Tower*, at the northeast angle. The wall, ten feet thick, rises from below the ditch, which is at this point very deep, to the level of the upper ballium, where there is communication with a gallery that runs round the curtain-wall. A platform for archers girdles the five sides of the tower, and apertures for the discharge of arrows command the ditches in

* Though this has been questioned, it has not been satisfactorily disproved.



Shakespeare's Cliff.

every direction. The Constable's Tower, which guards the outer ballium, above the flight of steps that leads up from the town, though said to have been erected by the John de Fiennes who was the first Norman constable, bears no traces of an earlier period than the Edwardian. The drawbridge has disappeared, and the moat has been filled up; but the keep still remains, a grand example of the military architecture of those sturdy old Normans, who did their building, as they framed their laws for the conquered Saxons, "strong and sure, on a firm and ample base." It is not to be compared in richness to the great White Tower of London, nor, in some respects, is it so fine as Gundulph's Keep at Rochester; but in its sturdy squareness there is a sense of power greater than either of the others can claim. Tradition has ascribed these three structures to the

same architect, but in the case of Dover this is undoubtedly erroneous. There is more probability in the supposition that the Norman foundation was laid by Henry Plantagenet, when he came hither from Normandy about 1150. As seen from the sea, the effect of the grand masses of masonry rising from the face of the sheer cliff, broken by gloomy towers, and crowned with the dark walls of this keep, whose topmost turret is just five hundred feet above the sea, is grandly impressive; and one has little difficulty in understanding the superstitious awe with which men, who looked for the first time on this weird fortress, believed it to have been built on the rock by evil spirits. The reader will remember how proudly it rears its venerable head above the cliffs in Turner's well-known painting; and even such art as his could not give to it an added majesty.

An artist greater than Turner has drawn another of Dover's grand features:

> . . . . "How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
> Show scarce so gross as beetles . . . ."

If, with a pardonable poetic license, the dramatist has exaggerated the height of the precipice, the scene of this sketch is still easily identified; but it must be confessed that the tunneling of Shakespeare's Cliff for the railway has somewhat marred its majestic grandeur and sublimity.

To pass from this point of the Kentish to the Sussex coast there is a choice of two routes. The one is over the cliffs to Folkestone, and thence past Hythe and Lymne—the ancient *Portus Lemanus*—along the Dymchurch wall, with the long level of Romney Marsh on the right, and the sea on the left, to Romney, Lydd, and Rye; where, though the scenery is wanting in every element of picturesqueness, except such as a Cuyp might love to paint, for those who are curious to know how the once mighty Cinque Ports—all but one—have fallen from their ancient high estate, this walk will be pregnant with illustrations. The other way is by the Southeastern line to Ashford, and thence by the Hastings branch, skirting the great marsh on the western side, down the valley of the Rother to the Sussex ports.

Rye is not a ruined city, nor a mere memory like some of its neighbors; but it is an old-world town, with a quaint Flemish air. Shut in between the gray walls of its narrow, steep, and tortuous streets, with houses on every side, that have probably stood there for two or three centuries, the murmur of life around comes like an echo of a past age. The busy ringing of the ship-builder's adze, the "sound of hammers blow on blow," the slumberous singing of the sails in the picturesque old windmill by the river, and even the scream of the railway-whistle, hardly penetrate to the heart of the town, where there are no signs of the bustle and activity which we invariably associate

with the idea of a modern English seaport. Yet the town of Rye has played no unimportant part in history. As early as the reign of John, it was incorporated with the great Cinque Ports, and contributed largely to the maintenance of that fleet which

Rye.

was the germ of the British navy. In all the succeeding struggles between king and barons, the loyalty of the Rye men was more questionable than their courage. But, bluff sailors though they were, they had not a little of the craft of politicians, as is shown by the humble address "to their most excellent lord, and most dear lord, the most illustrious King of England," which the barons sent to Henry III. when his triumph was assured. Rye was several times stormed by the French, who took care on those occasions to give payment in kind for the freebooting expeditions which were too much in favor with the Cinque Ports fleet. In 1448, according to Stow, "the French brought the town into ashes with the church that then was there, of a wonderful beauty."

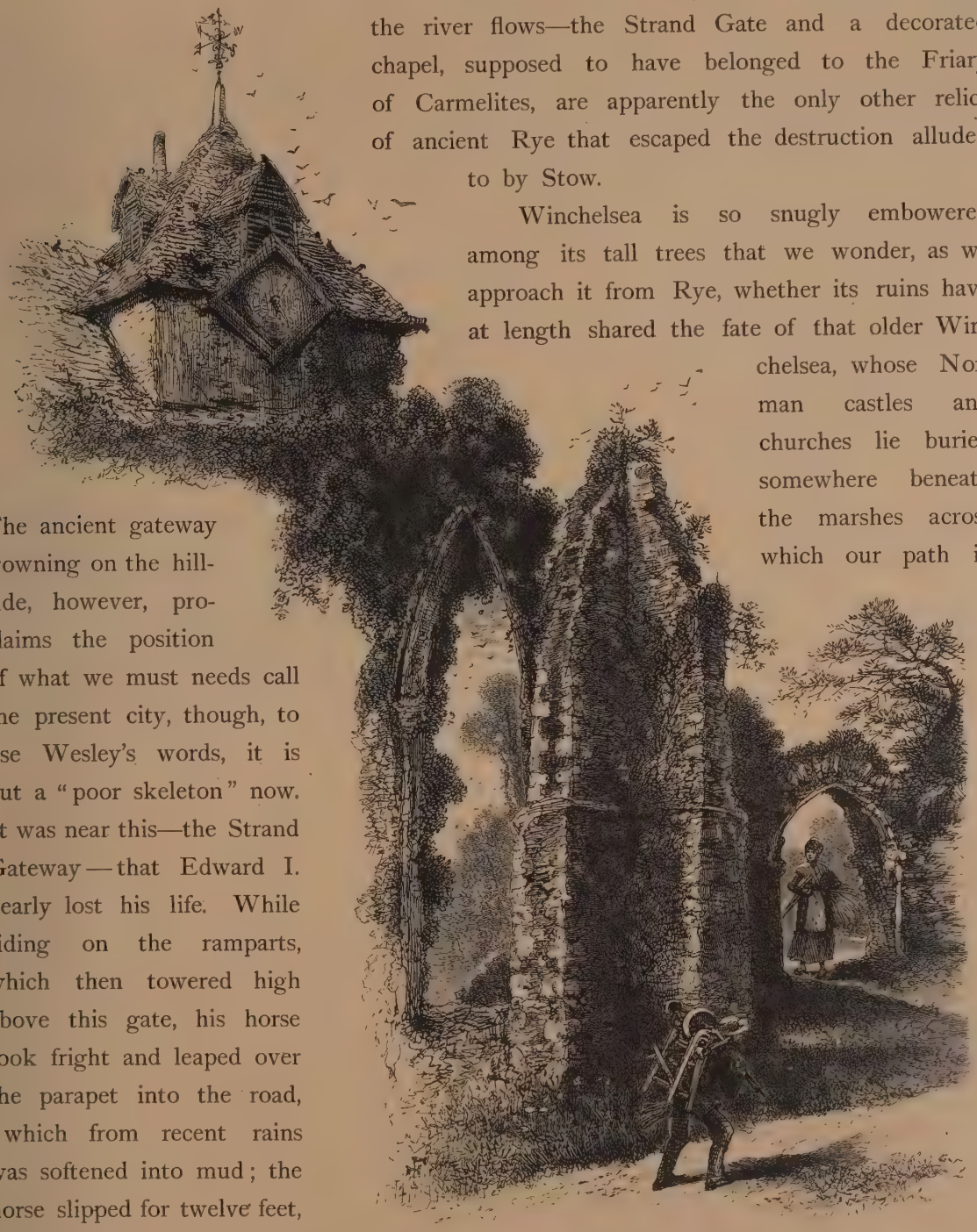
Though this is repeated by Jeake, the historian of the Cinque Ports, whose account of the anticipated attack by the French in his own time (1690) is most pleasant reading,

Winchelsea Gate-House.

both have been led into error by a want of ecclesiological knowledge. Considerable remains of the church referred to, both of the Norman and Early English periods, are still in existence. The nave and transepts have Norman arches, and above the latter, in the thickness of the side-walls, there is the unusual feature of a triforium, with slender banded shafts, and low pointed arches. At the eastern end is a fifteenth-century flying-buttress, very beautiful in form, which, like the curious pinnacled buttress of the southeast angle, and other details throughout the church, shows decided traces of French influence. The square central tower is strangely disfigured by a huge clock, the great pendulum of which, swinging within the

church, above the tower arches, has a most weird effect, reminding us of that wonderful story of Poe's. The Ypres Tower, just beyond the church—overlooking what was once sea, but is now only marsh, through which the river flows—the Strand Gate and a decorated chapel, supposed to have belonged to the Friary of Carmelites, are apparently the only other relics of ancient Rye that escaped the destruction alluded to by Stow.

Winchelsea is so snugly embowered among its tall trees that we wonder, as we approach it from Rye, whether its ruins have at length shared the fate of that older Winchelsea, whose Norman castles and churches lie buried somewhere beneath the marshes across which our path is.



Winchelsea Church.

The ancient gateway frowning on the hillside, however, proclaims the position of what we must needs call the present city, though, to use Wesley's words, it is but a "poor skeleton" now. It was near this—the Strand Gateway—that Edward I. nearly lost his life. While riding on the ramparts, which then towered high above this gate, his horse took fright and leaped over the parapet into the road, "which from recent rains was softened into mud; the horse slipped for twelve feet, and yet did not fall; and, being turned round by a long rein by the king, he went up directly to the gate, through which he entered unhurt, and the people who were standing by were filled with wonder and delight."

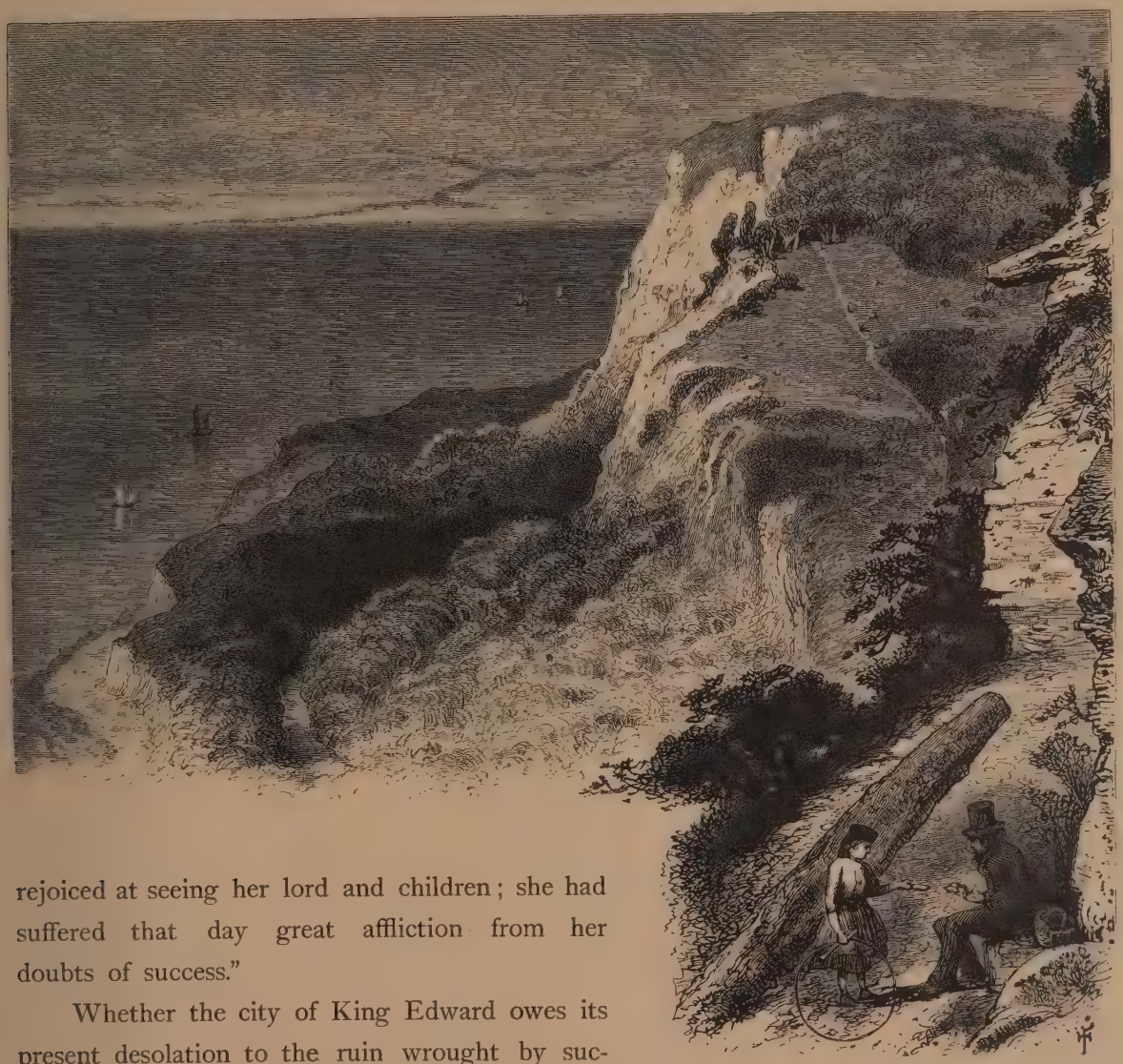
From underneath the shadowy groined archway the view eastward recalls impressions produced by Flemish rather than English scenery. Rising ruggedly behind the level marshes—that are belted here and there with willows—in marked contrast to the fresh green of the cornfields, and the more sombre lines of the hills that close around them, the red tile roofs of Rye look, in the distance, like the crimson blossoms of trifolium on a hillside. The white windmill, and the skeletons of unfinished vessels, are strongly relieved against the russet background. Beyond are the long stretches of fens flocked with white sheep, the line just broken by the tree-tops and tower of Lydd; and, farther still, the gray outline of the Kentish cliffs. Turning from this scene toward the ancient city, we are struck by its deserted aspect, and the almost unbroken silence that possesses it—

> "Like one vast city of the dead,
> Or place where all are dumb."

The broad straight streets are grass-grown, and apparently untrodden—you may still mark where the houses stood on either side, though in many parts the crumbling walls are no more than green mounds now; the *squares* are overshadowed by trees a century old; the time-worn houses, if tenanted at all, have so much room left for shadows that the substantial presence is overawed by them, and the echoes in the vacant chambers seem to drown even the laughter of children. This is the effect which Winchelsea has on all who, knowing its history, enter it for the first time. We realize after a while that the desolation is not quite so complete. But what a change has come over the place since the days when kings landed, and were entertained here; when the English fleet rode in the haven, which was the Portsmouth of that day, and every cellar in the place was stored with rich spoils brought from France and Flanders!

The history of Winchelsea is the history of English freedom. Within the walls of the city, now submerged, the barons, to whom we owe the first framing of our constitution, often met under the leadership of the renowned Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester; and, in the struggle which culminated at the battle of Lewes, Winchelsea sturdily sided with the barons. It was the younger Simon de Montfort, who—inheriting the turbulent spirit of his ancestor, the scourge of the Albigenses, whose name was a terror throughout the south of France, from Carcasonne to the Rhone—defied the king's authority, and brought down the terrible vengeance of the knightly Prince Edward on the citizens of Winchelsea. Soon after this, when Edward had become king, he caused a new city to be built on the rock, where it might be safe from the inundations that had threatened the old town; and in less than ten years the ancient island of Winchelsea was finally overwhelmed. It was this new city which the pious Abbot of Battle so gallantly defended against the French in the fourteenth century; and it was from here that Edward III. set sail, in 1350, with a gallant fleet to intercept the Spaniards. The

fight, which furnished old Froissart with one of his most graphic and exciting chapters, raged all day long within sight of the port; and, at night, when the victorious king and the two young princes landed here, Queen Philippa came down to meet them, "mightily

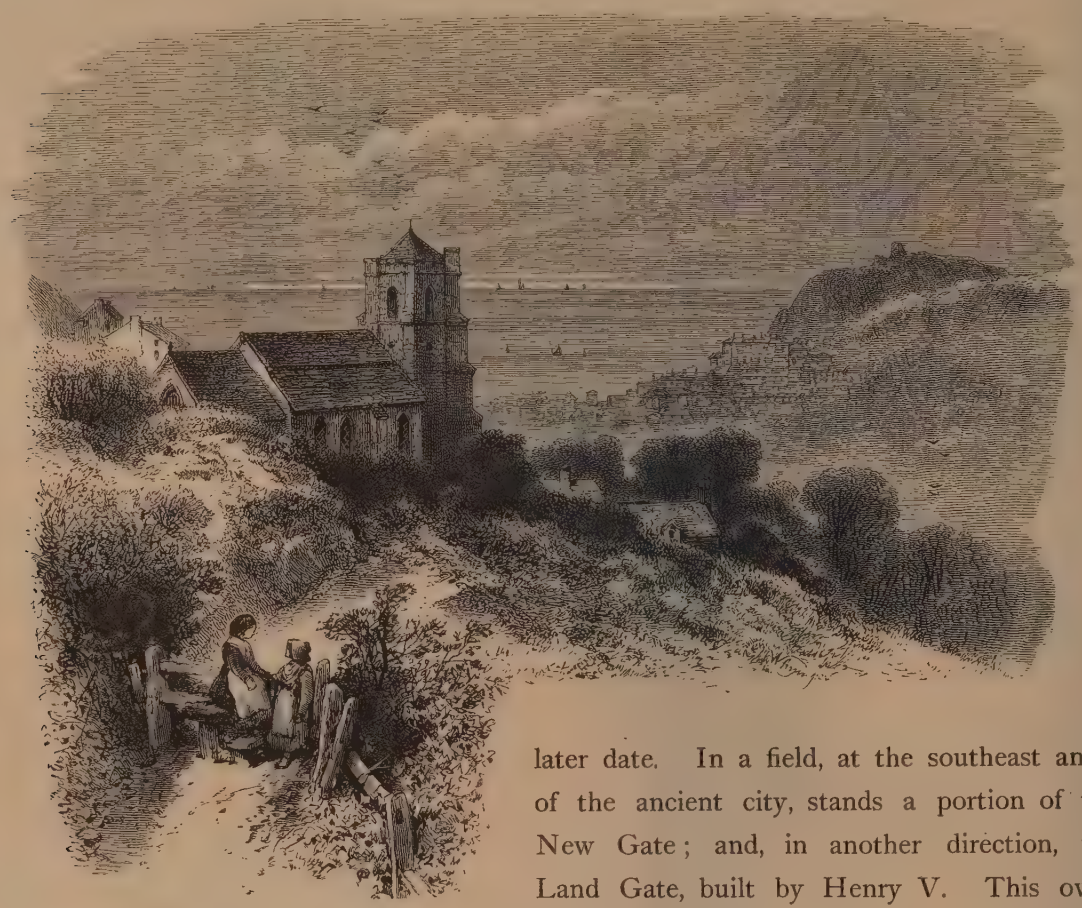


Glen of Fairlight and Lover's Seat.

rejoiced at seeing her lord and children; she had suffered that day great affliction from her doubts of success."

Whether the city of King Edward owes its present desolation to the ruin wrought by successive invasions and furious assaults, or to the quicker decay which follows on the heels of departing prosperity, it is only possible now to judge of the grandeur of other days by the vast area which its broad streets covered, and by the few remains of ancient buildings that still exist. Of these, the half-ruined church, which stands in the great square, is by far the most important. It belongs altogether to that best period of English art when the severity of the thirteenth century was undergoing the subtile transition into the richer and more realistic decoration of the fourteenth; and yet it preserves features which are not often found in English churches of so late a date. The

square abacus, crowning the slender shafts of the transept piers, belongs rather to the French than the English school; and the lovely tracery of the chancel-windows—unlike anything else in England—shows evidences of the foreign feeling, traces of which we have already pointed out in the church at Rye. Besides this church, two others existed in distant quarters of the city, but no remains of these are to be discovered now. The Chapel of the Friary, which stands in private grounds, is a picturesque ruin of somewhat later date. In a field, at the southeast angle of the ancient city, stands a portion of the New Gate; and, in another direction, the Land Gate, built by Henry V. This overlooks the railway, which, as if fearful to disturb the silence that reigns in the old place, does not come within half a mile of the outer walls.



Hastings.

The Glen of Fairlight and the Lover's Seat are only an easy walking distance from Winchelsea. The path from Fairlight Place down to the sea is a bit of charming woodland. The trees grow here luxuriantly, as they do nowhere else on this coast; the rocks are bright with beautiful flowers, and in early spring the glen gleams with the tiny blossoms of the golden saxifrage. At the head of the gorge is the "Dripping Well," overshadowed by a giant beech-tree, whose roots twine above the little watercourse in most fantastic forms.

From the ridge of Eastcliff, which we next cross, there is a charming view of Old

Hastings Castle.

Hastings, with the Church of All Saints clinging to the hill-side amid the furze in the foreground, the town lying in the hollow, and the broken outline of the castle opposite. But it is only from the castle itself that we should look on the historic ground that stretches far on every side. Here, through the haze of a September morning, the alarmed Saxons saw the six hundred vessels which bore Norman William's invading army; saw the flash of innumerable oars as the galleys turned their prows landward, and the gleam of sunlight on helmet and armor, as the vast horde of knights, horsemen, and foot-soldiers, sprang on to the beach. The landing of such an army from boats little bigger than fishing-smacks occupied many days. How the Norman soldiers subsisted in the mean while is best learned from the ominous words of the "Doomsday Book," which, in recording the revenues to be derived from manors around Hastings, bears the significant phrase "*Vastatum fuit.*" Even with the incongruous elements of a fashionable watering-place at our feet, the signs of modern life and civilization everywhere, and a railway cutting through the very heart of the battle-field, it is not difficult for the imagination to conjure up the spectacle when at last the invading army moved forward. William, at the head of a chosen body, had probably marched by the river-bank toward the ridge on which Harold's right rested. If he halted for the night on Standard Hill, this would be quite sufficient to account for the name which has so puzzled historians. From Bexhill we picture

another column moving toward the same point; while the right wing, marching from Hastings, crosses the southern spurs of the ridge yonder, and creeps up through the wood to join the others above Crowhurst. All are tending toward that pass in the north, where the Saxon forces are encamped between the great Forest of Anderida and the marshes. The struggle between two such armies who can portray? We can see the hosts moving forward through the October mist; can hear the shouts of combatants, the neighing of horses, the fierce clang of battle-axe on steel, the shivering crash of spears, the cry of exultation, as the Normans are seen to waver, and Harold's horse and foot springing over the low breastwork, behind which they have hitherto fought, hurry down the hill in pursuit; then the futile rage as the Saxons discover the *ruse*, only to find William's heavy horse crashing through their ranks on flanks and rear. Harold has fallen now, and the English, no longer united, are in disorganized retreat; "their crowded steps fly over the heath; the sound of their flight is like that of flame when it rushes through the blasted groves." The student of history cannot look on a field where the destinies of England were thus "turned awry" without recalling such a scene as this; and the venerable walls of the ruin on which he stands inevitably attune the imagination to such dreams, though the castle has lost its grandeur, and only a few broken towers and mutilated arches remain.

We may now leave the coast for a while, and make a brief excursion across-country to objects which possess another kind of interest. The church of Etchingham, by the banks of the Rother, in respect both of the simple grandeur of its composition and the completeness of its details, is one of the most interesting ecclesiastical remains in Sussex. The great square tower, rising in the centre of the building and spanning the whole width of the nave, is especially grand and imposing; while the proportions throughout are, for so late an example of the Curvilinear period, almost perfect. The chancel still retains its ancient stalls and screens, with their delicate fourteenth-century enrichments. In the churchyard is a gigantic yew-tree, of so venerable an aspect that we could fain think its young branches had furnished "toughe bowes" for Harold's archers.

Some three miles east of Etchingham is Silver Hill, the scene of a midnight adventure, humorously described by Horace Walpole. The view from its summit is one of the very loveliest in all the county. Northward are the richly-wooded hills and fertile valleys of Kent. To the west, far up the valley of the Rother, beyond Etchingham, is just visible the early English spire of Mayfield—the Mayavelda of Archbishop Dunstan's time—where local tradition fixes the scene of the famous contest between Saint and Devil. Eastward, the hills slope gently down to broad valleys, now fruitful with fields of corn and hops, where in Saxon days the tide flowed over impassable morasses. To the south, the patches of cultivation are intermingled with dense woodlands, that fringe a hilltop here, and there darken a deep valley; and in the blue

BODIAM CASTLE, SUSSEX.

distance are Beachy Head and the hills that rise above Hastings. Behind the lofty spur, crowned by a windmill, lies Battle; and the gap between two ridges at this point is probably the very pass where Harold massed his men. The forest of oaks and undergrowth, which at that time was impenetrable by either horse or foot, was gradually cleared away to make room for and feed the fires of the iron-works, by which so many Sussex men grew rich in the sixteenth century; but the line of the great "Hurst on the Weald" is still marked by those successive ridges of wood-clad hills.

Etchingham.

Bodiam, a few miles down the river, is one of the most perfect examples of a moated fortress to be found in England. Erected by Sir Edwin Dalygrudge about the end of the fourteenth century, when the introduction of cannon had made the defensive strength of such castles useless, it still exhibits every ingenious contrivance for guarding against the attacks of more primitive weapons. In the great northern entrance, the outer portcullis still remains, and within the deep archway are grooves for two more. The vaulting of this passage is pierced at the bosses, so that weapons could be discharged from the chamber above on assailants who might gain the outer gate. In advance of this gateway, a barbican guarded the drawbridge, and the turret on one side still remains. At the four angles of the castle are grand round towers, each with a staircase-turret, lighted from the court, and, projecting from the walls in the centre of every face, a massive square tower commands the curtains. Though the floors

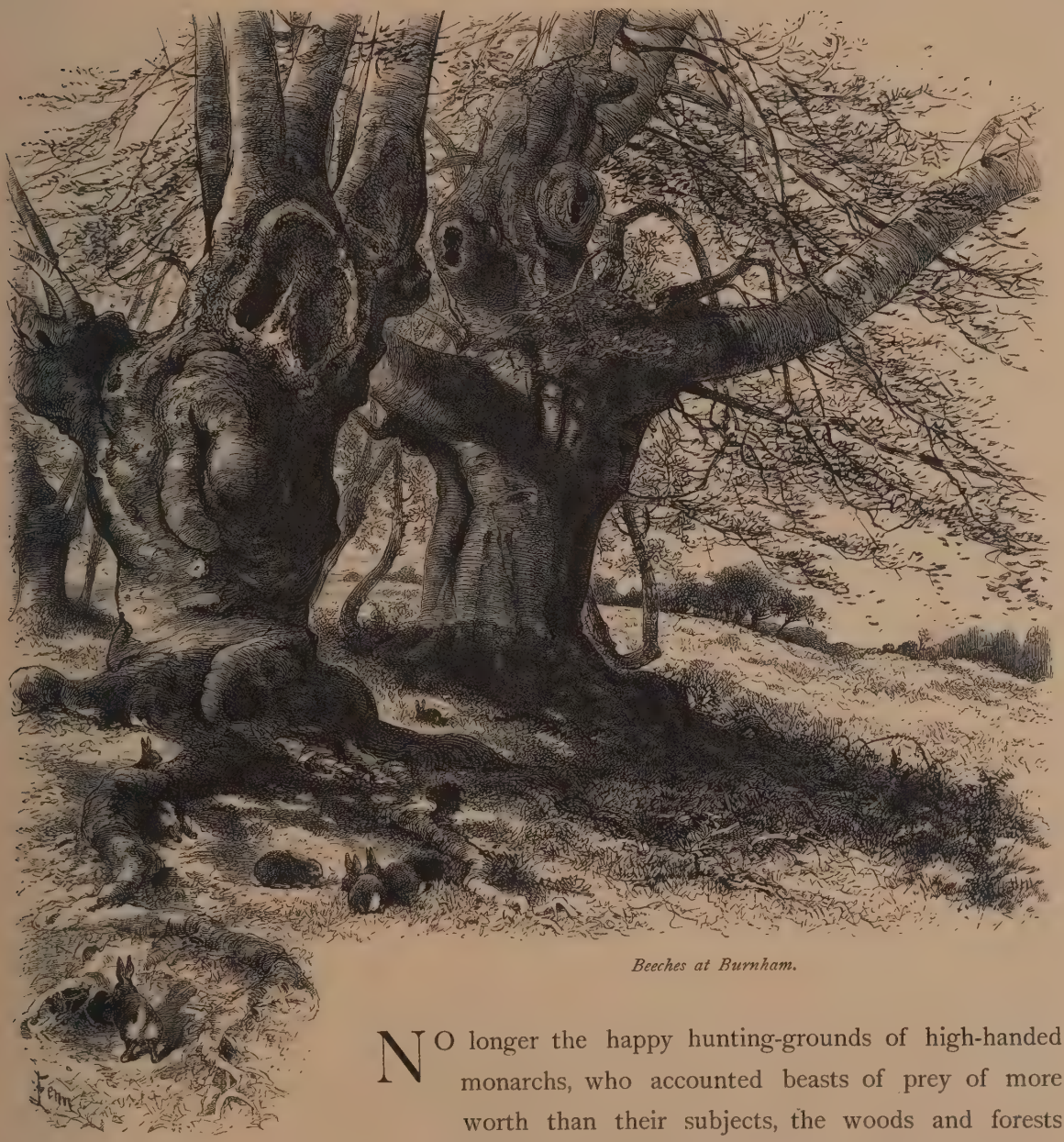
HURSTMONCEAUX CASTLE.

of these towers have all disappeared, the doorways, fireplaces, and windows, of every story are still perfect. Surrounding the inner quadrangle were the great hall, kitchen, and other apartments, all of which are in ruins. The castle was dismantled by the Parliamentarians, under Waller, during the Civil Wars; and from that time the place has never been occupied. It stands now a grand and lonely monument of a past age. Its echoes are only awakened at times by the voices of a picnic party, or the footfall of some lonely wayfarer; the marsh-hens have their nests by the bank, and the water-lilies grow undisturbed in the moat.

Hurstmonceaux Castle, which can be reached from here by way either of Etchingham or Battle, is in its main features not unlike Bodiam, though it belongs to a much later age. Its bolder details and loftier towers, however, must have given it greater picturesqueness, even before the lichens and tender ivy added their brilliant coloring. It is curious that this castle should have changed so rapidly from "the most perfect example of the mansion of a feudal lord in the south of England" to a state of absolute ruin. Walpole, who visited the place in 1752, said: "Built in the reign of Henry VI., it is as perfect as the first day." Grose, writing thirty years later, gives an admirable description of all the principal apartments, which seem to have been little changed at that time; but now, with the exception of the grand towers of the southern gateway, and the shell of the adjoining buildings, there are only some shattered walls and broken arches, the base of a pier or buttress, a grass-grown mound or a tottering turret-staircase, to mark where the ancient halls once stood, and it is only by the help of such a guide as Grose that we can now trace them. Not long after his account was written, the proprietor, or rather his architect, Wyatt, committed what must always appear an unpardonable act of vandalism by pulling down the main portion of the old castle to supply materials for the erection of a modern house. True, the castle lay so low in the wooded valley that, in spite of the draining of its moat, it must have been a sadly unhealthy residence; but the material was entirely brick, not so costly in these parts that a monument of ancient art need have been destroyed for the sake of it. We cannot but feel how much has been lost when we look on the stately towers, with their bold embattlements and ivy-clad watch-turrets, that have been spared. The "wings of blue hills" around are no longer covered with wood, as in Walpole's time, but the avenue of Spanish chestnuts, probably older than the castle itself, still throws its shadows on the western walls. The lands passed from the possession of the De Monceaux to the De Fiennes family—the Lords Dacre of the south. They were sold by the Lord Dacre, who was created Earl of Sussex, 1708, since which time they have known many owners.

At Burnham Beeches.

FOREST SCENERY OF GREAT BRITAIN.



Beeches at Burnham.

NO longer the happy hunting-grounds of high-handed monarchs, who accounted beasts of prey of more worth than their subjects, the woods and forests of Great Britain still remain the prominent features of its landscape scenery. The "free, fair homes of England" are inseparable from "the tall ancestral trees" among which they stand. At a very remote period charters were obtained to prevent the extravagant extension of royal woodlands; the latest parliamentary action respecting them, in 1875, was taken to put a stop to the destruction of

the forests which are in imminent danger of being illegally shorn of their fair proportions, appropriated, and inclosed.

When the major part of the British Island was forest-land, the forest was, what its name signified, an abode of wild animals. These have disappeared with the gradual clearance of the wide-spreading lairs in which they bred and lived. The placid deer staring at the children in Richmond or Bushey Parks; the semi-domestic pheasant fattened

Medwood Forest, Derbyshire.

for the unexciting *battue;* the skulking fox and the timid hare—these are the modern representatives of the beasts of chase that once haunted the sylvan glades and tangled thickets through which mighty hunters sped. Many of the forests prominent in history retain their name only. Dartmoor and Exmoor, for example, are now held by some never to have been forests. All that is left on the former is Wistman's Wood, a singular grove of gnarled and wrinkled dwarf oaks, apparently of incredible age, and associated, as may be supposed, with Druidical legends which no true Briton would hesitate to receive. Exmoor, a rugged moorland waste, though destitute of the coverts which all classes of the people were once bound to maintain, wherever they existed, is almost the

last refuge of the wild red deer. It is impossible to dissever the forests which Great Britain can happily still boast from the past, for the efforts made during the present decade to preserve for public use the noblest of the royal forests carry us back to far-off centuries.

In the pre-Charta era, forest law was another word for murderous tyranny; but the dreadful penalties enforced were with regard to beasts rather than trees. In Magna Charta we have the earliest report of a royal commission to inquire into the condition of the woods and forests. Canute decreed at Winchester that offenses upon vert and venison in the royal forests might be redeemed by fines. The Normans placed as high a value upon beasts of venery as upon human life; even to disable a stag, buck, or boar, was to render a man liable to the loss of his eyes. King Henry's Forest Charter indicated reform. It decreed that "no man for the time to come shall lose life or limb for taking our venison; but if any one shall be seized and convicted of taking venison, he shall be grievously fined, if he hath wherewithal to pay; and if he hath not, he shall lie in our prison a year and a day. And after that, if he can find sureties, he shall be released; if not, he shall abjure our realm of England." But even in those early days there was talk of forest preservation. The great dignitaries of the Church, in a protest "To all the faithful in Christ to whom the present letters shall come," begged that such customs as tended to the preservation of forests should not be abolished. There are few more interesting documents than the Forest Charter—the very earliest granted by a Norman king—rescued from oblivion long after Blackstone declared that all traces of it were lost.

The modern forests of England, though not of considerable extent, are fairly numerous when the advances of industrial enterprise, which continually greeds for space, are considered, but not so numerous as to warrant further curtailment. Already Rothbury Forest in Northumberland, Inglewood Forest in Cumberland, Martindale Forest in Westmoreland, Lune, Stainmoor, and Bowland Forests in Yorkshire, Wyredale Forest in Lancashire, Needwood Forest and Cannock Chase in Staffordshire, Clun Forest in Shropshire, Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire, the Forest of Wyre in Worcestershire, the Forest of Arden in Warwickshire (said by Drayton to have been the largest of British forests), Rockingham Forest in Northamptonshire, Enfield Chase in Middlesex, St. Leonards and Filgate Forests in Sussex, are to a greater or lesser extent but shadows of their former glories. Their timber, felled from time to time, has been built into the country's prosperity, and fruitful farms occupy their sites. Here and there a gnarled patriarch still stands in the midst of a venerable group of goodly forest-trees, to remind the passer-by of the echoing horn, long-bow, and gallant huntsmen, of olden times. Among the best of these reduced forests we may take Needwood as an example. This ancient estate of the duchy of Lancaster has fared better than many of its fellows.

The Swilcar Oak of Needwood is one of the wonders of the forest-world. The

lowest computation makes it six hundred years old, twenty-one feet in girth, and consisting of one thousand feet of solid timber. Before Needwood was disforested it

The Victoria Oak.

gave shelter to twenty thousand head of deer and wild cattle. Fortunately for lovers of picturesque scenery, some portions of the forest, by reason of its deep glens and

precipitous crags, defied the plough and harrow, and the noble oaks were spared to grace the heights, and preserve for the locality the repute of being the finest oak-producing district in the country. Of the many lovely views adorning the country drained by the Trent, there are few to compare, for bold woodland combinations, with the remnants of Needwood Forest.

The royal forests around Windsor have shared in the work of reduction that has been going on for centuries through England; but the care exercised has enabled change and improvement to go hand in hand. Windsor Forest proper, though shorn and converted, has not been utterly destroyed. This district of Berkshire produces a rich variety of deciduous trees to break the monotony of furze-covered and sandy heaths. The inclosure of Windsor Forest was not permitted to interfere with Ascot race-course, since a special clause was inserted in the act of Parliament providing that the race-course and all the avenues leading thereto shall be kept and continued for the public use at all times. Within the circumference of one hundred and twenty miles representing the site of Windsor Forest there are many venerable remnants of what once grew there, and the country around may still be said to preserve its forest character. The last representative patch of Windsor Forest, a truly noble collection of rugged patriarch trees, lies to the west side of the park. Pope, who was ever a lover of woodland scenery, in his younger days began a poem on this subject, commencing—

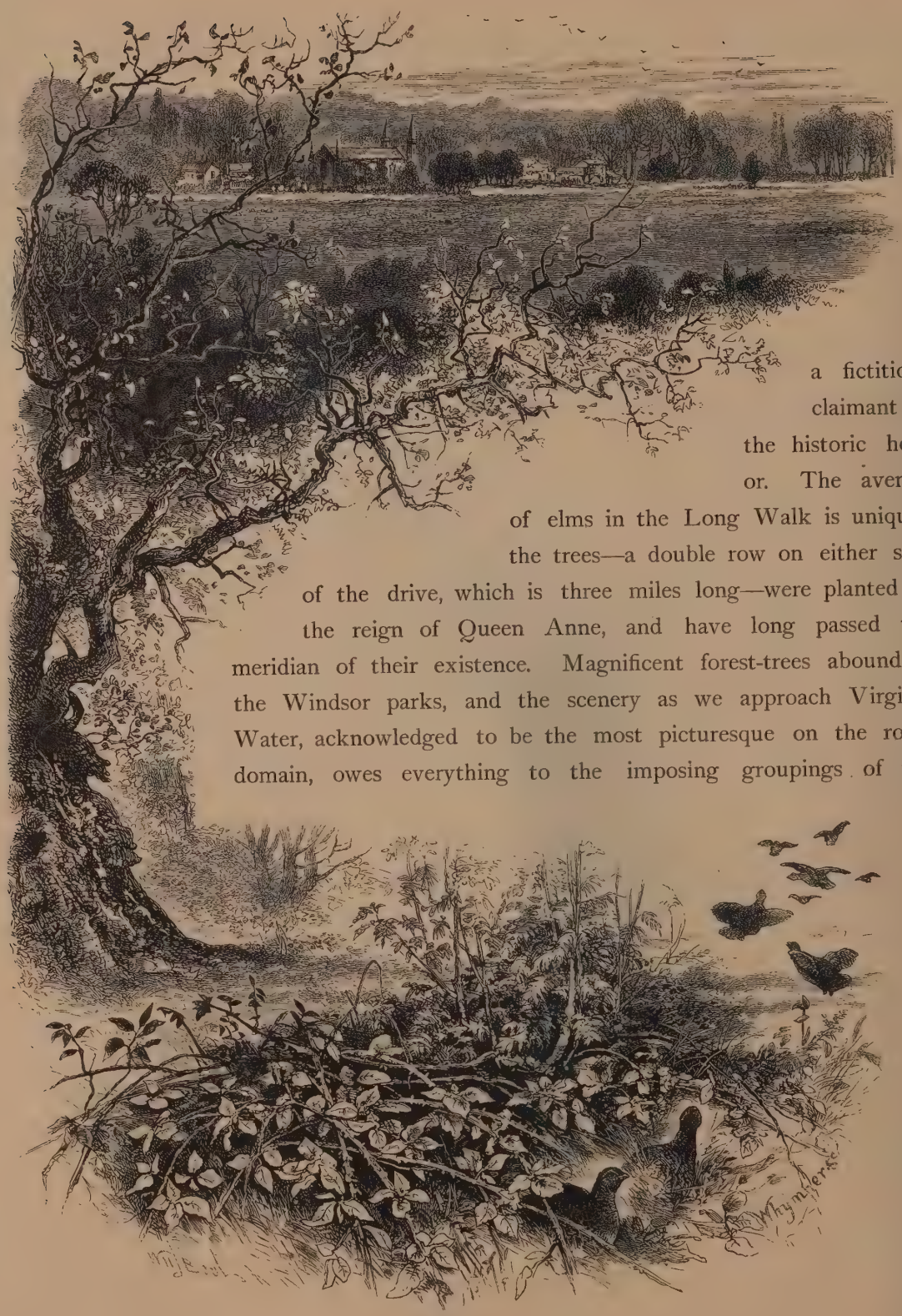
> "Thy forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
> At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
> Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!"

Amid much magniloquent language one looks in vain, however, for any actual description of the forest, the nearest approach to local treatment being the lines—

> "Here waving groves a checkered scene display,
> And part admit and part exclude the day;
> As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
> Not quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
> There interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
> Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades"

—a description which, it must be admitted, would have applied equally well to any ordinary English park.

It was in the Little Park at Windsor that the scenes made immortal in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" were laid, and until within a very few years the identical oak around which Herne the Hunter was wont to walk "at still midnight" held its own against winter storm and summer tempest. But there seems to be good reason for believing that Herne's Oak was accidentally removed in the time of George III., and that the more recent tree which fell during a storm in the reign of Queen Victoria was



a fictitious claimant to the historic honor. The avenue of elms in the Long Walk is unique; the trees—a double row on either side of the drive, which is three miles long—were planted in the reign of Queen Anne, and have long passed the meridian of their existence. Magnificent forest-trees abound in the Windsor parks, and the scenery as we approach Virginia Water, acknowledged to be the most picturesque on the royal domain, owes everything to the imposing groupings of the

Richmond Park.

finely-proportioned trees, among which are many specimens that answer precisely to that blasted tree where Falstaff was to go "disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head."

At the beginning of the present century it was a reproach against the county of Berkshire, that so much of it consisted of uncultivated ground; and the blame was laid upon Windsor Forest and its appendages, Maidenhead Thicket, Tylehurst Heath, Wickham Heath, and other commons, which it was alleged consisted of no less than forty thousand acres of waste, though, if turned to useful account, fruitful soil. The valley in which Frogmore is situated, by its venerable oaks and elms, indicates that we may include the whole district under the general title of Windsor Forest. Former royal owners of the forest set a noble example to reclaimers of land, for, when the Great Park, now in its every part the perfection of preservation, passed from the Duke of Cumberland to the king in 1791, over three thousand acres represented bracken, rushes, ant-hills, mosses, bogs, and swamps, that scarcely afforded nutriment for the deer. The work of cultivation judiciously then begun was continued at intervals, and finished by the prince consort, whose deep interest in scientific farming was not less a fact than his success in its promotion. Much of the beautiful woodland scenery in the parks at Windsor, it should be remembered, is part of this improvement scheme; for, while the more useless trees were removed, ornamental plantations, in situations best calculated to improve the general landscape, were designed. Nature, happily, being lavish in her distribution of hill, valley, and water, but little assistance was required from Art.

The Royal Parks of Richmond and Bushey also furnish convincing illustrations of the manner in which Art judiciously applied may be made to assist Nature. The tangled brakes, plenteous ferns, flowery dells, tastefully-bestowed shrubs, and trees great and small, are an untold boon to the city-pent thousands of the metropolis, and an attraction to visitors from every clime. In Richmond Park there is a marvelous intermingling of the old and new. By the side of irregular groups of time-worn giants of the forests, carrying us back to those very early times indicated by the mention in the reign of Henry VIII. of certain portions as "the new park," there stand vigorous plantations of maturing and matured trees that prove the fostering care of more recent guardians. It is possible, taking care that the keeper's eye is not upon us, to wander away into absolute solitude, where the thick underwood conceals hare, rabbit, and pheasant, and where the graceful hind and fawn repose in perpetual confidence; rare and luxuriant ferns and mosses are their carpet, interlaced branches, high overhead, their roof. Lichens and ivy conceal the deep wrinkles of age upon the knotted pillars which uphold the latter; and in its season the foliage is sufficiently dense to provide unbroken shade. It may truly be said of all woods and forests that, as a rule, "distance lends enchantment to the view;" and, happily for the visitor, the public pathways of Richmond Park seem to have been specially designed to show off the wooded portions to the best advantage.

Bushey Park is celebrated far and wide for its avenue of horse-chestnut trees, and for the hawthorns, from which it is understood to have been named. The horse-chestnut, though an Asiatic alien, has rendered itself indispensable to English scenery. Imposing

Bushey Park.

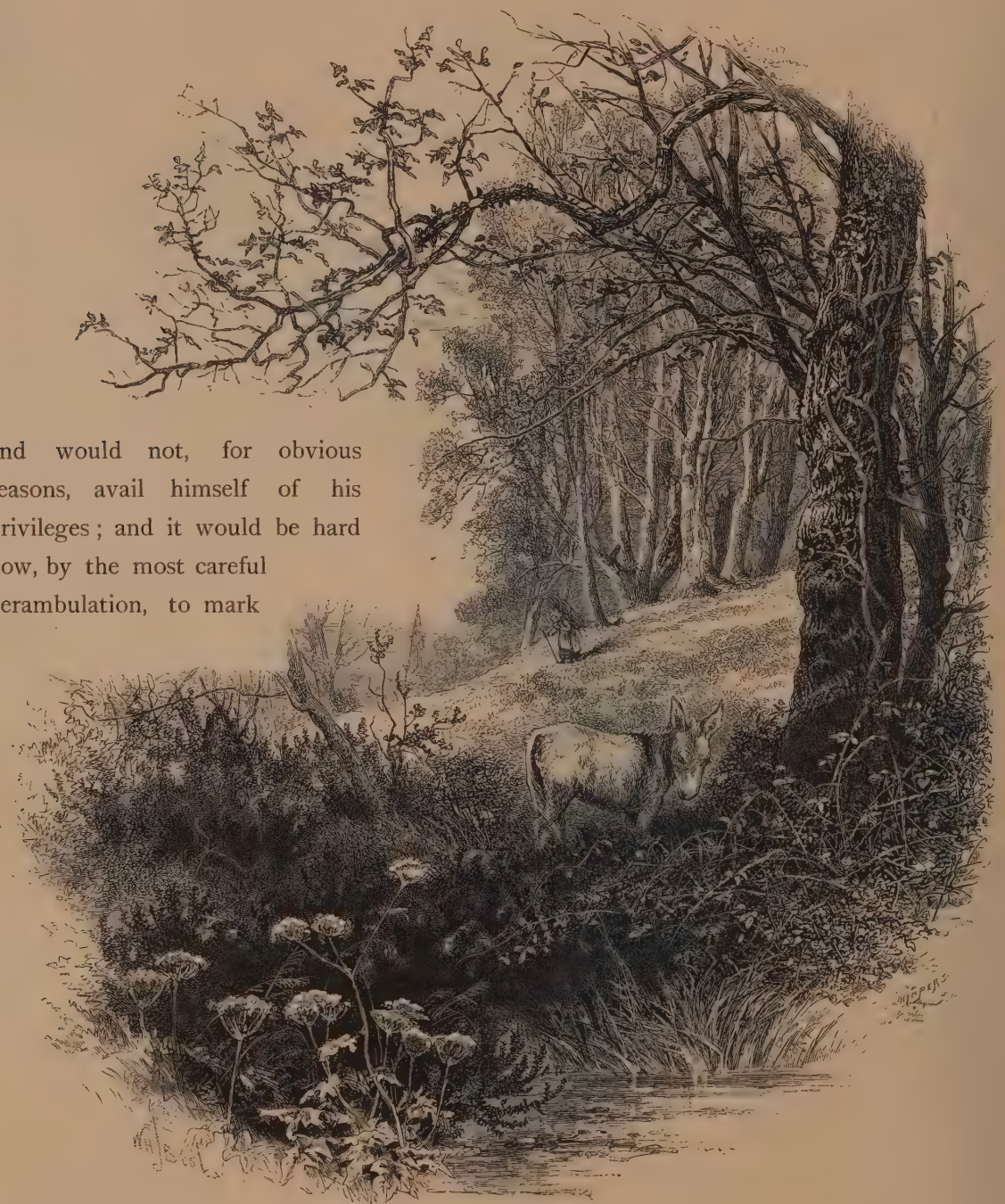
when as an isolated tree it fulfills its normal proportions of fifty or sixty feet high, with an erect trunk and broad pyramidal outline, it is doubly effective when assisting in the formation of a couple of lines a mile in length. One of the first to succumb to

wintry weather, the chestnut is also one of the first to put forth its leaves and rich blossoms of white, pink, and yellow. The trained eye may recognize no picturesqueness in this tree, but the ordinary beholder is gratified by the wealth of color, and the broad, seven-fingered leaf, and makes no invidious comparison to its disadvantage. In the early summer Bushey Park is visited by tens of thousands of excursionists, who have traveled, many of them, long distances, to spend a day under the shade of the lordly trees, to lounge by the musical fountains, to feed the deer nibbling the sweet grass in the consciousness of safety, to inhale the perfume of the fragrant hawthorn, and to finish the day by roaming through the gardens and galleries of Hampton Court Palace.

What in very ancient times was known as the Forest of Essex, later as Waltham Forest, and which, finally, taking its name from the little town in its midst, became dear to the inhabitants of London as Epping Forest, for many years trembled on the verge of annihilation. The forest rights existing in connection with Epping Forest were as various as the tenures of the manor surrounding it. Probably under cover of the multitude of "rights," the wrongs were perpetrated which have in recent times led to that energetic and successful action of the city of London, by which a resort peculiarly dear to the humbler of its citizens was saved from destruction. It is still the custom to let loose a stag on Easter-Monday to keep up the traditions of the Epping hunt, and to remind us that the forest was once a royal chase. But the pleasant observance has degenerated into a farce; the unpretentious ass is a more familiar denizen of the Epping woodlands than the bounding "hart of grease," and the trees that afford grateful shade to picnic-parties from the East End of London have, for the most part, become a stunted race. By leaving the beaten forest-track, however, the admirer of woodland scenery in its more modest forms may discover innumerable sylvan scenes worthy of his attention; it is the advantage of Epping that, like its neighbor Forest of Hainhault, it possesses eminences so situated that even insignificant oaks, elms, and scrub, become magnified in appearance. It was in Hainhault Forest that the famous Fairlop Oak stood for nine or ten centuries the admiration of all visitors, and the centre and *raison d'être* of the fair which originated in the bequest of a Wapping blockmaker, who, having been in the habit of periodically dining under the branches of the tree with his friends, left a sum of money that others might perpetuate the custom. Fairlop Oak having thus performed its duty, was at last converted into a pulpit for new St. Pancras Church. To see Epping Forest at its best, the visitor should penetrate as far as High Beech.

Associated in nursery legend, old-world balladry, and antique records, with Robin Hood and his merrie crew, Sherwood Forest must ever be regarded as one of the most romantic of the woods that, still renowned for their diversified scenery, have yielded to the inevitable march of prosperity. Mansfield, where Henry II. held his court, has sunk into insignificance; the modern archbishop, even if he had the right held by his

most reverend ancestors of hunting in the forest nine times in every year, and of having, with his canons, proper "foresters, aeryes of hawks, and pannage," could not



Epping Forest.

and would not, for obvious reasons, avail himself of his privileges; and it would be hard now, by the most careful perambulation, to mark the exact boundaries which once inclosed a forest area of five-and-twenty miles long by from seven to nine miles wide. So late as the year 1700, it is clear that Sherwood Forest, an unbroken stretch of wood from Mansfield to Nottingham, was full of trees,

and that, when for naval and other purposes the timber was cleared away, young plantations of oak, beech, elm, and chestnut, were substituted. Amid much arable and half-reclaimed country, ample traces of the veritable forest remain; and Mansfield may still be said to be the key of the position, commanding an infinitude of exquisite walks and rides through sequestered glades and tortuous bridle-paths that furnish a succession of surprises to the observer versed in the multitudinous forms of forest beauty. From Worksop in the north, with its famous "Dukery," to Nottingham in the south, the whole countryside takes its tone from Sherwood Forest; Robin Hood's Hill, Robin Hood's Pot, Oxton Forest, Hollingwood Hill, Arnold Forest, Bury Hill, Rufford Forest, Mount Pleasant, and Budley Forest, are among the memorials of the past.

Sherwood Forest has produced a greater number of celebrated trees than any other English forest. Clumber, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle; Welbeck, the seat of the Duke of Portland; and Thoresby, the ancient seat of the Duke of Kingston, are noted no less for their spacious parks than for the remarkable trees adorning them. At Welbeck there is the Greendale Oak, an oak estimated to be by one authority seven hundred, and by another fifteen hundred, years old. This oak is probably the Methuselah of his race, although it may be noted that there are few forests which do not, through its local historians, advance plausible claims for a like distinction. The Greendale Oak, nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, was deprived of its heart by the eccentric desire of a former owner to make a tunnel through the trunk. This novel piece of engineering was effected without apparent injury to the tree; an opening was made through which a Duke of Portland drove a carriage and six horses, and three horsemen could ride abreast. This arch is ten feet three inches high, and six feet three inches wide. A cabinet made from the excavated oak-wood for the Countess of Oxford is one of the curiosities of Welbeck Abbey. It is ornamented with a representation of the grand old tree, which is now shored and supported against the elements, before which it must speedily succumb. The Spread Oak of Thoresby extends its arms over one hundred and eighty feet of ground, and can give shelter to a thousand horsemen. In the hollow of Major Oak seven persons have dined with comfort, and that is of course impossible without unrestricted elbow-room. This tree is remarkably perfect in form—the true type of a sturdy oak that is still prepared to brave the battle and the breeze. The Parliament Oak is another decrepit patriarch of Sherwood Forest; it is supported by friendly artificial aids, and its trunk is now split in twain—symbol, it might be said, of the Government and Opposition, which are the life of the system whose name it bears.

Between the Lower Wye and the lordly Severn lies the Forest of Dean, which, in the "wooden-walls" era of naval architecture, supplied much of the timber used in the government ship-building yards. The operation now chiefly conducted in this high land of West Gloucestershire is mining among the rich veins of iron and coal discovered

IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

there. Around the forest, on its eastern boundary, are to be found some of the most fruitful orchards of our great fruit-producing country. The dwellers in the forest, now reduced to eleven thousand acres, chiefly of fine oaks, have from time immemorial enjoyed freedom from rates and other civil immunities which are elsewhere enforced. From the surpassingly lovely wooded slopes of the Wye we may learn something of what Dean Forest used to be. It is stated that the Spaniards, in their grand invasion, intended to destroy all the forests of England, especially the Forest of Dean.

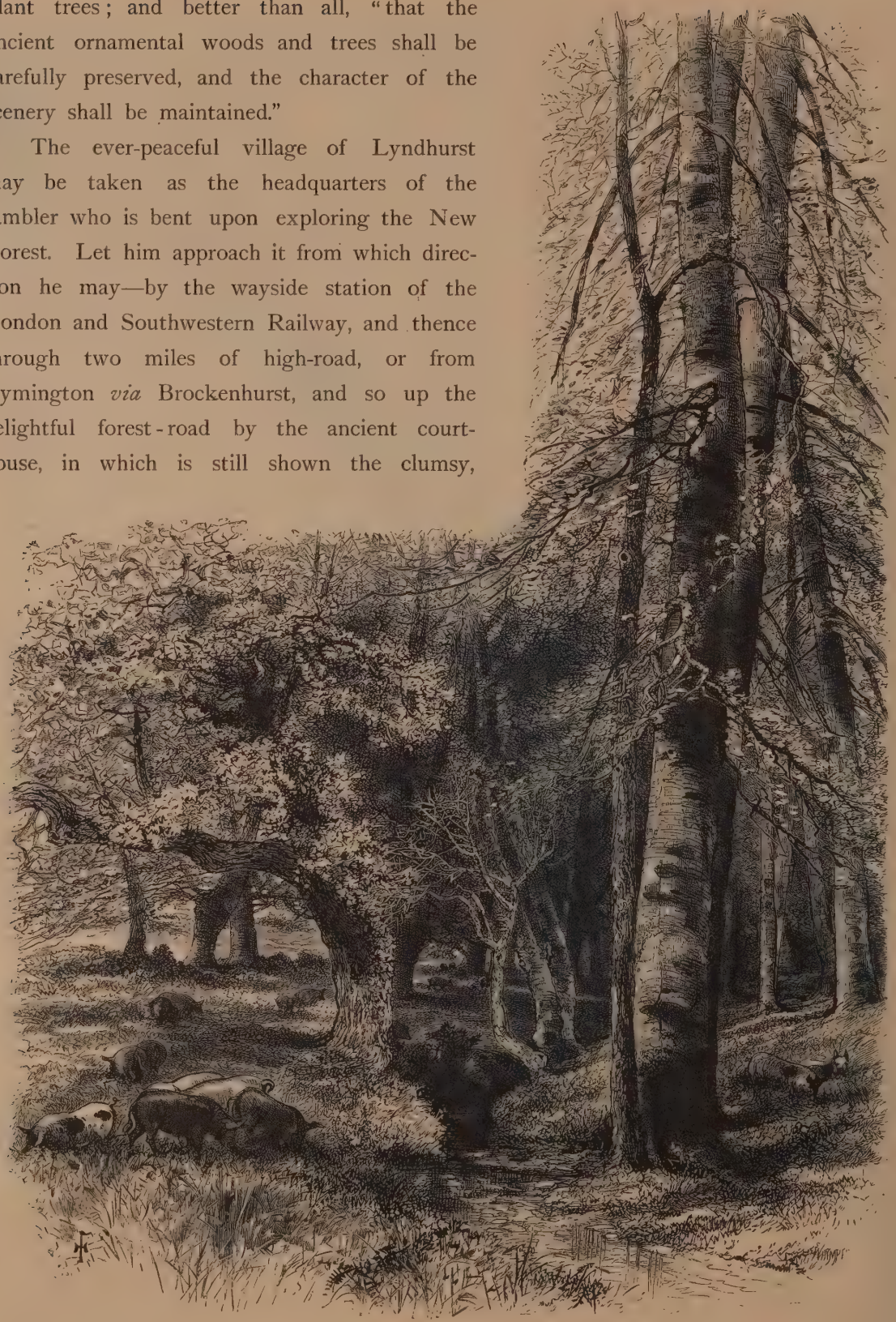
Among the larger of the minor forests may be enumerated Alice Holt, Woolmer, and Berl Forests in Hampshire; Whittlebury and Salcey Forests in Northamptonshire; Wychwood Forest in Oxfordshire; and Delamere Forest in Cheshire. Lancashire and Yorkshire, in view of the forests of chimneys which now lend more wealth than beauty to their busy hives of industry, and especially Yorkshire, were fairly wooded; and it is not, perhaps, generally known that in Hardwicke Forest, once growing near Halifax, an instrument of execution, roughly embodying the principle of the guillotine, was employed in the punishment of offenders against "Halifax law." The cloth-stealer was tried, condemned, and dispatched within the space of two, or at the most three market-days, and the machine used was by unconscious irony termed a maiden. An axe, loaded with a heavy weight, falling between two posts, beheaded the criminal.

The prose-poet of the English forests, Gilpin, the author of "Forest Scenery," thus pathetically pronounces sentence upon the obliteration, as he puts it, of the vestiges of most of our forests: "The picturesque eye in the mean time is greatly hurt with the destruction of all these sylvan scenes. Not that it delights in a continued forest, nor wishes to have a whole country covered with wood. It delights in the intermixture of wood and plain, in which beauty consists. It is not its business to consider matter of utility. . . . At the same time it is more than probable that, if at least some of our ancient forests in different parts of the kingdom had been preserved, the ends of public utility might have been answered, as well as those of picturesque beauty."

The latest legislation respecting our forests was, as we have said, touching the noblest of them all, the New Forest in Hampshire. Disagreements between crown and commoners had been kept up through all the centuries, and the public at length, mainly through the protests of artists and literary men, and the indignation which found a courageous mouth-piece in Parliament in Professor Fawcett, were roused to a conviction that prompt measures were necessary if the New Forest was to be saved from the fate which had befallen other royal woods. During the session of 1875 a select committee took evidence upon the question, and the result of their labors was a series of resolutions declaring that the forest shall remain open and uninclosed except to the extent to which it is expedient to maintain the existing right of the crown to

plant trees; and better than all, "that the ancient ornamental woods and trees shall be carefully preserved, and the character of the scenery shall be maintained."

The ever-peaceful village of Lyndhurst may be taken as the headquarters of the rambler who is bent upon exploring the New Forest. Let him approach it from which direction he may—by the wayside station of the London and Southwestern Railway, and thence through two miles of high-road, or from Lymington *via* Brockenhurst, and so up the delightful forest-road by the ancient court-house, in which is still shown the clumsy,



The New Forest, near Lyndhurst.

rusty, massive iron frame believed by the New-Foresters to have been William Rufus's stirrup-iron—its beauties will grow upon him. At the same time, a hasty wayfarer, who does not turn aside and push far into the silent recesses of the redeemed country, cannot boast anything more than a passing acquaintance with, judge it from any standpoint that may be chosen, the grandest of royal forests. Further, to rank as an intimate one requires to see the forest at each of the four seasons, to know it on outskirts such as the sparsely-populated extremity where the so-called Shakers were in the winter of 1874 ejected into the cheerless lanes swept by the gales from the Solent, and to realize it in the dark bowers of Holland's Wood, where, in the course of a long summer's day, the lover of solitude is not likely to be troubled by any but a passing rustic, and that at wide intervals.

It is unnecessary here to revert to the history of the New Forest, to its origin, or to the truth or otherwise of the serious charges brought against the Norman conqueror; nay, we shall not recall the details of the tragic scene the end of which was the carting away to Winchester Cathedral of the body of the Red King in a charcoal-burner's cart, and this in spite of the tempting reflection that in many of its essential features the forest is what it was when Master Tyrrell let fly the fatal arrow. What with manors and inclosures, heaths and commons, it is not easy nowadays to say what is and what is not New Forest; but the forest in round figures may be held to consist of ninety-one thousand acres. In Queen Anne's reign a suggestion sprang from the fertile brain of Daniel Defoe, to the effect that a portion of the forest should be parceled out into twenty farms as a settlement for the Palatine refugees; but the proposal was not listened to, nor was that of a recent meeting of Southampton burgesses, who determined to recommend the utilization of the forest into allotments for laboring-men, to whom should be allowed government loans of capital, to be repaid by installments. The session of 1875 probably determined the disposal of the New Forest once and forever, in a way much more calculated to satisfy the nation at large.

It is not the superiority of the trees alone that calls for our admiration of the New Forest; the smaller growths are surprising in their profusion and variety. Furze, heather, and ferns (of which alone there are seventeen varieties), appear in abundance in their proper season, and of wild-flowers there are few known in England that are not here to be found.

The old-fashioned ivied house at the upper end of Lyndhurst is the residence of the principal executive officer of the forest. In the hall hangs the afore-mentioned stirrup-iron, and other relics of bygone days. Here the courts of attachment, or wood-mote, held summary jurisdiction every forty days upon delinquents haled before the verderers for thefts of timber and ferns, or, in rarer cases, game. Many of the ancient offices have disappeared, with the cumbersome laws which were long since voted obsolete; but there are many quaint regulations still to be enforced, and quaint customs

NEAR LYMINGTON, IN THE NEW FOREST.

to be observed. Every year "drifts" of the forest are executed in search of trespassing cattle, pannage-money is levied and collected, tickets for fern are issued for litter, and fuel to the amount of three hundred and eighty-four loads per year has to be distributed as "rights of estover" to certain ancient messuages. The foresters may turn out a given number of cattle at all times of the year except during stated fence-months. From the 25th of September to the 22d of November is the time fixed as the pannage-month, when the owners of the forest-swine may turn out their pigs to feed upon beechmasts and acorns, the crown fixing a nominal payment in reservation of proprietary rights. It is proposed that a nominal quitrent be charged in future for the exercise of the right of common during fence-month and winter heyning.

One of the witnesses giving evidence before the select committee of 1875 was Mr. Eyre, a well-known traveler, who stated that he did not half appreciate the New Forest until he had traveled; and that experience led him to the conviction that, taking the forest in its natural state, there is nothing like it in the world. The same witness ascribed the inferiority of continental forests to the overcrowding, which is found to be as bad for trees as for human beings. "There is," he says, "no chance for any tree to assume individuality, and therefore there is no picturesqueness, or rather I should say, there is no picturesqueness except such as one might hope to get out of an artificial wood."

Here, indeed, lies the secret of the beauty of the New Forest, a beauty that even Americans and Australians, who should be excellent judges of forest scenery, have admitted was, take it all in all, incomparable: "It is an open forest; it is not wood; it never was intended by Nature to be a continuous wood; if you make it a continuous wood, it is no longer the New Forest." At one point a cool glade marks a grassy path leading by curves and angles into the very heart of the silent woodlands; at another you arrive at a swelling or level lawn, a natural clearance that seems purposely designed to facilitate inspection of the various forest-trees that stand sentinel around it; soon the scene changes to purple heath, covering too often treacherous bog, over which none but the hardy little forest ponies can pass with impunity—land which, though poor in itself, is invaluable to the smaller commoners for supplying the turf-fuel whose fragrance in the autumn evenings steals so silently down the shadowy aisles, and mingles with the odor of decaying leaves and living fir-trees. Gilpin, whose pleasant Boldre vicarage was close to the forest, and who probably knew more about it than any other authority, past or present, gives the preference to a winding road rather than a vista. In the New Forest there is, however, a remarkable combination of both, and the vistas, being for the most part entirely natural, are obvious corroborations of the argument that the best way of promoting the picturesqueness of woodland scenery is to allow it to take care of itself.

Near the margins of the creek that penetrates from Lymington inland, some of the oaks present the appearance of untold age, and it is with almost a feeling of awe that

AT CONEY HILL, HAYES COMMON, KENT.

the passer-by observes the hoary limbs dropping from sheer decay across the path into the deeply-matted undergrowths. Throughout the forest, after abounding signs of verdurous life on every hand, a sudden emergence from woodman's path or thicket reveals a dell or valley, called in New Forest language a "bottom." In the centre will often be found a pond, sometimes of considerable extent, thickly fringed and covered with aquatic

Rustic Bridge, near Godalming.

vegetation, save where the cattle have worn their beaten tracks; or, running through, soon to disappear beneath brambles, alders, willows, and other overhanging trees, musical rivulets here and there, wending their course to the muddy creeks on the Solent shore. These lawns, or bottoms, which have been aptly described as "sunny islets" of grass in a sea of woodland, are frequently named according to their peculiarities—such as Yew-tree Bottom, Even-water Bottom, Withy-bed Bottom, Two-beeches Bottom, Turf-hills Bottom, Woodford Bottom; or again, Furzy Lawn, Baskets Lawn, Mill Lawn, Gutter Valley, Hampton Green, and Black-bush Place. In like manner the wooded eminences

are described in the names by which they have been known from time immemorial: Bramble Hill, Holme Hill, Raven's Nest, Stag's Swell, Eaves Hill, Long-beech Hill, Turf Hills, Burley Beacons, etc.

Mark Ash is one of the most favorite spots in the New Forest; and the paths used by the forest charcoal-burners lead also to Boldrewood and the Knyghtwood Oak. In this neighborhood the high eminences afford magnificent views of woodland distance, with occasional glimpses of the downs of the Isle of Wight. The Boldrewood oaks are exceptions to the allegation often made against the New Forest trees, namely, that they are not renowned so much for their size as for their harmonious proportions. The oaks at Boldrewood are even finer than the tree at Knyghtwood, which is generally put forward as the "lion," *par excellence*, of the place; and the curious name of the "Twelve Apostles," given of old to the largest of the Burley oaks, shows that local opinion was divided as to the merits of the respective claimants for notoriety. The beeches around the site of Boldrewood Lodge are admirable specimens of that beautiful tree, and from the high ground, which they render conspicuous from afar, the finest views —as many think—of characteristic New Forest scenery may be obtained. The beech-groves are the favorite feeding-place of the gaunt and ravenous New Forest hog, droves of which in season roam, under supervision, to fatten upon the mast and acorns. The beechmast is equally beloved by the deer, and its fattening qualities, according to old writers, gave such repute to the winter venison of Boldrewood Walk, that a stranger would have "difficulty in getting a king's warrant for a doe executed in it."

Beaulieu Abbey, and the district of which it is the leading feature, should not be omitted in the list of places of interest in the New Forest. From Lyndhurst it may be reached by a glorious drive of seven miles through Bolton's Bench. The Palace House, in which Lord Henry Scott resides, was the ancient gatehouse of the abbey, and all lovers of the New Forest are deeply indebted to that noble lord for the efforts he has made to preserve the crumbling remains of the once powerful religious house founded in a panic of remorse by King John. The beauty of its situation gained for the abbey the appellation of Bello Locus, and the elaborate restorations undertaken by the present owner entitle it still to that name. There are many extensive views of the forest to be had around Beaulieu, many interesting mementoes of the sleek abbots of a bygone era, and many commanding outlooks upon the sparkling waters of the Solent and the garden of England beyond it.

A striking example of the quaint customs which have not yet been forgotten is associated with Minstead Manor, with which the visitor to Rufus's Stone will become acquainted. The ancestors of the present lord of the manor (which is out of the forest) claimed certain rights, and for faithful service, "on his oath," in watching the king's deer, were entitled every year to a buck in summer and a doe in winter; also, to kill them themselves upon giving notice to the royal keeper by blowing their horn.

Should the deer be killed within forest bounds, the fore or hind left haunch must remain where the animal fell. There is not much of forest remaining, however, near Minstead, though from Stony Cross Hill the eye ranges over a prospect unequaled for

Valley of the Wharfe.

diversity and extent; it is a prospect of forest north, south, and west, and of richly-cultivated arable land eastward. Southampton Water, twelve miles distant, is plainly visible, and on fine days the downs of Wiltshire behind, and the hills and woods of

Hampshire, in the direction of rare old Winchester, are welcome additions to the outstretched panorama.

The widest charm of English scenery lies, no doubt, not in its larger forest

Monkey-Tree, Burnham Beeches.

inclosures, but in the parks and woodlands scattered over the length and breadth of the land. These represent the ancestral care and taste of ages; represent also that array of enviable conditions upon which is based the exalted admiration of the English lord of

the manor dwelling among his own people. They represent the peaceful occupations of the country, and the love of home by which its inhabitants are distinguished. They are embodiments of the adage *noblesse oblige;* they are the bright side of the gloomy aspect in which the laws relating to the heritage-land are sometimes depicted. Our parks and woodlands, save in very exceptional instances where the principle of jealous exclusion proves the rule of generous concessions, are luxuries in which the poorest may share. Not for himself has the owner of the soil lavished wealth and scientific skill upon the care of his plantations, coppices, and woods.

Some English counties are more finely wooded than others; but in the most barren there are parks and woodlands of which all classes are proud. Celebrated ranges of hills and celebrated rivers often, as with the Chilterns and the Thames, owe not a little of their celebrity to their incidental tree-scenery. The inexhaustible catalogue from which we might take our choice, makes the task of selection at once invidious and difficult. The difficulty would rather be to find a typical English estate without its notable wood, or series of woods; or a piece of open common-land which artists do not deem worthy of their pilgrimage. By the inhabitants of the metropolis the serried woods of Surrey and furze-spangled commons of Kent are held in tender regard. The hill-country from Shooter's Hill to Tunbridge Wells, comprising the picturesque beauties of Chiselworth, Hayes Common, Sevenoaks, Knoll Park, and the even more striking, because bolder, landscapes of Sussex, are among the more familiar illustrations. Box Hill, Dorking, and the billowy downs that uplift their emerald crowns west and south of that picturesquely-wooded district, have no rivals in the special peculiarities of English scenery which they typify, and which artists like Creswick, Hook, and Birket Foster, have helped to endear and popularize. Though but a bare thousand feet above the level of the sea, Leith Hills offer a prospect of some two hundred miles in circumference —of the suburbs of busy London to the north, of the English Channel toward the south, of village-spires and happy homesteads everywhere, of heathery moors, and slopes covered with masses of chestnut, cedar, oak, beech, elm, and yew. From Godalming, rambles almost without number are possible to parks and gardens where historic collections of trees are to be found amid surroundings which have been considered not beneath comparison with the far-famed glories of Scotland, Wales, or the tourist-haunted spots of the Continent.

A prominent instance, selected as it casually occurs to us, among many, of the deep indebtedness of a river to the woods which clothe its banks, is the river Wharfe, in Yorkshire, a county rich in every kind of English scenery, from the level water-meads of the agricultural plains, and the stately avenues of a Studley Royal, with its matchless ruins of Fountain Abbey, to the dreary wolds of the northeast and the wild woods of the northwest. Wharfedale has been the theme of numerous poets, with Wordsworth and Rogers in the van. True, there are the attractions of fascinating legend and misty

BURNHAM BEECHES.

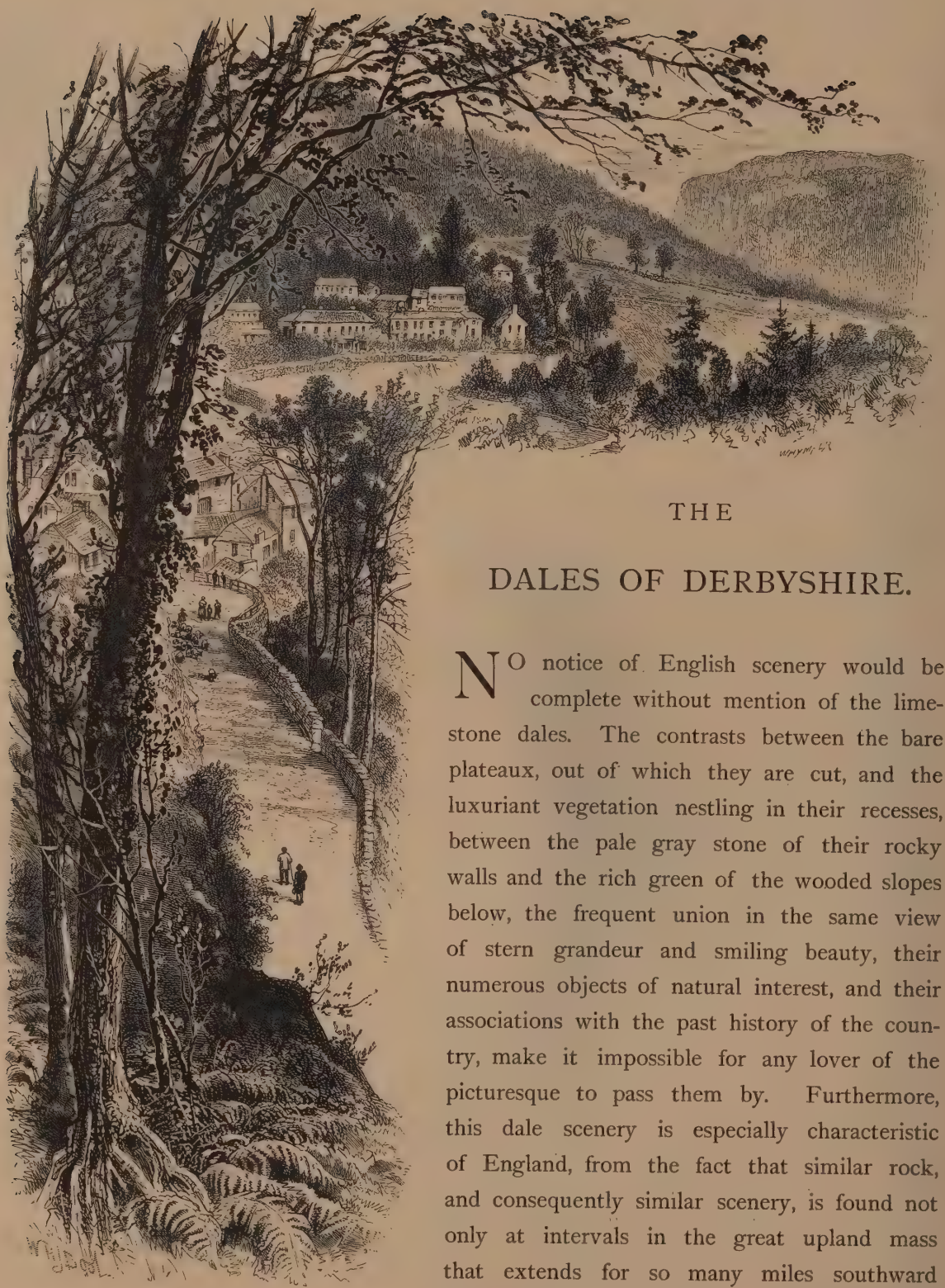
antiquity clustering around Bolton Abbey; but these would lose the potency of their spell without the entrancing foliage that hides the steep hills at the foot of which the "swift Werfe," as Spenser terms it, laves the overhanging leaves, and, alternately tumbling over a bowldery bed, or concentrating its stream into a deep, rapid, gliding current hurries on to its journey's end.

Along the road from Ilkley to Bolton Bridge umbrageous coppices cast shadows upon the highway, and it is not until the ruins of the abbey are passed that the veritable woods appear to rise out of the Wharfe and lift their plumed heads into the sky. Among beeches, poplars, oaks, aspens, and clumps of firs, the mountain-ash in the autumn-time hangs out its gleaming fruit in scarlet bunches. The woods thicken as we progress northward toward Simon's Seat, Barden Fell, and the breezy moorland that carries the hardy pedestrian to the top of the range, and thence down on the other side into the Lancashire dales.

A chapter on woodlands would be indeed incomplete without a reference to the Burnham Beeches, near Slough, and usually by strangers, making a slight *détour*, included in a visit to Stoke Pogis churchyard, immortalized in Gray's "Elegy," and still possessing—

"Those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade."

If Julius Cæsar could march through the parks and woodlands of modern Britain, he could no longer write that timber of every kind found in Gaul grows there, "except the beech and silver fir." The beech grows spontaneously in many of the English counties, and takes more kindly to the soil than many of the forest-trees about whose title to native birth there is not a doubt. It is an interesting tree at all periods of the year, and at all stages of its growth—interesting alike in the forest, park, hedgerow, or open field. The varied forms assumed by the beech are splendidly exemplified at sylvan Burnham. Many of the trees exhibit proofs of the ill treatment to which they are said to have been subjected, Cromwell's soldiers being accused, among other terrible crimes, of pollarding them right and left. Though tremendous in girth—one of them measuring twenty-one feet round—these curious trees are stunted and grotesque. With but a little effort, weird likenesses to hideous human countenances may be in imagination limned upon the crabbed boles. In vain do we seek for the lofty canopy of graceful foliage for which the ancients loved the beech. Yet, with all their deformity, the Burnham Beeches deserve the incessant court paid to them by the summer and autumn visitors who picnic in their gloomy midst; they are a natural curiosity, claiming, if not our admiration, at least our pardonable wonder.



Matlock Bath.

THE

DALES OF DERBYSHIRE.

NO notice of English scenery would be complete without mention of the limestone dales. The contrasts between the bare plateaux, out of which they are cut, and the luxuriant vegetation nestling in their recesses, between the pale gray stone of their rocky walls and the rich green of the wooded slopes below, the frequent union in the same view of stern grandeur and smiling beauty, their numerous objects of natural interest, and their associations with the past history of the country, make it impossible for any lover of the picturesque to pass them by. Furthermore, this dale scenery is especially characteristic of England, from the fact that similar rock, and consequently similar scenery, is found not only at intervals in the great upland mass that extends for so many miles southward from the Scotch border into the English low-

lands, but also elsewhere, as in Somersetshire and in South Wales. The rock is a hard compact limestone, deposited in a sea which extended over a large part of the land prior to the formation of the coal measures; this has since been brought up to the surface by great flexures of the earth's crust, and has been exposed to view and carved into its present fashion by the action of those natural forces which are ever busied in its sculpture.

The Derbyshire uplands, one of the most characteristic of these limestone districts, may be described as a wide flattened saddle of this limestone, which throws off on

Rustic Bridge.

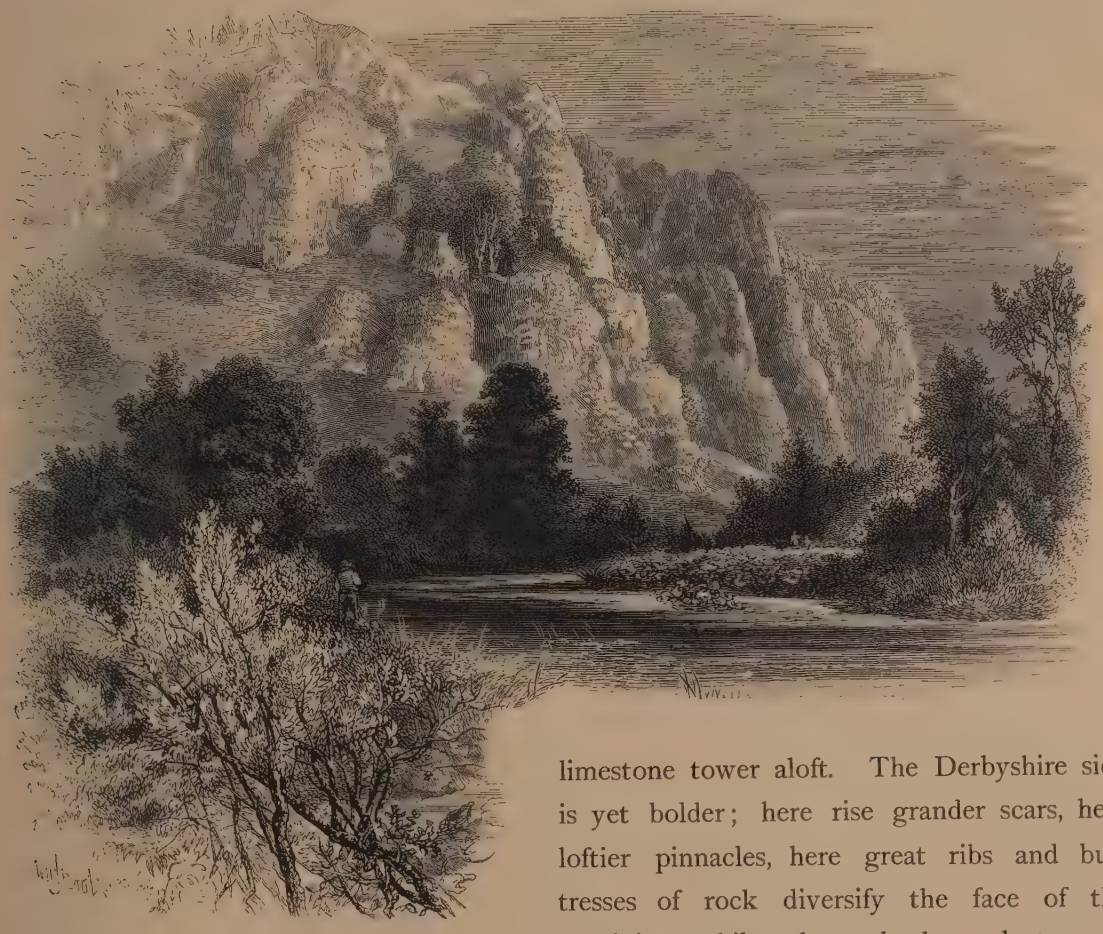
either side a broad strip of more varied and generally softer strata, and ultimately plunges under the red marly deposits of Central England. It is thus a kind of peninsula —elevated from a thousand to twelve hundred feet above the general level of Central England—so full of picturesque localities that choice becomes embarrassing. The scenes here selected for illustration fall naturally into three groups: the first lying to the west of Derby, on the very edge of Staffordshire, and at the southern verge of the limestone region; the second may be strung together in a somewhat zigzag course across it from south to north; while the third is in the lowlands at the extreme east of the country, but a few miles from the Nottinghamshire border.

A more pleasant drive is not easily found than that from Derby to Ashbourne. For most of the time the road runs at a distance from the limestone regions, but yet

some trace of its bolder features seem to be impressed upon the neighborhood, so that its hills and valleys are on a rather more strongly-marked scale than elsewhere in the loamy plains of Central England. After passing near the pretty Markeaton brook, and climbing the hill leading out of the valley of the Derwent, the road for several miles runs over an undulating upland country, rich in shady parks and hedgerow timber; we are carried from scene to scene of quiet pastoral beauty, such as no land but England affords. We pass by country-seats, standing on rich lawns, among their groves of grand old trees; by shrubberies gay with rhododendrons all in flower, and laburnums heavy with their golden tresses; by cottage-gardens bright with peonies, and poppies, and briar roses, while the fresh breeze fans our faces, and the scene looks its very brightest beneath the clear blue of a cloudless sky. Presently the barren limestone downs begin to show on the right, the ridge of Bunster and the rugged mass of Thorpe Cloud are identified—their treeless slopes and crags contrasting well with the richer foreground scenes, till at last the spire of Ashbourne Church rises up among clustering house-roofs from a valley below, and a steep descent leads us down to the banks of the Dove. A yet steeper ascent through the old-fashioned town takes us again to one of the valleys, and the road for the next four or five miles may challenge any part of England to find its equal for badness. It goes up hill and down hill, it is rough, unpaved, broken with ruts here and ledges there, but still it affords such a series of pretty views that one willingly forgives the perverse fancy that has taken this extraordinary route instead of following the riverside along the bed of the valley. A road, it is said, has long been planned in this direction, and would some time since have been made at the expense of the proprietor of Ilam Hall; but an obstinate old woman declined to sell one patch of land, and so frustrated the project. Surely her name should be inscribed on a monumental pillar, that every owner of a carriage might fling a passing stone and curse at it.

A yet more desperate descent, through yet lovelier scenery, finally brings us once more to the banks of the Dove; and, after a few minutes' drive through the meadows, we reach the far-famed "Izaak Walton," the halting-place of so many lovers of the picturesque, and brethren of the gentle craft. From its doors you look on the one hand into the rich valley of the Manifold, with the towers of Ilam Hall rising grandly above its park and village; on the other hand, the Dove issues from between bare limestone hills to wander through the meadows. The part of the dale visible from this point raises no anticipation of its hidden beauties; the valley is a little wider than the stream, the hills are indeed fairly bold and craggy, but the scene is on the whole rather bleak and barren, without either loveliness or grandeur. But, at the end of this first reach, the dale turns sharply to the north, and almost at once, as if by magic, the scenery changes. Bolder rocks rise on either hand, trees clothe the craggy slopes. Still the hills have not yet quite closed in on the Dove; a narrow strip of meadow

continues for a while by the margin of the stream, which now tumbles over a weir, now sweeps around a tiny islet or rushy shoal. Gradually, however, the bases of the crags draw closer to the river, till but little space is left even for the path. Hence, for some three miles, we pass through scenes of beauty, unequaled in Derbyshire, unsurpassed, we think, in England. On the Staffordshire side of the river, woods of larch and ash chiefly clothe the slopes, from which here and there gray crags and spires of



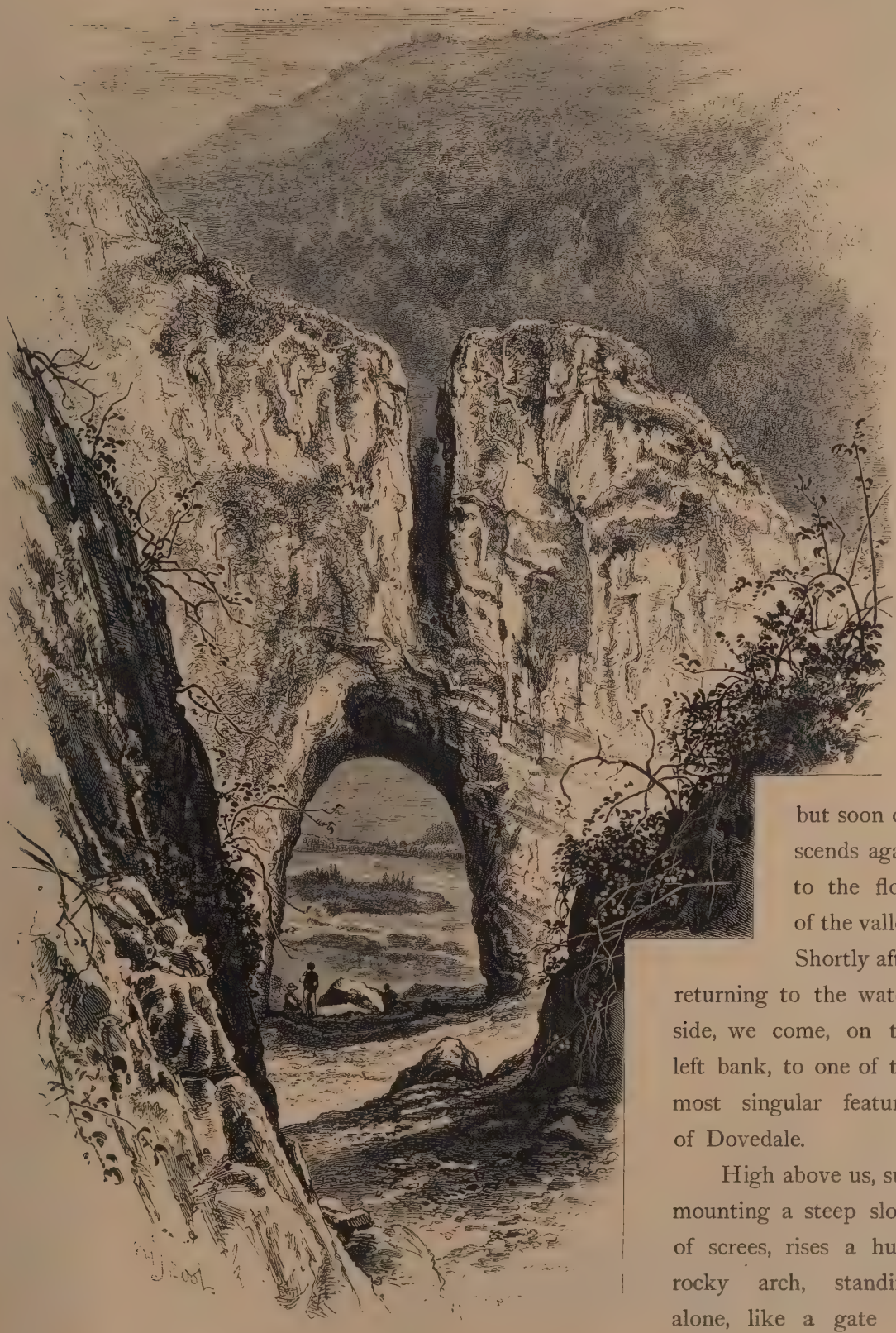
The Dove.

limestone tower aloft. The Derbyshire side is yet bolder; here rise grander scars, here loftier pinnacles, here great ribs and buttresses of rock diversify the face of the precipice, while thorn bushes cluster on the slopes, and ivy clings to the cliffs. The Dove ripples on, now tumbling over rocky ledges, now stealing silently through quiet pools, where every reed is doubled in the water mirror; startled at our tread, the white-throated water-ouzel dashes over the stream, and, peeping silently into its depths, we spy

> "Here and there a lusty trout,
> And here and there a grayling."

The rough path keeps close to the river, quits it indeed once, for a while, to scale a rocky knoll, which commands a beautiful view both up and down the dale,

DOVEDALE.



Reynard's Cave.

but soon descends again to the floor of the valley. Shortly after returning to the waterside, we come, on the left bank, to one of the most singular features of Dovedale.

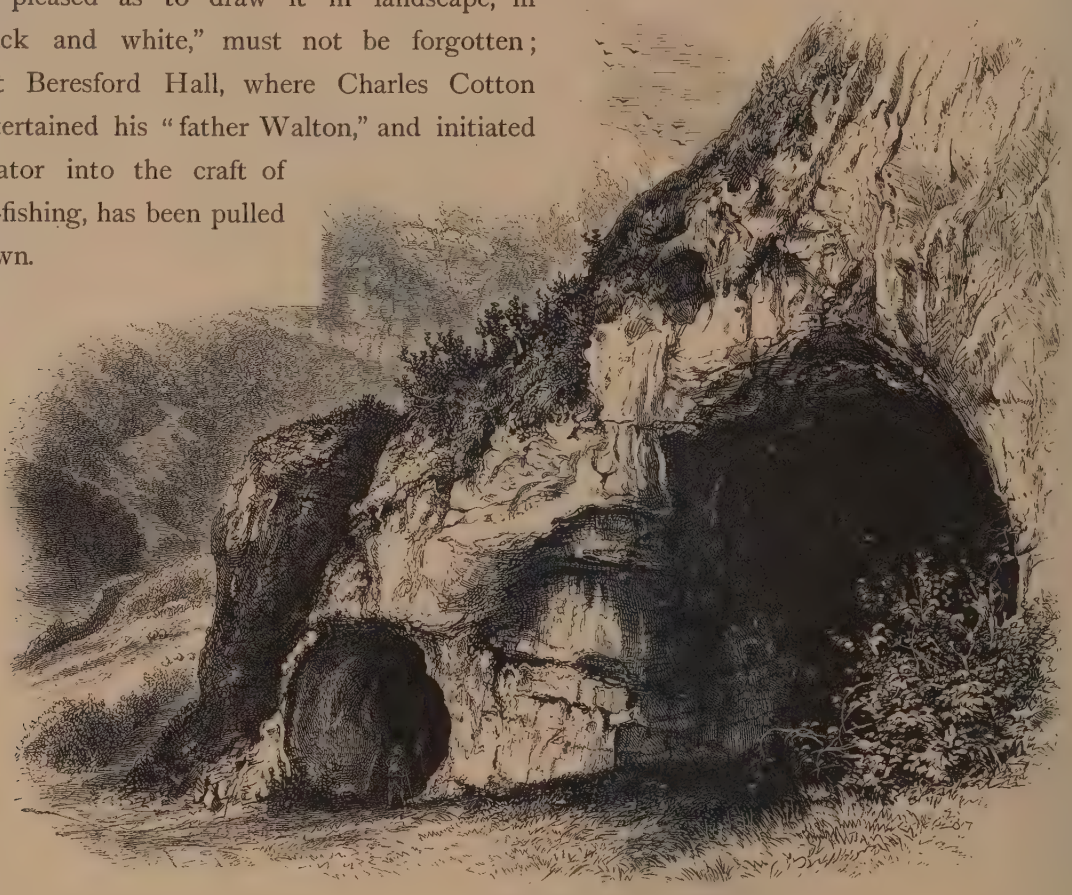
High above us, surmounting a steep slope of screes, rises a huge rocky arch, standing alone, like a gate of triumph; beyond and

through which we see, as we look up, the dark entrance of a cavern in the face of the cliff. This can be reached by a stiff scramble up the loose stones—toilsome, but needful, if one would fully appreciate the grandeur of the scene. The cavern, though of considerable height, only extends for a few yards back into the cliff, and in itself is of no particular interest. It is called "Reynard's Cave," either from having once been a haunt of foxes, or, as local legends report, from having sheltered a two-legged thief of that name. The view, however, from the doorway is its greatest charm. We stand in a narrow cleft between two precipitous limestone walls, only three or four yards apart. The floor falls rapidly from beneath our feet down to the great archway, through which we catch, as in a frame, a glimpse of the valley bed and the winding stream far below. Beyond it rises a steep slope, densely wooded, and basking in the shimmering light of a summer's afternoon. The gray tints of the rock are brightened by a hundred flowerets, and by the blossoms of trailing brambles and wild roses, while the grass by the water-side, a hundred feet or more below, is green as emeralds.

Shortly beyond Reynard's Cave the dale narrows still more, and the scenery is, if possible, lovelier than ever; the overarching branches almost hide the stream, a cliff rises on the left hand, with dark yews clinging like ivy to the rock, and on the right a precipitous bluff lifts its bare head against the sky in marked contrast with the rich foliage below. Every step through this glen reveals some new beauty, some new grouping of crag and forest and stream, till at last a huge pinnacle of rock towers above the trees like the broken column of a half-ruined portal to the gorge. This is Pickering Tor, a huge natural monolith, which rises above the river to a height of some fifty feet, backed by a long slope of larch and ash. Facing it stands another fine cluster of pinnacled crags. A great overhanging block, above one of the farthest of these, bears a rude resemblance to a pulpit, and at the base of the nearest is a tiny cave or recess, from which one of the most striking views of the Tor is obtained. The rocks are bright with speedwell and cranesbill, and the lower slopes are still snowy with the May blossoms on the thorns, while the water-crowfoot's flowers seem like scattered flakes on the stream. The glen, though beyond this it becomes a little wider, is for another quarter of a mile hardly less beautiful; then the slopes become more bare, and, as the river takes another sharp turn, we reach, at the Dove Holes, the end of the finest scenery. These are two shallow caverns on the left bank of the stream, the gateways through which in past times, as possibly even now at intervals, subterranean springs have gushed out, and thus have worn away the limestone rock into arched recesses and fantastic hollows. The larger cave is double, a rude pillar separating the extremity into two domed chambers, which, however, only extend for a few yards back into the rock. Beyond Dove Holes, the dale, though its cliffs are sometimes fine, becomes less interesting to the artist, but its associations will tempt many to follow it further, even to the neighborhood of Hartington, for the whole region is sacred to the memory of

PICKERING TOR.

"Izaak Walton;" and, as we watch the anglers industriously flogging the stream, we may dream ourselves back to the days when Piscator and Viator inveigled the trout from its waters, and smoked their morning pipes in the fishing-house by the river-side, which yet remains, with the initials of Walton and Cotton intertwined, and the inscription, *Piscatoribus sacrum*, cut over the door. Pike Pool, also with its "rock springing up in the middle of the river . . . with which young Mr. Isaac Walton was so pleased as to draw it in landscape, in black and white," must not be forgotten; but Beresford Hall, where Charles Cotton entertained his "father Walton," and initiated Viator into the craft of fly-fishing, has been pulled down.



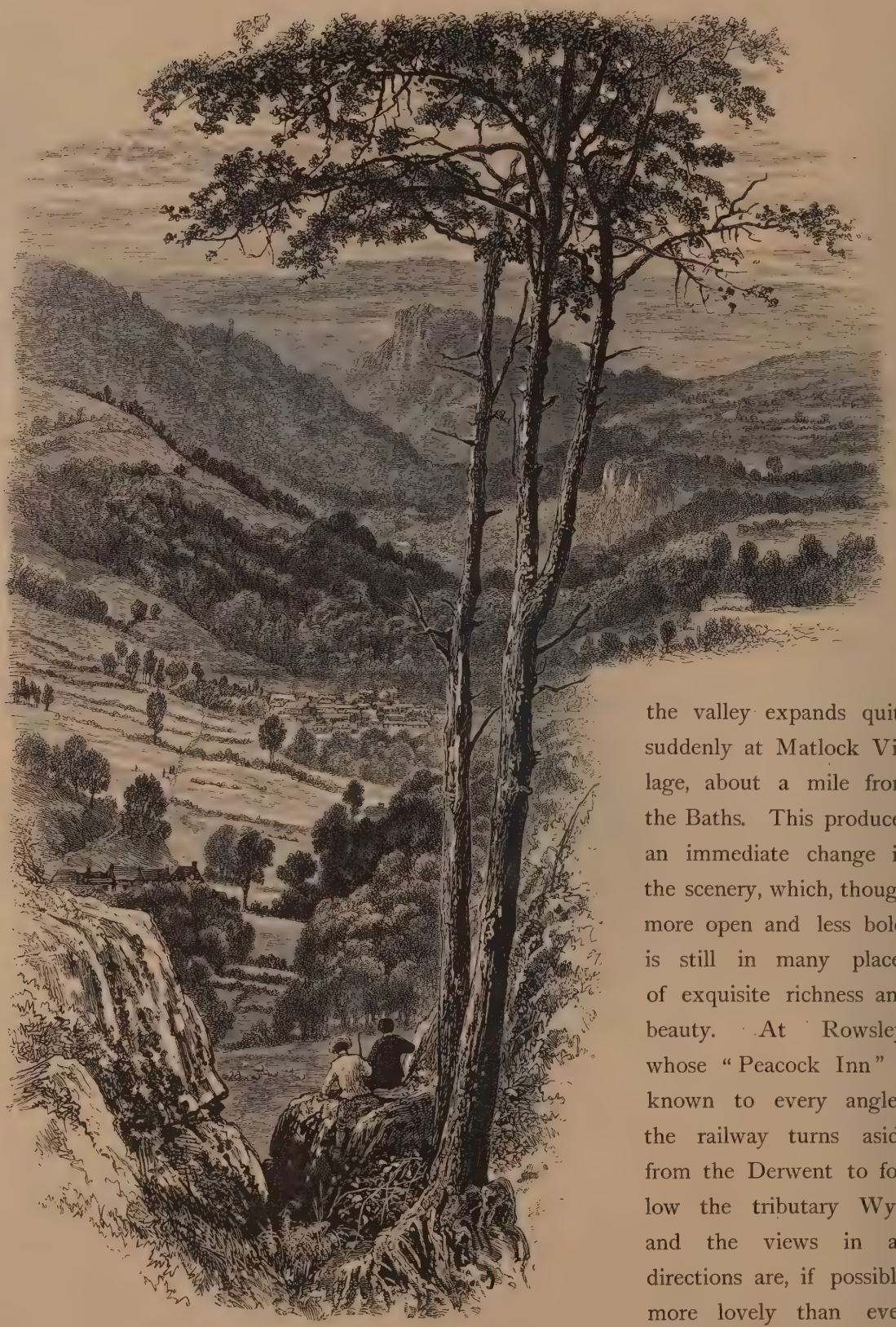
Dove Holes

Matlock, or, to speak more correctly, Matlock Bath, may be reached by a rather long drive over the limestone uplands from Dovedale, or easily by railway from Derby. It is now less than two centuries since the springs were discovered which have made the little village celebrated, but even without this attraction it could have hardly failed to acquire popularity in the present day. The springs, like others in Derbyshire, are valuable in gouty and rheumatic affections; they are tepid, though cooler than those of Buxton, which enjoy a still greater celebrity; but the chief attraction of the place is its natural beauty, which is equaled by few spots in the district. The river Derwent, here following the line where the hard grey limestone rises up from beneath the more destructible sandstone and shales, which overlie it to the east, has, in the lapse of ages,

excavated a broad valley, the opposite sides of which, being composed of two very different rocks, bring into contrast two very different classes of scenery—on the one hand, limestone bluffs, with bold cliffs, often barren and gray, but here and there thickly clad with foliage, or masked by a short green turf; on the other, softer slopes, scarcely interrupted, at rare intervals, by some band of sandstone rock, and cultivated up to the very summit. But, in the immediate neighborhood of Matlock Bath, a roll of the limestone crosses the valley, interrupting the course of the river which has thus cut out for itself a narrow, winding glen; one side of this rises in lofty cliffs, the other descends a little less steeply, and the houses of the town cluster on its slopes, or wedge themselves into the narrow space, often barely wider than the stream, forming the bed of the glen.

Few spots are better situated for enjoying the varied scenery of this district than Stonnis, or the "Black Rocks," a mass of dark coarse sandstone, cleft by deep joints and weathered into strange forms, which caps a hill about four miles to the south. From this elevated position, a large part of the valley of the Derwent lies spread out beneath our feet. Far in the distance rise the rich uplands which form the eastern limit of Darley Dale. In front of these the great limestone mass of the High Tor rears aloft its wooded crest and gray precipice; facing it are hills bearing the odd name, the Heights of Abraham, covered with trees, and dotted with villas; yet nearer is the line of cliffs that overhangs the shady recesses of the Lover's Walks, and the houses of Matlock here and there peep up from the dense masses of foliage that clothe the lower slopes of the valley; nearer yet is Willersley Castle, perched on a grassy knoll above the Derwent, and the little village of Cromford; and then the ground rises in barer slopes to the foot of the tree-crowned crags on which we stand.

Besides its baths and museums (shops for selling spar and marble work), Matlock boasts a number of other attractions. The Lover's Walks is a series of winding paths in a wood on the opposite side of the Derwent. The Romantic Rocks, high up on the hill-side, above the town, is a singular group of huge blocks, the result of a slight landslip from the edge of a cliff. Natural fissures, opening out in the subsiding mass, have parted it into great blocks, which stand all around like some megalithic ruin. There are also petrifying wells and several caverns—duly advertised. Perhaps the most singular is one on the High Tor; it is more strictly a fissure than a cave—a narrow, deep rift, running parallel to the precipice, its sides clothed with ferns and weeds. But the High Tor itself is one of the greatest of Matlock attractions. Here the Derwent flows through a narrow gorge, on one side of which, above a richly-wooded base, bare limestone cliffs rise steeply up to a height of some four hundred feet above the stream. The rich foliage in the tangled undergrowth below, the gray rocks dappled with lichen stains, and sprouting herbs, and the glossy leaves of clinging ivy, with glancing sunbeams on the rippling stream, all combine to form a series of pictures of exquisite beauty. The railway is carried through a tunnel beneath the High Tor, after issuing from which



The Vale of Cromford and Matlock, from the Black Rocks.

the valley expands quite suddenly at Matlock Village, about a mile from the Baths. This produces an immediate change in the scenery, which, though more open and less bold, is still in many places of exquisite richness and beauty. At Rowsley, whose "Peacock Inn" is known to every angler, the railway turns aside from the Derwent to follow the tributary Wye, and the views in all directions are, if possible, more lovely than ever. Continuing onward, we

pass the gray walls of Haddon Hall, standing on a grassy knoll beside the river. No traveler should leave this wonderful relic of olden time unvisited; courts, hall, gallery, state-rooms—all are perfectly preserved, though now silent and deserted. Once the property of the Vernons, the last of whom, from his princely style of living, obtained the title of the King of the Peak, it passed to the Rutlands (through his daughter Dorothy, whose elopement forms one of the romances of Haddon), and was their family residence until, about a century and a half since, it was deserted for Belvoir Castle. It might still be easily rendered habitable; but, as it is at once of great size and little adapted to modern requirements, is not very likely to be again occupied. Further on we reach Bakewell, with its interesting church, full of old monuments and stone coffins, its fine cross and font, and other remains of Norman architecture.

Beyond this the valley narrows again as we enter the limestone gorge of Miller's Dale. Here the traveler should, if possible, quit the railway and go on foot up the left bank of the valley. Bare and barren at first, we come before long to the opening of Lytton Dale, where bold cliffs tower high above the dense groves that clothe the lower slopes. The road winds up through the pretty village of Cressbrook, with its busy mills—a blemish, it must be owned, upon the scenery—then descends again to where the Wye ripples on beneath the cliffs, with here and there a tiny intervening strip of meadow grass. Next, Tideswell Dale opens between its rocky portals, and then the scene becomes yet wilder as bare crags rise on either side, and the road is wedged in between the river and the precipices. To the geologist all this district is one of the most interesting in Derbyshire; for the great basalt sheets, locally called toad-stones, which once flowed from submarine volcanoes, before the English coal-fields were formed, are admirably exposed both in this and in the two tributary dales. In a marble quarry at Tideswell Dale, we can even see where a thick sheet of basalt has passed over a bed of volcanic mud, and its heat has formed in the latter groups of columns resembling, in miniature, those often found in the igneous rock itself.

A little beyond the Miller's Dale Station is the glory of the glen—Chee Tor, a huge cliff of limestone, rising sheer three hundred feet above the Wye. On either hand cliff answers to cliff. "Heights which appear as lovers who have parted in haste." "Their jutting crags are partly covered with overhanging branches, and the hazel, the aspen, the wild-rose, and the mountain-ash adorn their summits." The river tumbles over its rocky bed, widening as it winds around the Tor, embracing a wooded islet, and well nigh masked at times by the dense undergrowth of foliage. From Chee Tor we may return to the railway at Miller's Dale Station, or, better still, cross the high bluff of Topley Pike, and then descend through an almost Alpine glen to the Baths and Gardens of Buxton, now a fashionable watering-place.

A drive from Buxton over the fells, by Eldon Hole, lofty Fairfield, and along part of the old Roman road, by the hamlet of Peak Forest, whose chapel was once

Lytton Dale.

much resorted to by runaway couples, and by Tideswell's curious intermittent spring, brings us to the side of Mam Tor, or the Shivering Mountain. It is so named because

Chee Tor.

the shaly strata of which its precipitous face is composed are constantly crumbling away under the action of frost and heat. The carriage-road sweeps round the flank of this

lofty hill, and commands a lovely view over Castleton Dale, which lies spread out below. On the right hand, bare limestone crags guard the vale; on the left are softer slopes and sunnier pastures. Above the village rise, on a bold, commanding bluff, the ruins of Peveril Castle; the keep and portions of the walls yet remain, and are fine specimens of Norman work. It has been royal property from a very early date, and now forms a part of the estates of the Duchy of Lancaster. A supposed descendant of its first owner, William Peveril, an illegitimate son of the Conqueror, figures, it will be remembered, in the pages of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Peveril of the Peak."

But Castleton is more famed for its caverns than for its castle. Three of these are of unusual grandeur and interest. First and nearest is the Peak Cavern, perhaps the most noted in England. For though the interior may be equaled by several, none have a more impressive entrance. A huge archway in the cliff admits at once to a long hall or corridor, which runs for a hundred yards into the mountain. This, at the entrance, is forty feet high and thrice as wide. Gradually the hall contracts to a mere gallery, and the rest of the cavern consists of a series of chambers, linked together by narrow passages. The stream, by which the cave has, doubtless, been excavated in the course of ages, still runs through several of these; and in one place forms a little pool, crossed by a punt, and suggestive of the Styx. At last we reach a bell-shaped chamber, called, from its shape, Great Tom of Lincoln, after which the track of the stream cannot be followed further into the mountain. The Blue John Mine, which lies nearest to Mam Tor, also presents some fine chambers, lined in places with clear stalactite; but it only differs from other caves by its connection with the mineral after which it is named. This variety of fluor-spar—crystals of which are common in many parts of Derbyshire—here occurs in massive veins in the limestone rock, and is largely worked for ornamental purposes. But more impressive than either is the Speedwell Cave, discovered in driving an adit for a mine. After tunneling for more than three furlongs into the rock, and spending eleven thousand pounds, the company obtained this cavern, and nothing else, for their labor. Interesting as it is, one may doubt if the shareholders were particularly gratified. A flight of steps leads to the mouth of the tunnel, along which flows a subterranean stream. Ascending this in a boat, we are at last landed on a sort of ledge or platform in the cavern—a huge fissure, running obliquely upward into the mountain, and downward into the depths of the earth; the rocky walls rise above, far beyond the gleam of torch or Bengal light; even rockets, it is said, have been discharged up into this lofty dome, and in exploding have scattered around their "coruscations as freely as if ascending simply beneath the vault of heaven." Below yawns the fearful gulf, black and unfathomed, into which the stream plunges and is lost to view. From near the Speedwell cavern a cross-country route leads into Middleton Dale, a long narrow glen, celebrated for the beauty of its cliffs. Chief among these is a huge mass called the Castle Rock, a vast curtain wall, flanked by two bastion-like projections, and

HIGH PEAK CAVERN, DERBYSHIRE.

built up, as with a rude masonry, by layer on layer of gray limestone. Hard by, as may be seen, one solitary crag rises from the verge, a natural watch-tower in this fastness of Nature. Further down the dale is another fine cliff called the Lover's Leap, which, rather more than a century since, was the scene of a tragedy somewhat similar to that fabled leap of Sappho from the Leucadian Rock. A young woman had set her affections upon a neighbor lad, who, instead of returning them, repelled her advances with disdain. In despair, she sought death by leaping from the summit of the precipice; but the brushwood which grew from its crevices broke her fall, and saved her life for a time. The injuries received were, however, severe enough to cripple her, and, after

Peveril Castle.

lingering for about two years, she died, resigned and penitent. Notwithstanding the too numerous traces of mines and limeworks, the scenery of all this district is of the highest order, and the visitor will be tempted to loiter among the wooded recesses of Middleton Dale before he turns up the lateral glen leading to Eyam.

Few villages in Derbyshire are more interesting than this, the scene, in the seventeenth century, of a terrible outbreak of the plague, and of heroic devotion on the part of its pastor, William Mompesson. The disease was conveyed thither, it is said, in a box of clothes, the year after it had ravaged London. Mr. Mompesson was greatly beloved by his flock, who by his influence were prevented from taking flight and carrying the contagion about the neighborhood. By the aid of the Earl of Devonshire an arrangement was made with the neighboring villagers, who, at certain times, brought food and other necessaries, and left them at appointed spots on the hills. Thus the village was successfully isolated and the plague staid. Whatever could be done to check its progress

within Eyam was attempted; and, in order to avoid the ill effects of crowding the people together, the Sunday services were held in the open air upon the hillside, an arched rock making a pulpit, about which the congregation gathered. But the pestilence raged throughout the summer, and, to quote Mr. Mompesson's own words, "Our town

Middleton Dale.

has become a Golgotha—the place of a skull; and, had there not been a small remnant of us left, we had been as Sodom and Gomorrah. My ears never heard such doleful lamentations, and my eyes never beheld such ghastly spectacles." Two hundred and fifty-nine persons died. Among them, unhappily, was his own wife, who had insisted on remaining with her husband through this terrible trial. She is buried in the churchyard

beneath an altar-tomb, which is placed a few yards from a fine old cross. This is one of a type not uncommon in Derbyshire, other good examples being found at Ilam and Bakewell; they date from about the eleventh century—some, perhaps, being rather earlier. On the west coast of Britain, and in the Isle of Man, they are yet more abundant, and have given rise to some curious theories. One ingenious antiquary, about a dozen years ago, fell to interpreting the ornamentation as hieroglyphics, and satisfied himself that one at Kirk Michael was set up by a colony of Cuthean priests shortly after the Noachian deluge, and recorded the date of that event!

Hence we may return into the fertile valley of the Derwent, where, before long, the rich masses of woodlands show that we are approaching some one of the stately homes of England. Here is Chatsworth, commonly called the Palace of the Peak, a vast mansion in the Italian style, the principal residence of the Duke of Devonshire. We must not linger now, even to glance at the many art treasures which it contains—exquisite statuary, choice pictures, vases, marbles, and delicate carvings in wood; or at its magnificent conservatory—the precursor of the Crystal Palace; its fountains, and its gardens. Every guide-book gives a long catalogue of these, so we must content ourselves with advising all who can to go and see them, which, owing to the liberality of his grace, is not usually difficult. After passing Chatsworth, a journey of some three miles down the valley of the Derwent leads us to Rowsley, whence, our wanderings ended, the railway will convey us either to Buxton or to Derby.

Depedale, better known as Dale Abbey, has no connection with the limestone region more commonly associated with Derbyshire, but may be taken as a type of the scenery frequent in the outer margin of the country; and, indeed, in several parts of the Midland district. It lies in the neighborhood of the Nottingham border, some eight miles to the east of Derby, among the low hills that drain into the valley of the Erewash. Quitting Derby, the road mounts rapidly from the level meadows by the Derwent till an upland plateau is gained, over which it runs through richly-wooded scenery, at times seeming almost a continuous park. It commands lovely views over the valley of the Derwent, and across a shelving, gently-undulating region toward the south, where mile after mile of rolling fields and woodlands stretches away till at last the lines of the Charnwood Forest hills rise blue in the distance. At length, as the view begins to widen toward the east, we reach the edge of a declivity, and Depedale lies spread out before us. It is a silent, world-forgotten spot—a little village, with crooked lanes, and houses scattered about hap-hazard and almost smothered in orchards. Its history may be briefly told, as it is gathered from the chronicle of one of the Canons of the Abbey, Thomas de Musca, who lived in the fifteenth century; it also forms the subject of a ballad by the Howitts. About the beginning of the thirteenth century, there lived in Derby one Cornelius, a baker, who, like his namesake of Cæsarea, served the Lord zealously in prayer and almsgiving. Falling asleep on a certain day, the Virgin Mary

appeared to him in a vision, and bade him, if he would be perfect, leave all his worldly goods and betake himself to Depedale, there to serve her and her Son in solitude and prayer. Thither he wandered, guided by an accidental direction, which he received as a

Eyam Cross.

sign from heaven, and, in a little cave scooped out from the rock, worshiped God in fastings and prayers night and day. The Lord of Ockebrook, on his return from Normandy, came upon the recluse while he was out hunting; and, being moved by compassion at his miserable state, granted the spot to him, and gave him tithe of the mill of Burgh for his support. After discovering a spring in the lower part of the valley, and so securing a supply of water, from the want of which he at first had

suffered much, he built there an oratory; and, after many sufferings, departed this life, being found by a pilgrim lying dead on the floor of his cell. The site of the abbey was fixed by one Uthlagus, who, in a dream, saw a golden cross planted on that spot.

Depedale Church.

Once it must have been a fine building; now, only a single arch of it remains, which is to be seen standing alone in a meadow near some blasted yews; but many fragments which are incorporated into the neighboring cottages have evidently once formed part of its buildings.

At a short distance, just on the other side of the valley, stands Depedale Church, certainly one of the quaintest structures in England. One roof covers both a church and a farmhouse; and, viewed from the outside, it is no easy matter to say where the

one ends and the other begins. The right-hand side is clearly a house, an old, black-timbered dwelling, with roses blooming on the walls; the left hand is a gray-stone church; but the middle appears to be a kind of neutral territory, for over a doorway, obviously belonging to the latter, there are a gable and windows hardly less suggestive of the former. The churchyard, however, as is appropriate to the domain of all-conquering Death, spreads out on both sides, and hems the garden of the house into a tiny strip against the front door. The interior of the church is even quainter than the exterior. There are, I suppose, a few—but there must be a very few—smaller in England. There is a little nave, a little aisle, a little chancel, and a little gallery, which is reached from the outside. It is crowded with ramshackle old pews, like packing-boxes, which are stuck about just as they could be contrived. But the chancel—which is separated from the body of the church by an old oak-screen—is the oddest place of all. In the north-east angle is the pulpit, a rather tottering Jacobean structure; immediately under the east window is the reading-desk; and beneath a small, "squint"-like window, driven, no doubt, in modern times, through the angle of the wall, is that for the clerk. Pews run along the north side from the screen to the chancel. The communion-table is immediately beneath the reading-desk, being nothing else but the lid of a low cupboard or box of painted wood, and the north end of the table is here unattainable. The basilica arrangement of facing west, though that occupied by the reader during the previous service, is apparently impracticable during the communion-office, so the celebrant must choose between adopting the "eastward position" or standing at the south end of the table. Disappointing as it may be to those who are on the lookout for arguments in favor of the former, we fear that, so far as one can judge, the "use" of Depedale is in favor of the latter, this being the only spot where it is possible to stand without great inconvenience. Here also is placed against the wall a huge carved chair, looking out of all proportion to the size of the church. This is the bishop's throne, for tiny Depedale has the rare dignity of possessing a lay bishop, as a tablet on the opposite wall informs us, which is erected to the memory of "Philip Henry, Earl Stanhope, of Chevening, in Kent, Lay Bishop of this Church. Died March 2, 1875." A large square pew occupies the southwest angle of the chancel; and this completes all the ecclesiastical arrangements of Depedale Church. We fear it sounds like heresy to say so, but we could not help hoping it would be long before the hand of the restorer would be laid upon this exceedingly odd—and ritualistically improper—little place. An old incised alabaster slab reared against the west wall, and a curious, carved font, taken from the ruined abbey and placed unwisely in the churchyard outside, were all the other remarkable things which we saw.

The ground rises rapidly immediately behind the house, so that some of the farm-buildings are excavated in the scarped face of the sandstone rock. Hence a path along the slope leads through a wood to the Hermit's Cave. Once the haunt of pilgrims, it

The Hermit's Cave, Dedale.

is lonely enough now, for strangers are not common at this Old World spot. It is excavated in a little cliff of sandstone rock, some thirty feet or more above the bed of the valley, being one of those troglodyte houses so common in the same rock at Nottingham—a

survival of our ancestors, the Cave Men. There is a little shelving plateau in front of the door, and then the ground slopes rapidly down to the grassy meadows below. The bank is overgrown with trees—oaks, thorns, elders, and hazels; old limes have planted themselves on the edge of the scarp, and thrust their snaky roots along the joints of the rock; a cluster of yews gives a darker shadow among the bright-green tints of the young leaves; and peeps of meadows and distant slopes of corn-land are caught through the branches, with (alas! that it must be said) the smoke of collieries.

The cell is a single chamber, about sixteen feet by seven, with a flattened barrel vault, lighted by two windows, roughly hewn and rudely pointed, and entered by a doorway of the same fashion. From its appearance, we suspect that it has been somewhat altered since the days of Cornelius, the first hermit; but the architectural features are so obscure that it is very difficult to assign a date to the excavation. A rude cross is incised on the wall at one end; and there is no other sign of decoration. The windows were probably once closed with shutters, and there has been a door; but all wood-work is now gone. In its present condition, it is chiefly suggestive of damp and rheumatism; and the poor man, who began life in a bakery, must have made an uncomfortable ending of it.

In Depedale.

EDINBURGH, AND THE SOUTH LOWLANDS.

Holyrood Palace.

THE scenery of Scotland, on which Wordsworth and Scott have written so much and so vigorously, is most singularly varied in its character. It has been said that hundreds, even thousands of parishes, in the sister kingdom so resemble each other in their pastoral softness of landscape, verdure, and fertility, that a graphic description of one might be superscribed in succession with the names of many; but, in Scotland,

BIRKET FOSTER, PINXT

T. HEAWOOD, SCULPT

Edinburgh, from Calton Hill.

D. Appleton & Co

so broken and diversified is the surface of the country, so much is it intersected by salt lakes and other great arms of the sea, that each and all of its districts—with a few excepted—have individualities of feature peculiarly their own; for there will be found vast mountain-tracts as dreary, desolate, and stern, as the fabled land of Cimmeria, and others as lovely and sylvan, or as magnificently picturesque, as ever poet sang or painter dreamed of.

The whole country, as to its mainland, naturally and distinguishably forms two divisions—the Highlands and the Lowlands—the sceneries of which are strongly different; while the almost unnumbered isles possess, though often bleak and storm-beaten, a rough and rugged beauty of their own.

And much of the diversity of scenery to which we refer is perceptible in the nature of the hill-ground over which the city of Edinburgh is spread. No city in the world can present a grander or more varied prospect than the gray metropolis of the North when viewed from that commanding point—the Calton Hill—and any description of it in detail would far exceed the limits of our space. "What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere," says one of the greatest of our painters, "I now find congregated in this one city. Here alike are the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli; and here is all the admired magnificence of the bays of Naples and Genoa. Here, indeed, to the poetic fancy, may be found the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis." Wilkie spoke in 1829; since then the "modern Athens" has made mighty strides in every direction. When viewed from the base of those stupendous Grecian columns which form part of what was to be a monument to "The glory of God and the Scottish soldiers who fell in the war with France," one cannot fail to be impressed by the wonderful combinations of beauty produced there by art, by Nature, and by chance. Before the eye stretches the long vista of Princes Street, till tapered spire and dusky dome seem to blend with the green ridges of Corstorphine. There is all the quick life of to-day; but beyond the valley with all its bridges, and the straight bank of the Earthen Mound, with its white Grecian edifices, rise, rugged, gray, and dark, the wondrous ridge of the ancient city, and the castle on its rock, looming dark and vast; and over both hover the august traditions of an old and warlike kingdom. High over the ridgy steep rises St. Giles's airy crown, from where, in all its grim and picturesque beauty, the old city looks down upon the new. "Two times are brought face to face," says a writer, "and yet are separated by a thousand years. Wonderful on winter nights, when the gully is filled with darkness, and out of it rises, against the sombre blue and the frosty stars, that mass of bulwark and gloom, pierced and quivering with innumerable lights—a city rises up before you, painted by fire on night." High in air a bridge of lights leaps the chasm; a few emerald lamps, like glow-worms, are twinkling about in the railway-station below; a solitary crimson one is there. That ridged and chimneyed

EDINBURGH, FROM NELSON'S MONUMENT.

bulk of blackness, with splendor bursting out at every pore, is the wonderful Old Town, the centre of Scottish history.

By night, the castle and its rock—

> "Where trusted lie the monarchy's lost gems,
> Since Fergus, father of a hundred kings"—

are always involved in sombre blackness and gloom; but by day they look down upon the double city with something of stern peacefulness. The rock with its brown cliffs, trees, and bushes, and the fortress with its gray batteries, cast a deep shadow at noon over those beautiful gardens where the children gambol, and the railway-engine sends up its echoed shriek; but grander still are all the effects of the broken masses of light and shadow when the golden sunset is fading behind the dark hills of Corstorphine.

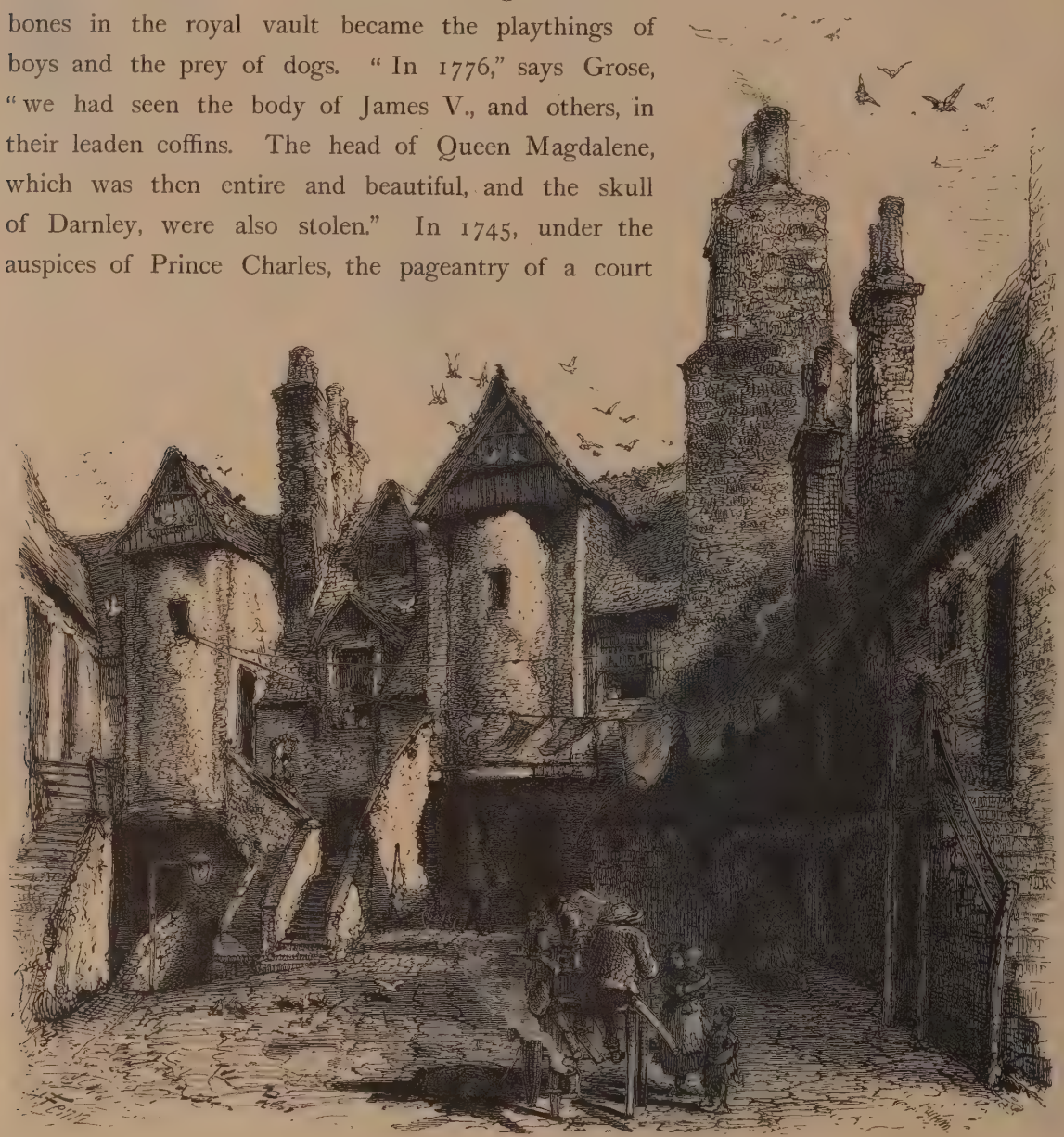
From Princes Street northward, the eye wanders over a vast wilderness of roofs and spires, to the villas, woods, and gardens that are bordered by the blue Forth, studded with sails and the smoke of funnels, to where, in the distance, faint and dim, lie the far-stretching shores of Fife, with all their headlands, bays, and promontories.

Southward, the eye wanders from the undulating ridge of the Pentland Mountains, the wooded crest of Craiglockhart, the round hill of Blackford, and the pastoral glens of Braid, to the singular mountain that, like a couchant lion, seems to watch the whole, for close at its feet are the cities, old and new, and all that are therein. So well might the Celts of old—the *Caoille-dhonean*, or men-of-the-woods—have called the towering crags close by it "the ridge of the beautiful view," now corrupted to an absurd and alien name.

A visitor to Edinburgh naturally turns first to the Palace of Holyrood, that ancient and royal abode of so many stirring memories.

The time when the Abbey of the Holy Cross became a palace has not been distinctly ascertained. The former had its origin in an alleged miracle. David I. was hunting in the forest of Drumsheugh, the site of ancient and modern Edinburgh, when he was unhorsed by a stag at bay, and would have been gored to death, but a flaming cross came into his hand, whereupon the stag fled. In commemoration of this he founded the Abbey in honor of the Holy Rood, the Blessed Virgin, and all the Saints, in the year 1128. The Chapel Royal, formerly the nave of the Cruciform Church, still exists, a melancholy ruin. In the house Robert III. resided, and James I., for there his queen had twins in 1416. Here James II. was born, crowned, and interred. Engrafted by Charles II., on the older portion, called James V.'s Tower, in which Rizzio was murdered, and the quadrangle burned by the troops of Cromwell, the present palace was built according to plans furnished by Sir William Bruce, of Kinross, the Royal Architect.

James VII. (of Scotland) attempted to restore the remains of the Abbey Church to their old magnificence, and had twelve stalls erected for the Knights of St. Andrew; but the roof fell in on the 2d of December, 1768, and the place was so abandoned to the sacrilegious rabble of Edinburgh that the bones in the royal vault became the playthings of boys and the prey of dogs. "In 1776," says Grose, "we had seen the body of James V., and others, in their leaden coffins. The head of Queen Magdalene, which was then entire and beautiful, and the skull of Darnley, were also stolen." In 1745, under the auspices of Prince Charles, the pageantry of a court



White Horse Inn.

again made Holyrood gay; and there have the scions of the ill-fated house of Bourbon twice sought shelter in the spirit of the Ancient Alliance; and a gleam of sunshine seemed to fall on this old palace of a thousand stirring memories, when George IV. kept court there in 1822, and once again, as in other days, the regalia were borne in triumph through the streets. In the reign of Queen Victoria the precincts, park,

and gardens have been greatly improved and beautified, and many old and unsightly edifices that had encroached on them entirely swept away.

Prior to approaching the palace and ruined Chapel Royal, in descending the Canongate, as we draw near the spot where once stood the Girth Cross of the Sanctuary of Holyrood, within which no debtor, at the present hour, can be arrested, a low-browed archway on the north side of the street gives us access to a gloomy and squalid court, and we find in our front the singularly quaint old White Horse Hostel, with its outside

Tolbooth.

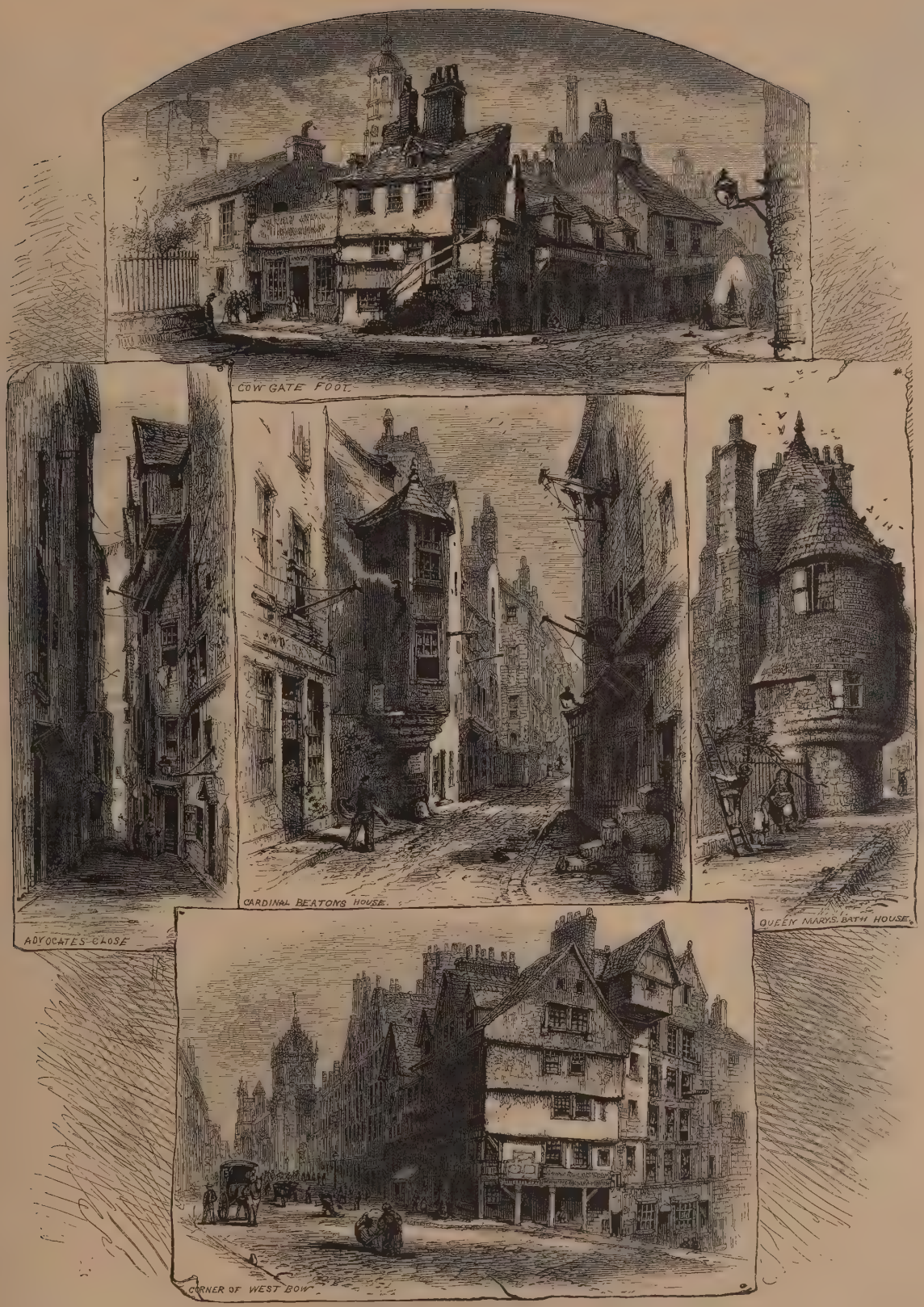
stairs, its mouldering chimneys plastered with oyster-shells, its projecting gables, that terminate in crazy old wooden dove-cots, its projecting dormer-windows, and roofs of stone-schist. A low, dark "pend," or archway, on the right hand of the central stair, gives access to the back, where were the stables in the olden time. Tradition says the edifice took its name from a favorite white palfrey of Queen Mary's, which had been stalled there when the stabling below had been occupied as a mews of the Scottish kings.

Be that as it may, the upper structure of stone and timber, by the date (1603) above the central dormer-window, the pediment of which is composed of three stones, seems of a much later period than Mary's time. The building is much more lofty to the back, and has a range of arches or arcades all built up now; but many a good

fat buck, and many a runlet of wine, must have been discussed in this old hostelry, when the Calton Hill, which its principal windows face, was covered with whin and broom, where the fox, the hare, and the weasel had their lair, unhunted and unmolested. In those old times, as formerly in Germany, a Scottish innkeeper sat at table with his guests; and a note to "Waverley" tells us that "the courtesy of an invitation to partake of a traveler's meal, or at least of being invited to share whatever liquor the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland, even in the youth of the author. In requital, mine host was always furnished with the news of the country, and was probably a little of a humorist to boot." This is the edifice which, in that novel, Sir Walter seems to indicate as the quarters of Captain Waverley and other officers of Prince Charles Edward's army, and which he describes as being kept by Mrs. Flockhart, "a buxom widow of forty."

In Edinburgh, as elsewhere throughout all Scotland, the domestic architecture, ancient and modern, is more foreign in aspect, when compared to that of England, than that of England is to any country in Europe. In towns, a house had usually, of old, an inner stone fabric for solidity, with a wooden front some seven feet in advance, formed on projecting beams, like some still to be seen in Nuremberg and old portions of Hamburg. In Edinburgh, a great interest attaches to these old mansions, says Chambers, because they are "the contemporaries of many of the castles of which we see little more than the ruins throughout the country—the kind of town-house to which our barons migrated for the winter, from such fortalices as Tantallon, Roslin, and Craigmillar." On descending an ancient street called the Pleasance, we come in sight of one thoroughfare, greatly altered now, St. Mary's Wynd, which joins the foot of the Cowgate (or Sou'gate), which, from being a narrow lane between hedgerows, gradually became the Belgravia of Edinburgh, between 1450 and 1513. Three years after Flodden it was closed by a massive gate named the Cowgate Porte. Here the quaint, old, patched, and timber-fronted house at the corner (above which rose the steeple of St. Patrick), was, in 1742, the property of Charles, third Marquis of Tweeddale, and behind it was a large space covered with trees, and called Tweeddale's Garden in Edgar's map. Close by it was the hall of the old College of Physicians, at the foot of the Fountain Close. The steep street called St. Mary's Wynd, near the head of which stood the Temple Bar of Edinburgh—the Netherbow Porte—was so named from a hospital, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, on the western side, adjoining a convent and chapel for Cistercian nuns, no vestiges of which now remain. It was up this street, about a hundred years before the city had walls or gates, that some of Guy of Namur's Flemish cavalry fled in disorder and defeat from the battle on the Burghmuir, in 1335.

Not far from this spot, about the middle of the quaint, narrow, and withal picturesque Cowgate, so striking with all its pointed gables, outside stairs, and odd



BITS IN OLD EDINBURGH.

projections, was the archiepiscopal palace of Cardinal Beaton, who as lord chancellor was obliged to live a portion of the year in Edinburgh. It stood at the corner of the Blackfriars Wynd (which for fully five hundred years was the most aristocratic quarter of the old city), and was long known by its quaint projecting two-storied turret, abutting over the street on six rows of corbels from an octagon shaft. In the adjacent Wynd dwelt the Earls of Morton, the Lords Home, and the princely Earl of Orkney, whose dame, when she rode in from Roslin, was always attended by "seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of nobles, clothed in velvets and silks, with chains of gold." (Father Hay.)

In ascending the Blackfriars Wynd, one side of which has been lately demolished, and turning westward up the spacious and ancient thoroughfare named the High Street, after passing the great cruciform Church of St. Giles, we come upon the site of the ancient Tolbooth.

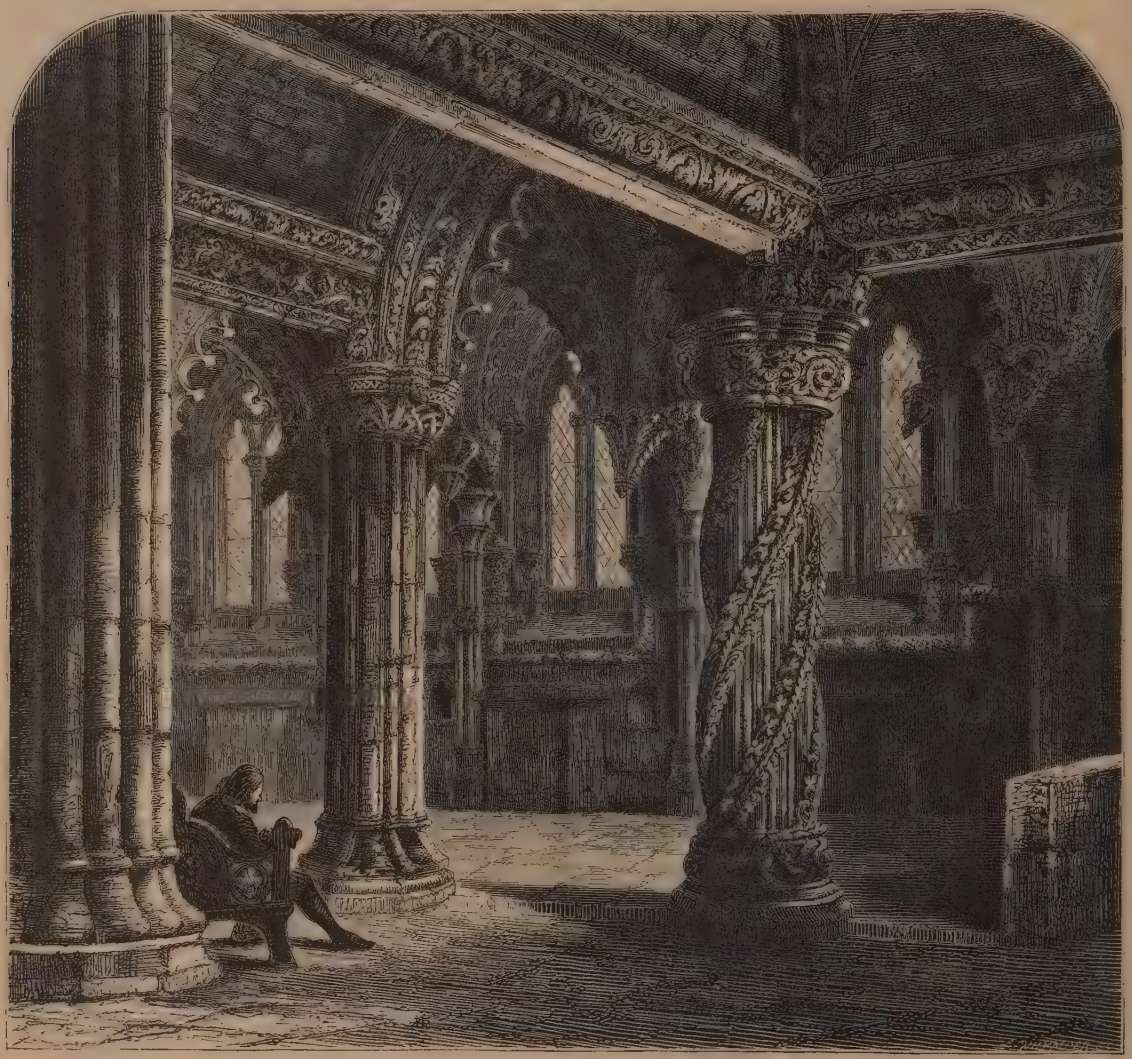
This edifice, poetically named "The Heart of Midlothian," so long the grim abode of sighs, of tears, of torture, and of death, stood in the High Street, at the western end of a narrow pile of buildings, now removed, but long known as the Luckenbooths. This dark-colored, dismal-looking, five-storied pile of tower, turret, and crow-stepped gable, from the eastern platform of which the gallows-beam long projected, was built by the citizens of Edinburgh, in 1561, and was at first destined for the accommodation of Parliament, as well as for the High Courts of Justice, and at the same time for the confinement of prisoners for debt, or on criminal charges; but after 1640, when the present Parliament House was built, it was used as a prison only. Its gateway, through which many a hapless creature has passed to misery and death, is now at Abbotsford, with all its ponderous fastenings. Within it was a chamber called the "Iron Room," a dreary vault of massive stonework, with here and there a rusty chain hanging from the walls; its floor was paved, its door a complicated mass of locks, bolts, and bars. On the principal gable, in 1581, the head of the Earl of Morton figured, on an iron spike; in 1650, there, too, was fixed the head of the gallant Montrose, and, eleven years subsequently, that of his enemy, Argyle; and the same gable was the place of exposure for the dismembered limbs of the many victims of the sanguinary laws of the time. This old edifice has been immortalized by Scott in his delightful novel, "The Heart of Midlothian," in connection with the Porteous Riot, one of the most daring tumults that ever occurred in the city.

Southward of Edinburgh, some seven miles or so, at the eastern base of the Pentland Range, lie Roslin Castle and the House of Hawthornden, amid the finest sylvan scenery in the south of Scotland. The situation of Hawthornden is one of the most picturesque imaginable. With its turrets and pointed gables rising almost like natural terminations of the rocks, the old mansion overhangs the deep and winding glen, and there is scarcely any point of view which does not furnish a completed

Hawthornden.

picture. The associations of the place cluster around the name of Drummond, and his illustrious friend, Ben Jonson, whose journey on foot from London, to pay him a visit, is one of the pleasantest episodes in the literary annals of the Elizabethan age.

Drummond was born at Hawthornden, in 1585, and died there in 1649. With the exception of eight years of travel and study on the Continent, he lived the life of a quiet scholar and author in his beautiful home. His poetry is of too refined and stately an order to have ever attained popularity; but there is no collection of specimens of the British classic poets which does not contain some of his admirable sonnets.



Roslin Chapel.

Roslin Castle and Chapel are in the immediate vicinity of Hawthornden. The visitor is tempted to prolong his rambles amid the rocks, copses, and trees, with the waters murmuring under or beside him; but the mingled voices of History and Romance will call him, ere long, to Roslin.

On a high green bank that shelves steeply down to the North Esk, amid lovely woodland scenery, stands this celebrated little edifice, which is so well known that a minute description of it is almost superfluous. Though generally spoken of now as

if it were merely the chapel of the almost royal house of Sinclair, who were Princes of Orkney and Dukes of Oldenburg, it was intended to be a collegiate church, and was founded in 1446, by William, Earl of Orkney, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, who, in 1461, was the embassador of James III. at the English Court; but only the chancel of the edifice was completed. In style it combines the massiveness of the Norman with the minute enrichments of the Tudor age; but so varied and eccentric are the details, that it is impossible to give the style any distinct definition. The more legitimate types of Gothic are wanting here; but we have a profusion of varied enrichment, over capitals, cornices, pinnacles, and flying buttresses, that quite bewilders the eye; and scarcely any two ornaments are alike. The story that twenty Barons of Roslin are buried here in their armor is used by Scott, powerfully, in his ballad of "Rosabelle;" but Slezer is the first who records the superstition that a mysterious blaze of light fills all this chapel before the death of one of the Sinclair family.

A well-known Scottish writer tells us that he happened, on a clear evening, "to be walking in the neighborhood of Roslin, when he was startled by the appearance, through the branches of the trees, of what seemed a row of bright, smokeless furnaces. It was a fine setting sun shining straight through the windows of the chapel; while otherwise, from the particular point of view, its influence on the horizon was scarcely perceptible. The phenomenon had a powerful effect on the vision, but it was more that of ignition than of sunlight, from the rich red which often attends Scottish sunsets." In some such coincidence may the tradition have originated; but for the coffinless barons we have the authority of Father Hay, who was present at the opening of the vault wherein lies the body of Sir William Sinclair, who was buried on the day the battle of Dunbar was fought, in 1650.

"He was laying in his armor," says the father, "with a red-velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled, except a piece of white furring that went round the cap. . . . All his predecessors were buried in the same manner in their armor. Late Rosline, my gude-father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James VII., who was then in Scotland, and several other persons versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried in that manner." (Hay's "Memoirs.")

Before proceeding north of Edinburgh, after visiting the spots we have described, the tourist would be sorry to omit the singular rock-built fortress of Tantallon. Situated on the coast of the German Ocean, in East Lothian, this old stronghold of the Douglases, though we approach it from the land-side through flat and fertile fields, from which it is cut off by a double moat, from the seaward is quite impregnable; and there its weatherworn front, frowning over the waves, presents an aspect peculiarly desolate and melancholy. Though not of great height, the castle-rocks, over which the

OFF TANTALLON.

BIRKET FOSTER, PINX

JOHN GODFREY, SC

The Bass Rock

sea-birds whirl, are characterized by rugged wildness: they are of the darkest iron hue, and beneath them boils and roars the ever-restless sea, between them and the white precipices of the wondrous Bass Rock, that start straight, abrupt, and sheer out of the water. Preëminent over every other feature in the scene rise these mouldering towers of Tantallon, whose origin is involved in obscurity. They are round and square, not distinct, but running into each other. As Scott has it—

> "Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
> And held impregnable in war,
> On a projecting rock they rose,
> And round three sides the ocean flows;
> The fourth did battled walls inclose,
> And double mound and fosse."

This fortress—which originally belonged to Macduff, Earl of Fife, the prison of the Lord of the Isles, the scene of many a siege, and finally battered by Monk's guns and mortars—has been an irregular hexagon; but when, through the vast gateway, we enter upon the courtyard, we find that the portion toward the ocean has been destroyed; the space is open, and we can see, far along the rugged coast toward the frontier of England, bluff after bluff jutting into the angry waves, each bearing on its summit a ruined stronghold of other times. In this fortress are laid some of the most stirring scenes of "Marmion;" and it was the circumstance of the English embassador, Sir Ralf Sadler, taking refuge here, in his dread of the people who were averse to Queen Mary's marriage with Edward VI., that prompted Scott to connect the castle with the incidents of Marmion's visit. During the rebellion of the Douglases it was besieged by James V., and it is a tradition among soldiers, says Grose, that the old "Scottish March" was composed for the royal troops going to this siege, in which Sir David Falconer, captain of the King's Guard, was slain. "To beat down Tantallon, and make a bridge to the Bass," is an old Scottish proverb, significant of an impossibility.

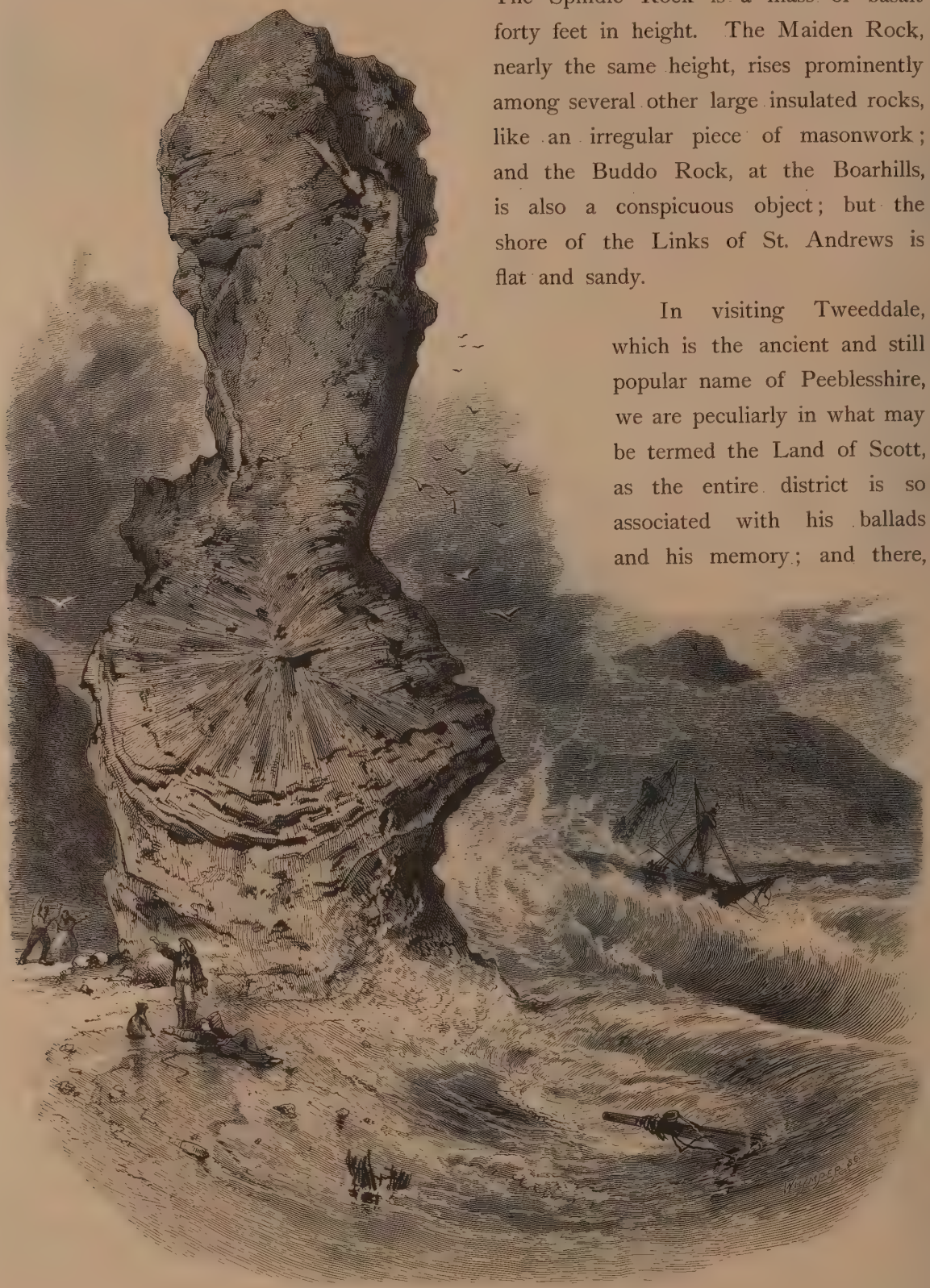
On both sides of the Firth of Forth, where the estuary opens wide, the coast is iron-bound, hollowed into caverns and rocks of the most fantastic form in some instances.

About twenty miles distant, on the shore opposite to Tantallon, we find the most singular of these, called "The Spindle Rock."

This remarkable natural object, so named from some fancied resemblance in its shape to a spindle, stands at Kinkell, about a mile and a quarter eastward of the harbor of the old cathedral city of St. Andrews, in Fifeshire. The German Ocean rolls into the bay here with remarkable force, and often hurls tremendous waves upon the coast, the face of which, in the lapse of ages, though perpendicular and rocky, has been rent and torn into fantastic forms, and in some places hollowed in caverns. One

of these, at Kinkell, of vast dimensions, and eighty feet deep, is frequently visited. The Spindle Rock is a mass of basalt forty feet in height. The Maiden Rock, nearly the same height, rises prominently among several other large insulated rocks, like an irregular piece of masonwork; and the Buddo Rock, at the Boarhills, is also a conspicuous object; but the shore of the Links of St. Andrews is flat and sandy.

In visiting Tweeddale, which is the ancient and still popular name of Peeblesshire, we are peculiarly in what may be termed the Land of Scott, as the entire district is so associated with his ballads and his memory; and there,



The Spindle Rock.

ABBOTSFORD.

amid scenery of singular beauty, within a few miles of each other, are Abbotsford, his home, Dryburgh, his grave, and the magnificent Abbey of Melrose, a central feature in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Yet the Tweed possesses none of the wild romance, the bold and startling groups of picture, or the awful grandeur of the Garry, the Tummel, and the Upper Tay; it is strictly a peaceful and a pastoral stream, that flows smoothly to the sea, amid rich and sylvan scenery.

The famous country-seat of the great Scottish novelist is situated in the south-western part of the parish of Melrose, in the county of Roxburghe, on the southern bank of the Tweed, and a little above the junction of that stream with the Gala; and in taking the road from Melrose to Selkirk we pass close to it.

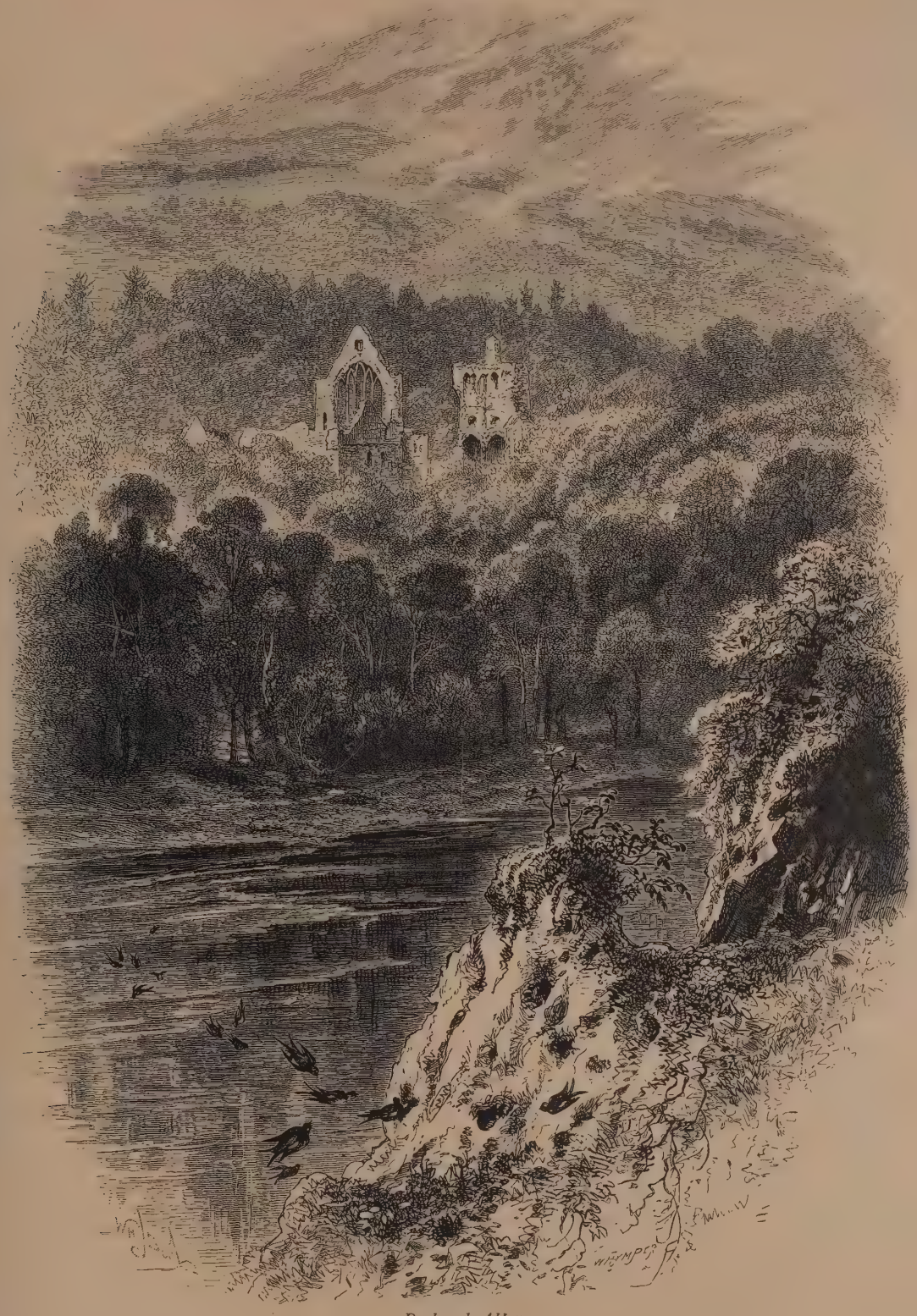
With the exception of the site itself—which overlooks the placid river flowing immediately beneath the terrace of the mansion, and a beautiful *haugh* (a term for which there is no exact equivalent in English) on the opposite bank, and beyond which lie the green hills of Ettrick Forest—Abbotsford owes its name, like all its attractions, to the great Sir Walter. Before this edifice, which has been termed a romance in stone and lime, was built, and all around it made the fairy-scene we find it now, the site was occupied by a humble farmstead called Cartley-Hole. On becoming proprietor, Sir Walter changed the name to Abbotsford, and reared by slow degrees the present picturesque mansion, with all its towers, turrets, and pinnacles, and laid and planted the surrounding grounds with singularly good effect.

On this ground, when it was all wild or pasture land, was fought the battle of Melrose, in 1520, described by him in his "Minstrelsy of the Border," and referred to by him in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and which led to the long and bitter feud between the clans of Scott and Kerr.

Every personal relic of Sir Walter, even to his card-case, is preserved here; and, though the master-spirit has departed, his memory will long continue to cast a halo of consecration about Abbotsford. The chair and bed he last occupied, and the room in which he died, are all unchanged since that solemn 21st of September which Lockhart has described to us, when the faithful valet came to say that his dying master wished to see him, but did not wish his daughters Sophie and Anne to be disturbed, "as they had been up all night;" adding, "God bless you all!"

"About half-past one P. M., Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

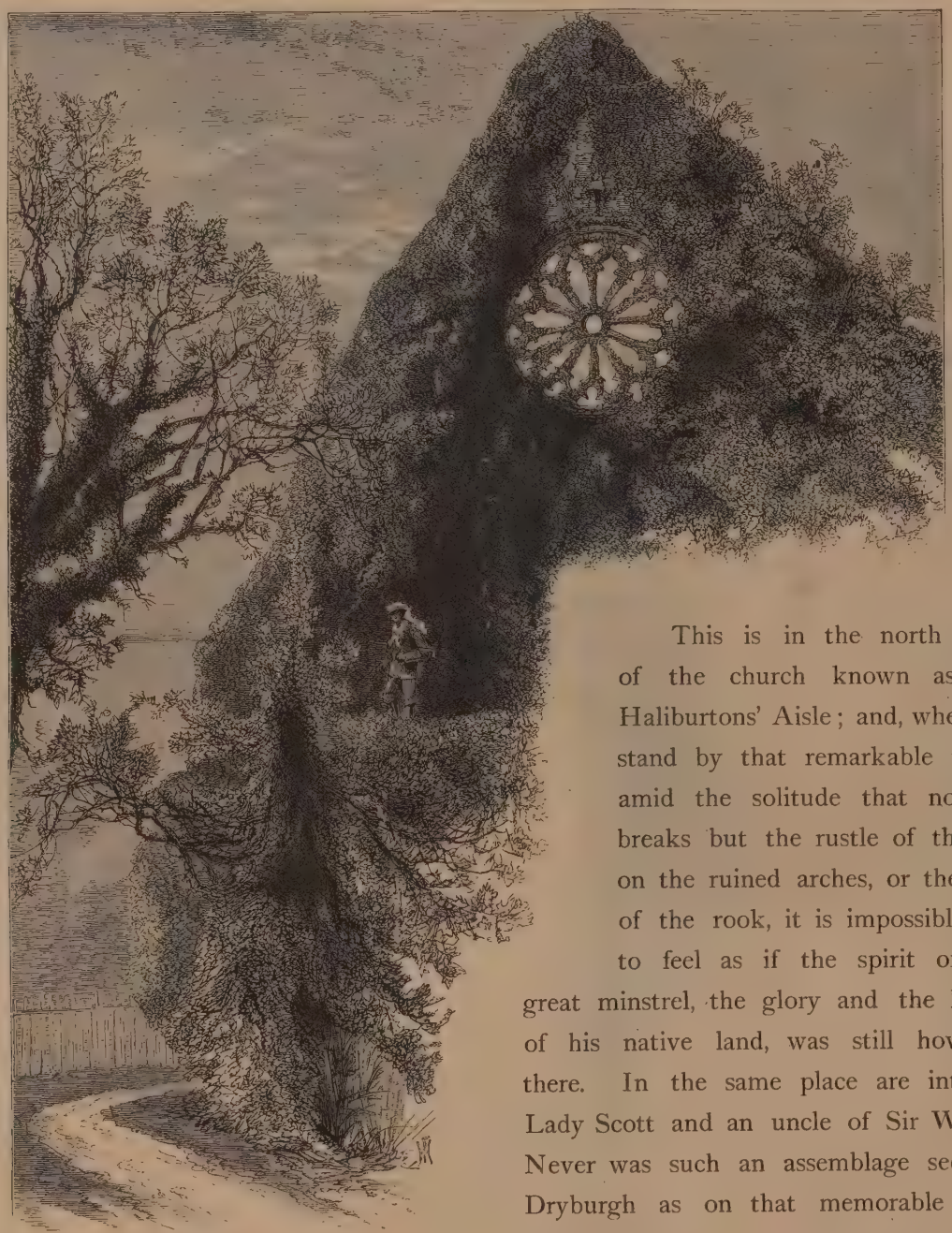
By far the most interesting modern feature connected with Dryburgh Abbey is the tomb of the "Northern Wizard," which lies under the outer fane depicted in our woodcut.



Dryburgh Abbey.

In a tender and touching passage of his simple diary, Sir Walter tells us "how he deposited the remains of the thirty years' partner of his life beneath the turf on

which he had so often sat with her in the sunshine, in the days of happiness and prosperity." Here, too, his own dust was laid, in the very centre of all the glories of his chivalrous genius, with nothing but a plain slab raised over him—the slab that covers the Scottish Shakespeare.



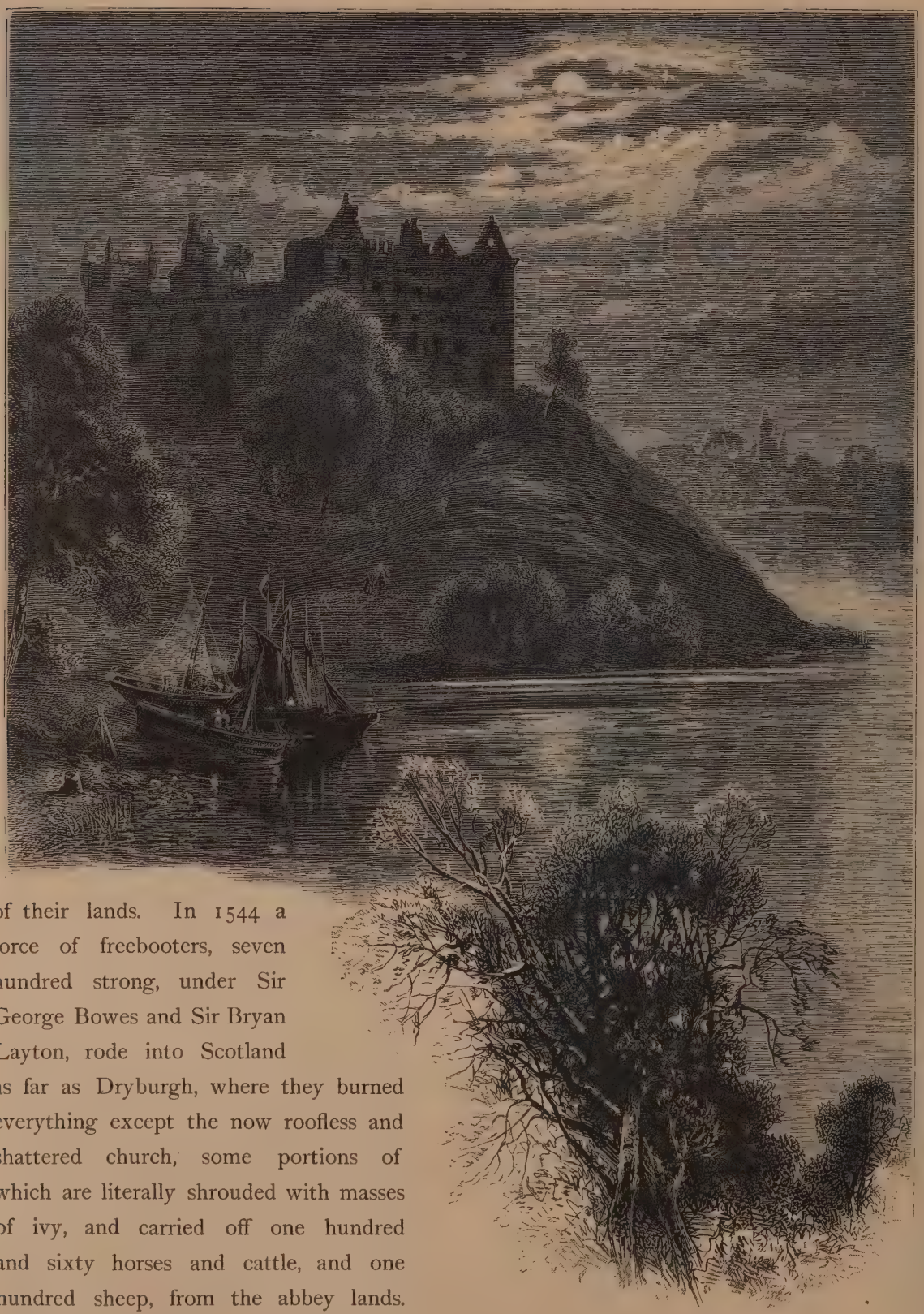
Dryburgh Abbey.

This is in the north wing of the church known as the Haliburtons' Aisle; and, when we stand by that remarkable tomb, amid the solitude that nothing breaks but the rustle of the ivy on the ruined arches, or the caw of the rook, it is impossible not to feel as if the spirit of the great minstrel, the glory and the honor of his native land, was still hovering there. In the same place are interred Lady Scott and an uncle of Sir Walter. Never was such an assemblage seen at Dryburgh as on that memorable 26th of September, 1832, the Wednesday on which he was interred among those gray ruins, the outlines of which are so softly relieved by the tender green of the surrounding orchards.

The tourist who has been at Abbotsford is almost certain to make a little pilgrimage to the hallowed aisle where, under his simple altar-tomb, lies the poet of the feudal ages. The abbey church, founded by David I., at Dryburgh—a name corrupted from *Darrach bruach* (the grove of oaks)—stands amid the most pleasant combination of water, hill, and woodland scenery in the south of Scotland. There the banks of the Tweed are finely cultivated, and the gray monastic ruin rises beautifully among the leafy copsewood. The monastery was founded in 1150, for Premonstratensian monks,

Sir Walter Scott's Tomb.

who came from England, and it was greatly enriched by a Norman noble, Hugh de Morville, who was so great a favorite with David that he made him Lord High Constable of Scotland. The English troops of Edward II., in their retreat, set the monastery most wantonly on fire; but magnificent contributions were given to restore it by King Robert I. This opulent abbey was too near the Border to escape the English marauders, who did not always limit themselves to the capture of fat cattle and fleecy flocks, and it suffered greatly by an inroad made by Richard II.; and so lately as 1522 we find the Duke of Albany complaining to Cardinal Accolti that the monks were greatly tormented by the English, who wasted and destroyed the produce



Linlithgow.

of their lands. In 1544 a force of freebooters, seven hundred strong, under Sir George Bowes and Sir Bryan Layton, rode into Scotland as far as Dryburgh, where they burned everything except the now roofless and shattered church, some portions of which are literally shrouded with masses of ivy, and carried off one hundred and sixty horses and cattle, and one hundred sheep, from the abbey lands. (Morton's "Annals.") By a charter of

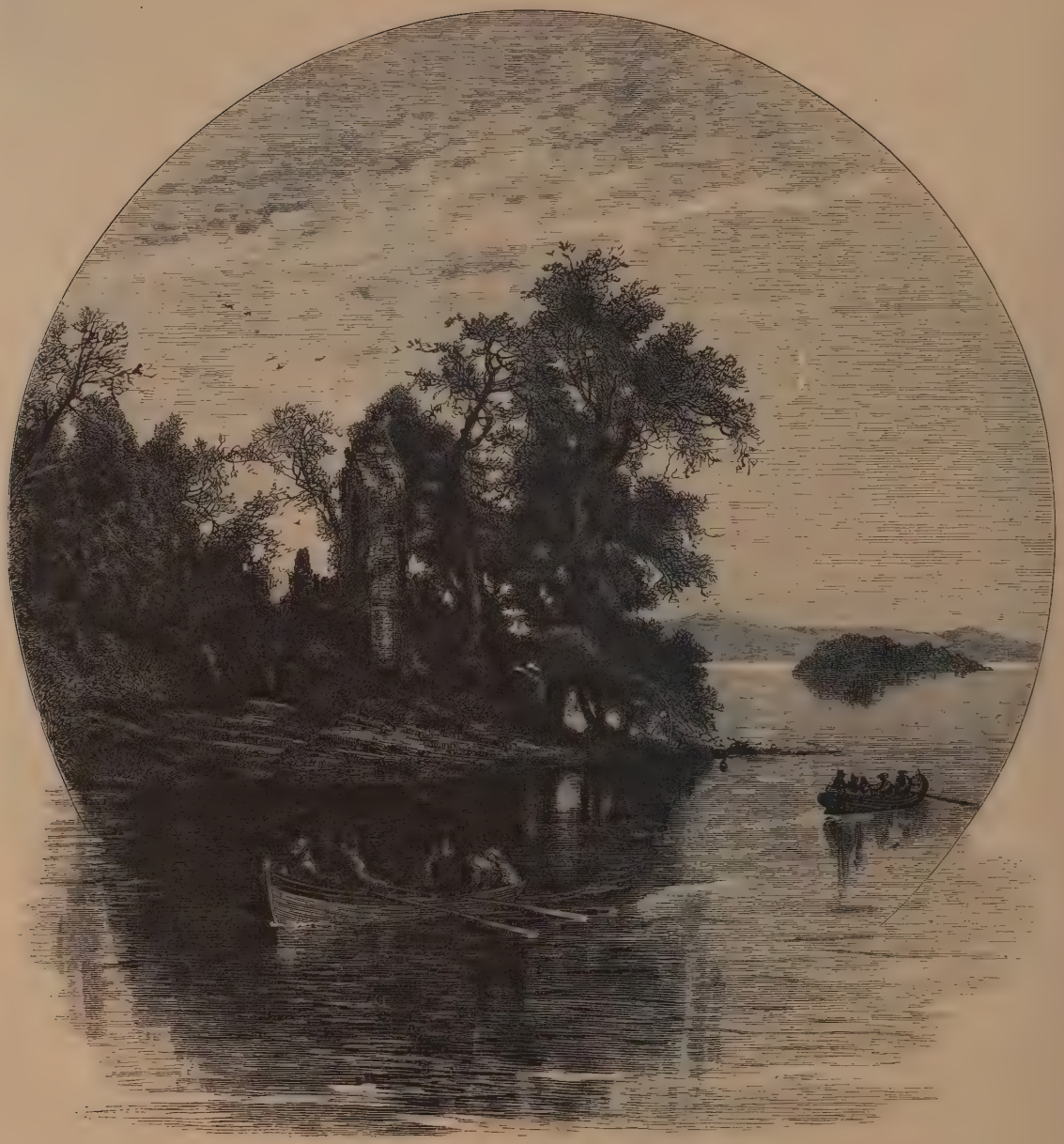
James VI., the domains of the abbey were converted into a temporal lordship in favor of the descendants of the Earl of Mar by his second wife, the Lady Mary Stewart. The portion on which the ruin stands, after having been in possession of the family of Haliburton, was repurchased of its original impropriators, and became the property of the Earl of Buchan.

When we travel by railway between Edinburgh and Perth, we cannot fail to be attracted and interested by the sites and character of the ancient burghs of Linlithgow and Stirling, with their palatial castles. We pass the former on our right hand in approaching the winding Avon, or "crooked stream," as its name imports.

This palace, the most stately and magnificent of the old Scottish royal residences, under the roof of which King James left his weeping queen when he departed for Flodden, and in the western wing of which his hapless granddaughter was born, stands, near the ancient burgh of the same name, on a high green knoll that is nearly insulated by a beautiful sheet of water, whereon the royal swans have floated from time immemorial. Even from a distance, it is evident to the eye that this great and massive edifice is divided into two distinct epochs of architecture. The lofty tower that frowns on the west, bare and utterly devoid of ornament, belongs to the thirteenth century, and has seen much of war and bloodshed; the rest of the quadrangle, which recalls the ruins of Heidelberg, with its floridity of detail, its cusped and mullioned windows, belongs to the days of James IV. and James V. The latter monarch erected the beautiful gateway, above which are carved in four panels his orders of knighthood—viz., St. Andrew, St. George, St. Michael, and the Golden Fleece. The highest summit of the palace is the bower of Queen Margaret, a groined and octagonal tower, accessible from the battlements only; and thence a spacious view can be had of fertile West Lothian, and the high eminence beyond the loch, Cath-ail-righ, now corrupted into an absurd name. "Although less allied with incidents of violence and treachery than our other royal residences," says Billings, in his "Antiquities," "and bearing in general a cheerful summer aspect, as of a place to which our monarchs might retire from sieges in Edinburgh and Stirling, fierce wrangles in Parliament, or murderous tragedies in Holyrood, yet this building is not without its gloomier accompaniments. Deep down at the foot of long flights of broken staircases are many damp, dark vaults, to some of which no ray of natural light penetrates, while the water drops unceasing from the roof, or slips down the slimy sides. In the centre of one of these is a well nearly filled with rubbish. In another, in the midst of some unctuous-looking mould heaped in a corner, many human bones were found lately. Of the fate of the beings of which these were the last relic, even tradition is silent, and the imagination is left at freedom to shape out its own visionary history of horrors.

This stately palace was most infamously burned by Hawley's exasperated cavalry, when flying in rout and confusion from the battle of Falkirk, in 1746.

IRELAND.



Innisfallen.

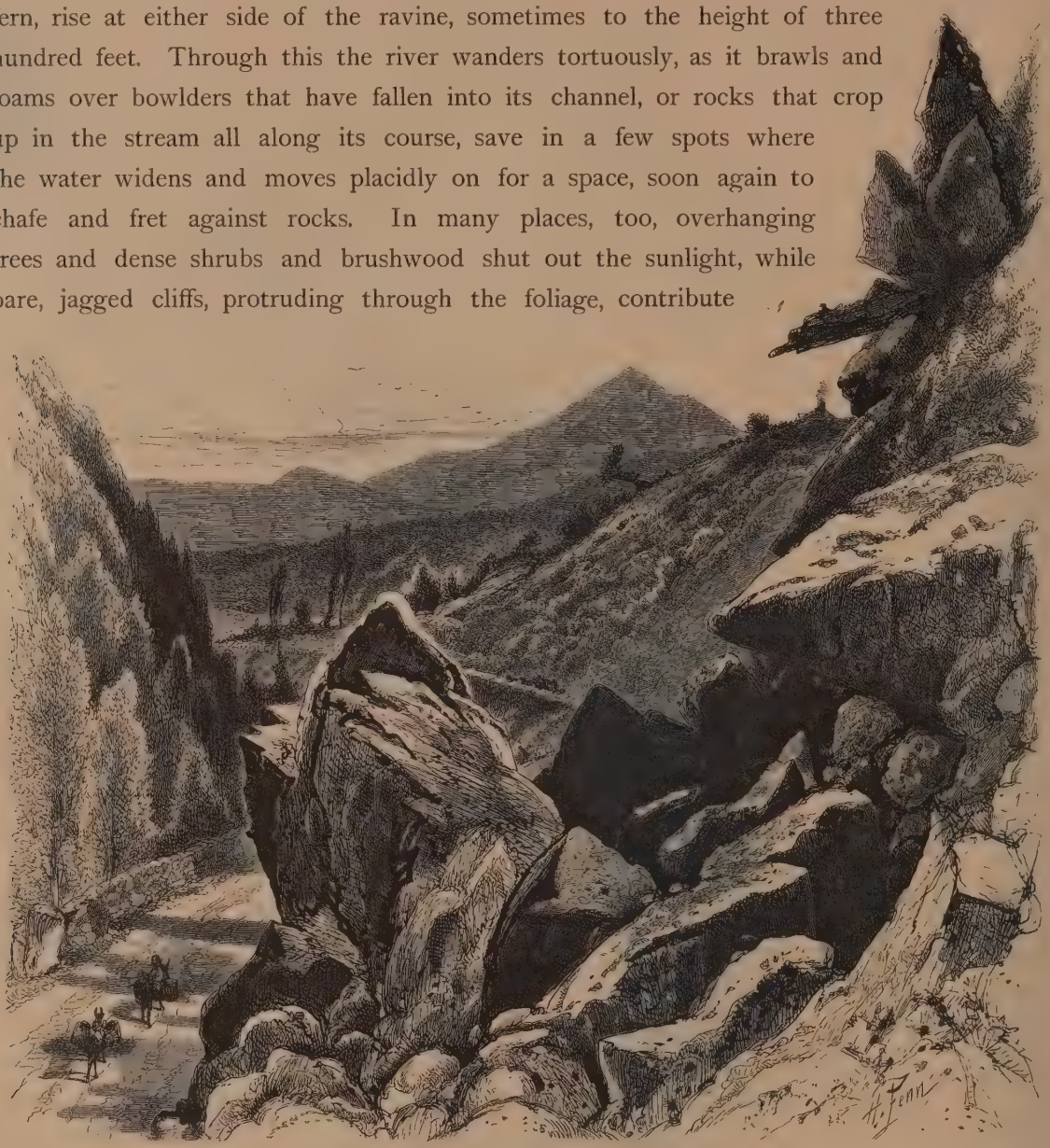
IRELAND presents to the mind and to the eye many subjects for reflection, many objects for contemplation. Full of moral anomalies and of natural diversities, she is to the politician a problem, to the social philosopher a mystery, to the ethnologist a study, to the antiquarian a treasury, and for the lover of Nature she is singularly rich in the variety of her scenery. "There are monuments of antiquity in Ireland,"

says that most vivid of writers, the Rev. Cæsar Otway, "worthy of inspection; there is scenery on which the eye may rest with delight; we have woods, and waters, and glens, and mountains abundantly picturesque, and sufficient to call forth the exertions of the pen and pencil in their description." Here we have races that never fuse, creeds that ever war—the "ingenium perfervidum Scotorum" (for the Irish are the true Scots of history) sometimes leavening, sometimes thwarting, the calmer and more enduring genius of the Saxon. We have an Ulster as different, in the features of the country and the character of the people, from Munster, as England is different from France or Spain. One who visits Ireland has more or less of these facts forced upon him, whether he listens to the legends that linger about localities, or to the sentiments of the people, or looks at the ruins of ancient strongholds, or the structures of modern civilization. Let him bear all this in mind, and many a riddle will be solved, many a mist dispelled.

A range of granite hills separates the county of Wicklow from that of Dublin; but Nature has rent the barrier asunder, and formed an easy highway from the one to the other. The cliffs rise steep and sheer on either side of this chasm; and as you enter the defile from the north you wind round the eastern slope, which is thickly planted with Scotch firs, spruce, and larch, the rock here and there cropping up through the green foliage, yet presenting a striking contrast to the western side, which rises in its almost primeval desolate ruggedness. From the roadside up to its summits are huge fantastic bowlders, which seem ready to topple over on the traveler. This is the "Scalp;" and one might believe, save for the trees, that some shock of Nature had caused that disruption but yesterday. When you have traversed it from the north midway, it is worth while stopping a moment to look around, and to mark how skillfully the road has been engineered, and to see southward beyond you a rich and undulating country, into which that gently-descending road leads—the pretty village of Enniskerry lying snug and sheltered in the foreground; in the middle distance, the hills of the Little and the Great Sugarloaf; and beyond, the range of the Wicklow Mountains, from Douce on the extreme right to Brayhead on the left; the town lying below, with the depression in the centre of the range that marks the pass through the glen of the Downs.

Near the summit of a mountain, in a district peculiarly wild and lonely, lies the dark tarn of Lough Bray. Walled in on three sides, on the fourth is a narrow opening, through which the waters pour down into the valley of Glencore. This is the Glencree River, and it is met in the beautiful domain of Powerscourt by the Glenislorane, whose waters have first leaped down a precipice of three hundred feet, forming, when swollen with rain from the Douce Mountain, the finest waterfall in a county where there are many such. These two, united, are the river which flows through the Dargle, and takes its name. There are many larger glens than the Dargle in

Ireland, for it is little more than a mile in length; but there are none lovelier. Hills, thickly covered with oak and other forest trees, interspersed with holly, laurel, and fern, rise at either side of the ravine, sometimes to the height of three hundred feet. Through this the river wanders tortuously, as it brawls and foams over bowlders that have fallen into its channel, or rocks that crop up in the stream all along its course, save in a few spots where the water widens and moves placidly on for a space, soon again to chafe and fret against rocks. In many places, too, overhanging trees and dense shrubs and brushwood shut out the sunlight, while bare, jagged cliffs, protruding through the foliage, contribute



The Scalp.

to the solemn umbrageous beauty of the scene. As one traverses, on the left side of the river, the paths that thread these woods, he meets a succession of surprises. Here he gets a glimpse of the river amid the trees whose branches hang over it. A little farther on the foliage in summer and autumn screens the stream from view, but it is heard babbling and murmuring along as it frets against rock and tree-trunk, till once more it emerges into light, breaking over masses of granite, above which the spray lingers cloud-like, brawling and chafing on "in a succession of falls, sometimes so

narrow that a child might almost leap across it, and anon widening out into a miniature lake." Near the upper end of the glen is a spot which must be visited. The best view of the whole glen is to be had from it: besides, it is consecrated to romance; for here, from a huge perpendicular crag that almost overhangs the stream, a lover voluntarily found his grave, leaping into the waters below. There are many legends about this "lover's leap," as it is called. One tells of a youth who finds his faithless mistress sitting on the rock by the side of a rival, and in his rage and madness he springs down. Another tells of a maiden who has done to death her true love, and meeting, as she believes, his ghost at the trysting-place, springs down with the phantom into the seething waters. What truth there may be in either tale, who knows? The world is filled with such stories, and "lovers' leaps" are to be found in a thousand localities. It is, however, a curious fact that your lover, when suicidally disposed, invariably chooses one of those charming sites for his performance. When all the mazes of this glen have been threaded on the left side, he who would get a thorough idea of its beauties should see it from the opposite. Let him enter Lord Monck's gate, near Enniskerry, and follow the course of the river downward, along the fine road which that nobleman has constructed, with great taste and judgment, so as to command exquisite views of the river and scenery opposite.

In a dark valley, surrounded by mountains, except on the eastern side, through which a narrow road gives entrance, stand several ruined ecclesiastical buildings and a round-tower. It is a scene grand, desolate, and almost awful; in its silent, death-like gloom—a city of the dead. This is GLENDALOUGH, the "glen of the two lakes," famous as being the site of "the Seven Churches," whose venerable ruins are of great antiquity and deep historic interest. Early in the sixth century, Kevin, a saint of great and austere piety, founded here an abbey. The fame of his holy life attracted multitudes to his mountain solitude. Churches and other buildings grew up around the monastery, till it became, in the words of a modern topographer, "a crowded city, a school for learning, a college for religion, a receptacle for holy men, a sanctuary for the oppressed, an asylum for the poor, a hospital for the sick." The saint, if Ussher's statement be correct, lived here to see all this accomplished, for he had reached one hundred and twenty years ere his bones were laid at rest amid the scenes of his labors. Of the "city," nothing now remains but these silent, solemn ruins; as the name for a portion of ground round which the Avenmore winds, and down to the lower lake, surrounded by a wall, is still known as "the City" of Glendalough. We enter through an archway, and, passing up the narrow paved street, survey this Irish Balbec—mute, dark, ruinous—a scene truly solemnizing. Most of the churches, in a state of greater or less decay, meet our view here. One has stood bravely against the ravages of time; its roof and walls are nearly perfect, and so is the steeple or miniature round-tower that rises from its end. Strange to say, time, that spared the edifice, suffered its

name to perish; and it is now popularly known by the secularized appellation of "St. Kevin's Kitchen," the tower being mistaken for a chimney. The most striking object is a round-tower nigh at hand, one hundred and ten feet high, which, except that it has lost its conical top, is in fine preservation. Adjacent are the ruins of the

The Dargle.

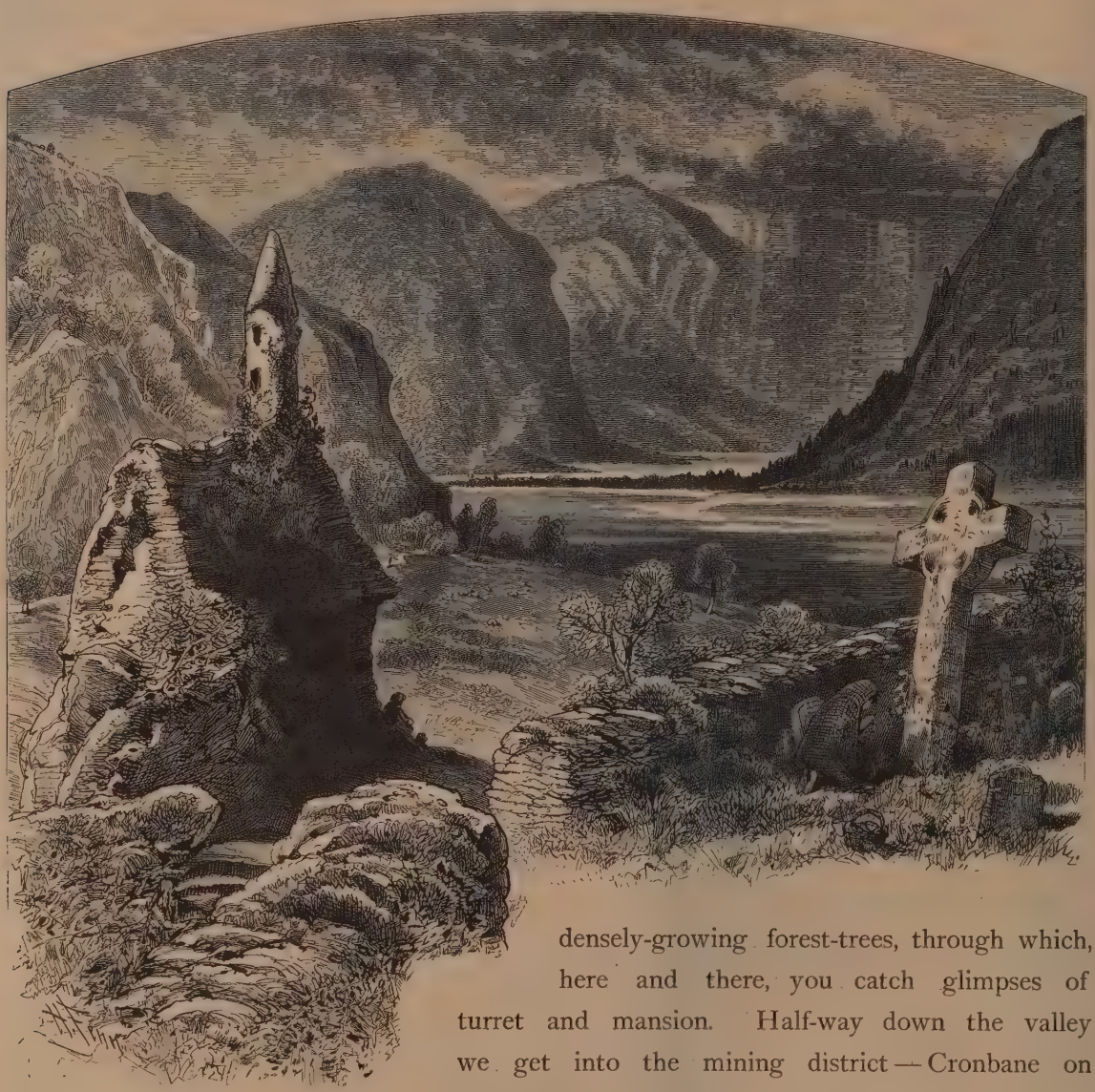
"Cathedral," and the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, and that of the Ivy Church, or Trinity Church, with a fragment of a round-tower near it. The "Chapel of Our Lady" was built too massively to have succumbed altogether, and is worthy of examination. Archdale has given a minute description of it, the huge stones that

formed its doorway, the ornamentation of its architrave. "The walls are carried up with hewn stone, in general of a large size, to about the height of the doorway, and the remainder are of the rude mountain rag-stone, but laid incomparably well."

If there be umbrageous glens, as the Dargle, and gloomy ones, as Glendalough, in Wicklow, so are there bright and sunny valleys, as that of Avoca; and the same stream that ran darkling through the stern solitudes of the Seven Churches, flows through the sunlight that illumines the Vale of Avoca. This valley, "in whose bosom the bright waters meet," has been enshrined by Moore, in one of his exquisite lyrics, that has rendered its charms immortal to every reader. The bard of Ireland has done for Avoca what the minstrel of Scotland has done for Loch Katrine, bringing thousands annually to visit scenes that won such songs from either. Yet it is no bold assertion to make, that if the muse of Moore had never sung of "the bloom of that valley" or the brightness of those waters, yet would "the charm that Nature had shed around the scene" have attracted to it the feet of many a traveler.

From Glenmalure, by the military road, runs southward a little stream, which bears the name of the Avonbeg, or little river. From the lake in Glendalough, running southwestward, through as fair a country as eye can look on, comes down another stream, the Avonmore, or big river. It passes through the town of Rathdrum, and, winding through wood and hill, flows into Avondale, at the southern extremity of which they both meet, forming a still, bright lake; and thence the united stream takes the name of the Avoca. This is the spot that Moore has sung of. There is, indeed, another "meeting" further to the south, in the valley, where the Avoca is met by a turbid river, yellow with the soil washed down from the mineral districts, and so called the Avonbuy, or yellow river, by the people, but better known as the Aughrim River. It is not an unworthy rival of the former; and, for a time, even disputed with the former the honor of being the inspiration of the poet's muse, till he settled the question himself in favor of the former. The Vale of Avoca, properly speaking, extends from the "Lion's Bridge," at Castle Howard, down to Glenart, a distance of about four miles; but the whole valley, through which the river runs to the sea, is very lovely. Throughout its whole length the railway runs, and affords a very good opportunity of seeing its beauties. But railroad flying ill satisfies him who loves to stroll by road and pathway, and to pause when and where he lists, and look about him. The road from Rathdrum to Arklow runs by or near the river all the way; and along it the finest views are to be obtained of the river, winding and gurgling through wooded ravines and rocky hills, till it reaches the first "meeting," upon which, in the graphic words of a modern writer, "the mountains look down—one bleak and barren in the distance, the other immediately above, mixing the dark hues of the fir with the light tints of the ash." Let us pause a few moments to contemplate this scene, especially if it be toward the decline of a summer day,

when the light in the sky is growing mellow, and the shadows are lengthening in the valley. It is a scene of peaceful, almost solemn beauty, not to be often surpassed, not to be readily forgotten; the stream winding away southward, in many a curve, through fertile meadows; the hills trending up and away, rich with the foliage of



Glendalough.

densely-growing forest-trees, through which, here and there, you catch glimpses of turret and mansion. Half-way down the valley we get into the mining district — Cronbane on the east, and Ballymurtagh on the west — the works and cuttings through which give a piquant contrast to the sylvan character of the vale. Moving southward, through woodland scenery, the second "meeting" is reached. The valley widens here, for the two valleys through which the streams wind to their union meet at the "Wooden Bridge" — wooden no longer, for a stone bridge has long since replaced the old picturesque one of timber. Behind the inn, a walk leads to the summit of the hill, whence a fine view is obtained. The two divergent valleys, with their streams

THE VALE OF AVOCA, IRELAND.

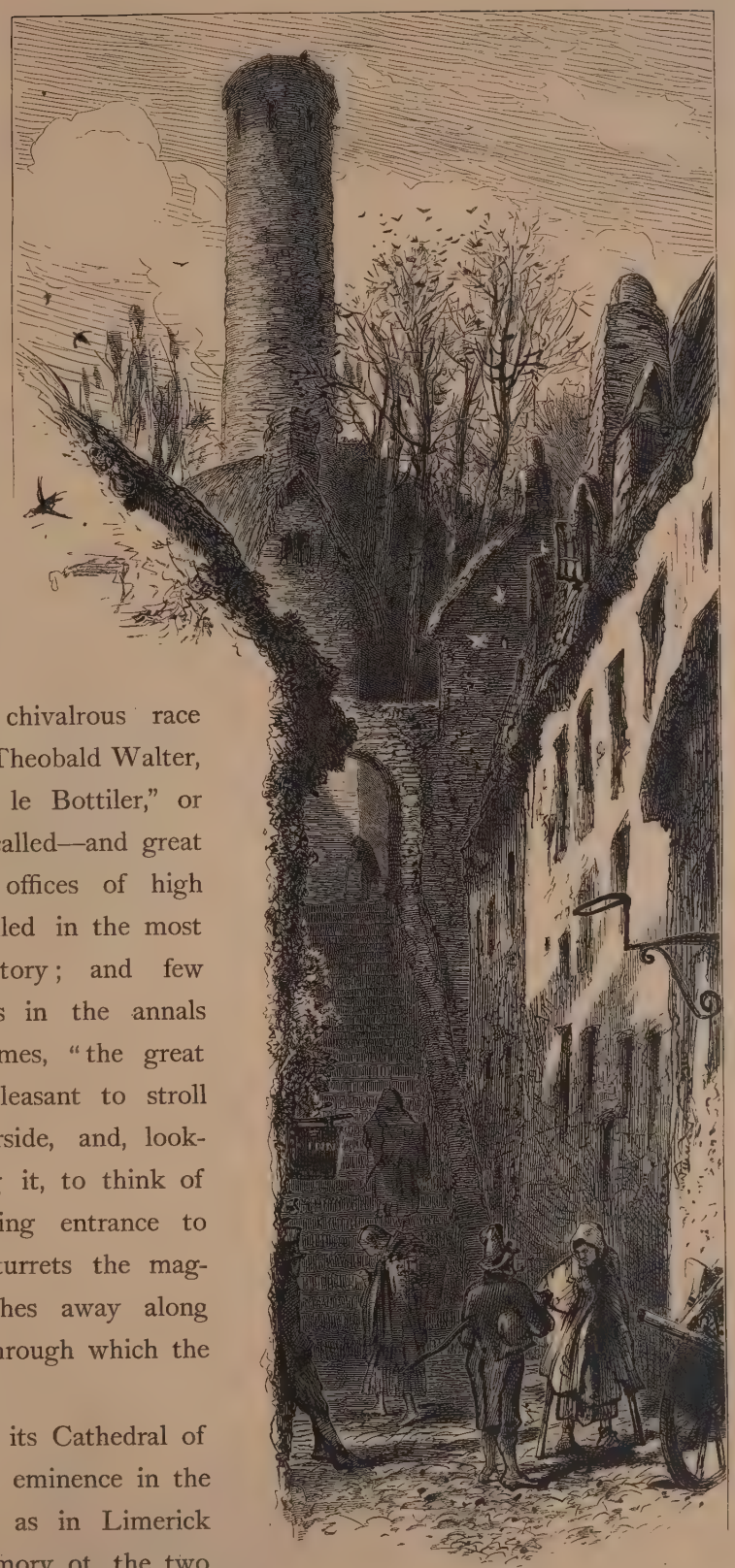
winding through them, the hills wooded to their summits with the richest hues of varied foliage, the verdant pasture-land in the foreground, all combine to form a picture such as the painter loves to transfer to his canvas. Deeper and narrower runs the stream as we descend, denser and darker the trees crowd down to its margin, till we leave the Vale of Avoca to find ourselves in that of Arklow.

Illustrious names and great historic memories belong to the good old town that takes its name from its patron saint, and few are more quaintly picturesque, with its marble-paved streets and antique houses, than the city of Kilkenny. An anonymous tract in Latin, written probably by David Rothe, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory from 1624 to 1641—copies of which are in the British Museum, and the Library of Trinity College, Dublin—thus writes of the city and its Cathedral. We give it in translation: "So this City is commonly called Kilkenny, that is, the fane or cell of Canice (as Mirous rightly hath it), but may, since the recent accession of honors and privileges conferred on it by royal favor, be aptly styled, in composite diction, Canicopolis. Seated on the river Nore, which flows between two marble bridges, distant from each other about two furlongs, its greatest length is from north to south. On the north stands boldly the large and magnificent church, sacred to St. Canice, the abbot; southward, and verging toward the east, rises the castle, or rather fortress, guarded by many castles and bulwarks. From this twofold source sprang the civic community; the temple and the fortress were the nurses of its infancy; the civil and ecclesiastical polities contributing equally to the growth of its buildings."

This description of over two hundred years ago may fairly represent what Kilkenny is to-day, though it would not do so as fitly through much of the intervening time. Time, of course, changed but little the natural scenery, but time and war wrought destroyingly on both temple and fortress, till of late years both have been restored to the state in which they were when the good bishop described them.

The annals of the city do not go very far beyond the English invasion. True it is that in the annals of the Four Masters is recorded, under date of 1085, "Ceall Cainnigh was for the most part burned;" but the late learned Dr. O'Donovan, in his note on this passage, observes that this relates exclusively to the church, and in this he is confirmed by local tradition, and the consent of every writer, except Ledwich. It was around this cell of St. Canice that the dwellings and then the fortress clustered together, and formed the first rudiments of the future city. And so when Richard FitzGilbert, surnamed Strongbow, and his handful of mail-clad followers landed at the mouth of the Nore, he seized the kingdom of Ossory, and enlarged and fortified the stockaded stronghold, which has grown into a noble castle. And what spot could be fitter for his purpose than Kilkenny, "occupying the centre of the rich and pleasant plain which forms the largest and most central position of ancient Ossory, varied by gentle undulations, and watered by the Nore and its various tributaries?" Many a contest has that

fortress-castle stood, and many vicissitudes has it witnessed since. Wrecked by the Irish, and restored in 1207 by William, Earl Mareschal, the son-in-law and inheritor of the title of Pembroke—who also, says Hanmer, "gave the town a charter, with privileges which they enjoy to this day"—in 1391 it passed into the hands of James, second Earl of Ormonde, and in that family it has ever since remained; and it now stands, restored and beautified, a fine and interesting monument of feudal times. A great and chivalrous race were these descendants of that Theobald Walter, Chief Butler of Henry II.—"le Bottiler," or Butler, as he thenceforth was called—and great power did they obtain, and offices of high trust and dignity have they filled in the most eventful period of Irish history; and few names stand more conspicuous in the annals of the land than that of James, "the great Duke of Ormonde." It is pleasant to stroll along the walk by the riverside, and, looking at the castle overhanging it, to think of these things, and then, gaining entrance to the castle, survey from its turrets the magnificent landscape that stretches away along the rich and beautiful valley through which the Nore winds its way.



Street in Kilkenny.

The glory of Kilkenny is its Cathedral of St. Canice. It stands on an eminence in the Irish town (for in Kilkenny, as in Limerick and other old cities, the memory of the two races is preserved by the distinctive districts of

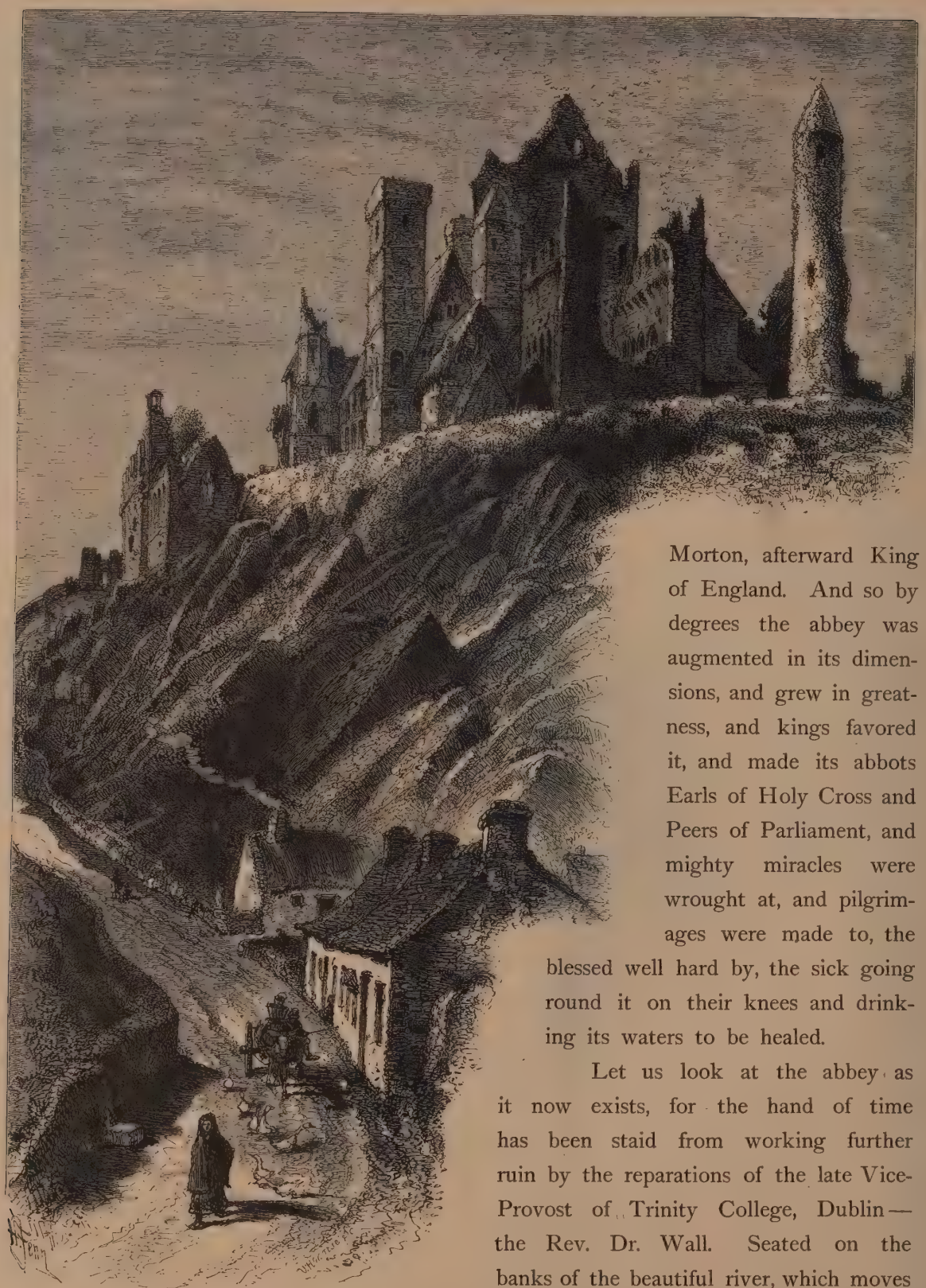
the Irish town and the English town), and commands a fine view. There is a steep, ancient street, with its flight of steps, called "St. Canice's Steps," that leads through an archway into the churchyard. Let us go up and look at the church and the round-tower inside it. In size and splendor of ornamentation it is surpassed by many an English parish church; yet it has its own excellence, which merits attentive study. The structure now existing, and which succeeded the earlier cell of St. Canice, was founded in 1202, ere the "decorated" style in its ornate elegance had been developed, and so it affords a good and chaste example of a pure and beautiful period of the early English style of Gothic architecture not surpassed by any cathedral of the kind existing. It is in the form of a Latin cross, being two hundred and twelve feet three inches long from east to west, and one hundred and seventeen feet across the transepts. From the intersection rises a square tower, whose want of height mars the general effect. It is, however, probable that it was originally about forty feet higher, and that the bell-story was not replaced after the belfry fell in 1332. On the south is the porch, an unusual feature in Irish cathedrals, remarkable for the elegance of its entrance-arch. The side-aisle windows, both on the north and south sides, consist each of two lancet windows surmounted by a small quatrefoil. The south transept is furnished with angle buttresses, and is lighted by four lofty lancets. Eastward is the Lady Chapel, with triple-lancet lights. Then comes the chapter-house, and next the choir, with its magnificent triple-lancet window. On the north are the chapel and the parish chapel, lighted by lancet windows. The north transept is similar to the south; and finally we come to the western gable, which, "with its tall, triple-lancet window and richly-sculptured doorway, its buttresses surmounted by terminal pinnacles, and its tall, cross-surmounted gable," have great architectural merit. Inside there is much to admire, both in the pillars and sculptured ornamentation, and in the arches that support the belfry, and connect the nave transepts and choir. The round-tower is one hundred feet high, and forty-six feet six inches in circumference at the base, and the conical cap has been restored.

St. Canice has had its trials and vicissitudes. Many bishops enlarged and adorned it, but in 1332 the belfry fell, with a great part of the choir, breaking down the side-chapels; "so that it was," according to Friar John Clyn, "a horrid and pitiful spectacle to the beholders." During "the great rebellion," "one Unsill Grace and divers other rebells," broke into the cathedral, and robbed it of everything they could lay hands on. When Cromwell entered the town, in 1650, he stabled his troopers' horses in the cathedral, and Bishop Williams gives a mournful account of all the havoc and enormities committed by those "fanatick limbs of the Beast." And much money and time did it take to restore the ruins. The great renovators of St. Canice were Bishop Pococke in the last century, and Dean Vignoles in this, and it now stands, in its renovated beauty, an enduring monument of their piety and munificence.

In the county of Tipperary there were many monasteries and religious establishments, the ruins of which still attest their beauty. Such preëminently are Holy Cross Abbey and the magnificent group of buildings that crown the summit of the Rock of Cashel. The former occupies a site such as monks of old loved—low-lying, and sheltered by some plenteous river, and in the midst of rich land. And so, as they say, even before the Normans came to England two monks built a cell there. The fame of a

Holy Cross Abbey.

miracle wrought by one of them, by which the hands of four robbers were mutilated, brought many to join these holy men, so that the hermitage soon grew into the "Monastery of the Eight Hands—Manister Oghter Lamham." In process of time a precious relic, supposed to be a piece of the "True Cross," set in gold and covered with precious stones, sent about 1110 by Paschal II. to Murtough, King of Ireland, found its way into the monastery; and, indeed, a relic answering to the description was preserved there from a remote period, and gave the name of Holy Cross to the establishment. Accordingly, when Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, raised it to an abbey for Cistercian monks, and gave it a charter in 1182, which still exists, it was dedicated to the Holy Cross, St. Mary, and St. Benedict, which was confirmed in 1186 by John, Earl of



The Rock of Cashel.

Morton, afterward King of England. And so by degrees the abbey was augmented in its dimensions, and grew in greatness, and kings favored it, and made its abbots Earls of Holy Cross and Peers of Parliament, and mighty miracles were wrought at, and pilgrimages were made to, the blessed well hard by, the sick going round it on their knees and drinking its waters to be healed.

Let us look at the abbey as it now exists, for the hand of time has been staid from working further ruin by the reparations of the late Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin — the Rev. Dr. Wall. Seated on the banks of the beautiful river, which moves peacefully and slowly by, with a backing

of ornamental trees, it is a fine and most interesting relic. In its form it presents a perfect specimen of the Cistercian type, bearing a strong resemblance to the French Flamboyant style, and presenting a marked difference from the buildings of the same period in England. The central tower is low and massive. Its parapet has disappeared. There is a short chancel, and north and south transepts, with two eastern chapels to each. The windows in those of the south transept have very rich and flowing tracery, contrasting strongly with the simplicity of the east chancel window, and that at the west end of the nave. The tower compartment, the chancel, and north transept, are groined. The nave is plainer in style than the rest of the church, and is divided by a partition, pierced by a plain pointed arch, and terminating in a gable, so as to divide the western and eastern parts of the church. One of the most beautiful and curious, perhaps indeed unique, features in the interior is a double arcade of pointed arches, the shafts of which are enriched with spiral mouldings, serving instead of a partition wall between the chapels in the south transept. It is conjectured that the space between the arcades was the depository of the "True Cross," or perhaps the "Waking-place" of the monks. There are many family tombs in the abbey; some of them are very elegant. One is especially beautiful in structure and ornamentation. It stands on the south side of the chancel, and consists of three tall arches, with pillars of black marble, under an horizontal cornice or canopy of delicate work. In four compartments above are five shields, four of which have armorial bearings. Over this tomb of the peaceful dead a controversy of the living not long since raged, one learned antiquarian contending that it was the tomb of Eleanor, daughter of James, the second Earl of Ormond; the other, that of Elizabeth, daughter of Gerald, Earl of Kildare.

"As a monastic ruin," says Dr. Petrie, and few authorities are higher, "the abbey of Holy Cross ranks in popular esteem as one of the first, if not the very first, in Ireland."

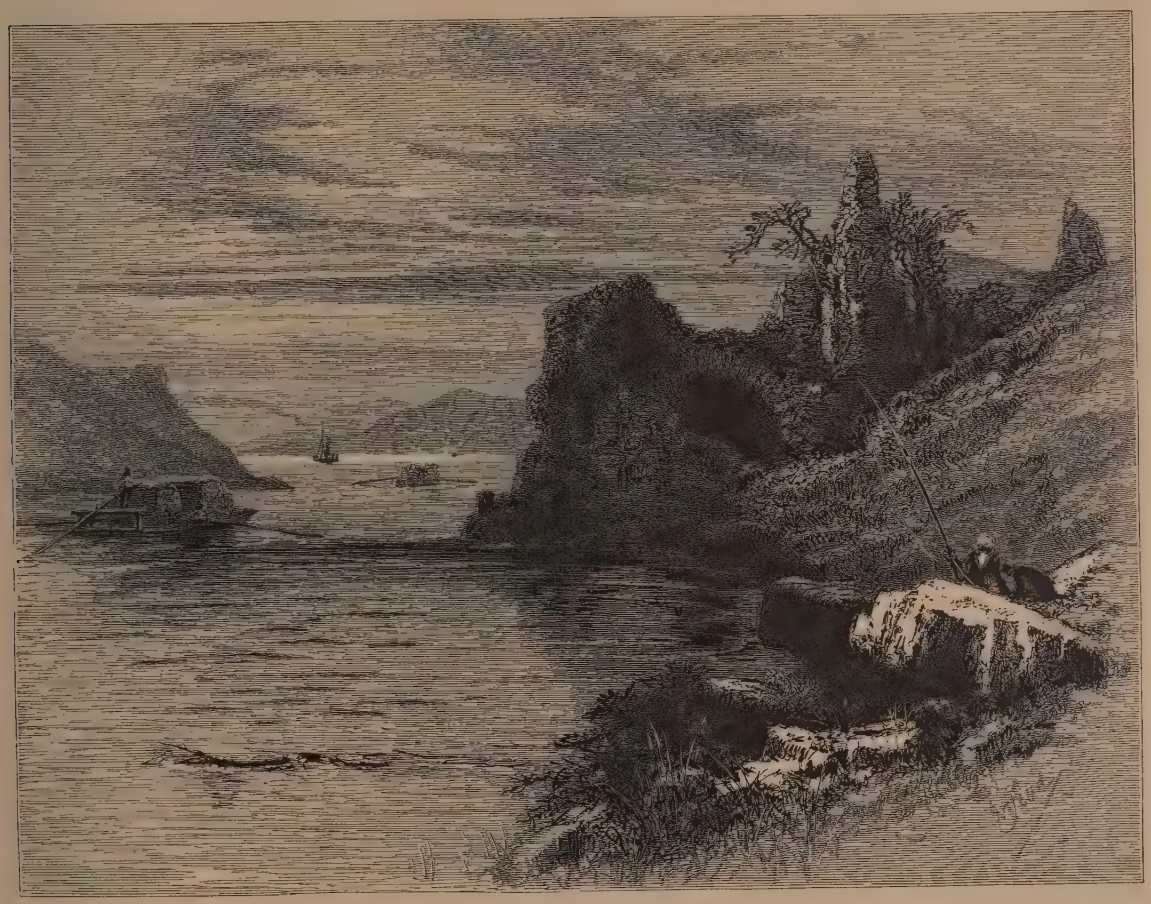
But there are those who do not agree with this judgment, and who insist that Holy Cross and all the other ecclesiastical edifices in Ireland can bear no comparison with the mass of buildings that stand on the Rock of Cashel. The Rock is, indeed, a very singular object, being an elevated detached mass of stratified limestone, rising on one side sheer and high out of the surrounding plain, and on the other sloping steeply up. It is seen from afar in every direction, especially from the north and west, and itself commands from the summit a vast prospect. If the legend be true, that Satan bit this rock out of the mountain near Templemore (as the singular gap called "The Devil's Bit" seems to attest), he gained little by the performance, for St. Patrick was at hand, compelled him to drop the stolen fragment, and dedicated it to the uses of God. Upon this rock—at the base, and creeping upward—is a small town, with little to commend it to notice. Yet this is the ancient "City of Cashel," and long the seat of an archbishop. The city was in existence before the English invasion, and Henry II. received here the homage of O'Brien, King of Limerick, and the clergy. Like other

places, it suffered often during the wars between the English and the Irish. The buildings which occupy the rock, and which, through the exertions of the learned author of the "Fasti Ecclesiæ Hibernicæ," have been largely restored, are: 1. A round-tower of brown gritstone, which is still entire. 2. A small but beautiful stone-roofed church, built of the same material, in what is usually called the Norman style of architecture, built in the early part of the twelfth century by Cormac McCarthy, King of Desmond, or South Munster. 3. Occupying the whole space between these two buildings, and as it were embracing them, is the larger church, or cathedral, which was erected about 1169 by Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, and composed of limestone. These buildings were erected at different periods, and were not exempt from the casualties of war. Indeed, it is recorded that in 1495 the Earl of Kildare set fire to the cathedral, an act which he justified by stating that "he thought that the archbishop was in it at the time." It was natural that the Rock in such times should, in addition to its being nearly inaccessible,

Dromana.

be strongly fortified. The walls of the cathedral were thick and solid, and at its western end, instead of the usual long nave, great western door, and ornamented window, there was built a massive square guard-tower, of great height, resembling the fortified castles which are common throughout the kingdom, and it was evidently erected for purposes of defense. We find, accordingly, that in 1647 Lord Inchiquin, at the head of the Parliamentary forces, took it by bombardment and storm, blowing the roof off the cathedral, and doing other serious damage. And so the mass of buildings continued getting more and more ruinous till, in 1749, St. John's Church in the city was substituted as the cathedral. Of all the buildings in this group, the most interesting is Cormac's Chapel. In its general plan it resembles, in many respects, the earlier stone-roofed churches in Ireland; nevertheless, as a whole, it may be considered unique. It has no eastern window in the chancel, which terminates in an arched quadrangular recess or apsis, nor had it originally a western doorway, while it has a square tower at each side of the termination of the nave at its junction with the chancel, thus forming a cross. Externally, the walls are decorated with blank arcades of semicircular arches springing from

square pilasters—ornaments with various mouldings of the Norman style. The entrance doorways are richly ornamented with grotesque sculpture. Internally, the arches in the chancel are fluted spirally, and richly sculptured. The ceiling is groined, the ribs springing from angles, and is ornamented with four human heads at their points of intersection, and the roofs and sides were painted in various colors in fresco. Taking it altogether, this chapel is as charming a gem in its way as Roslin Chapel.



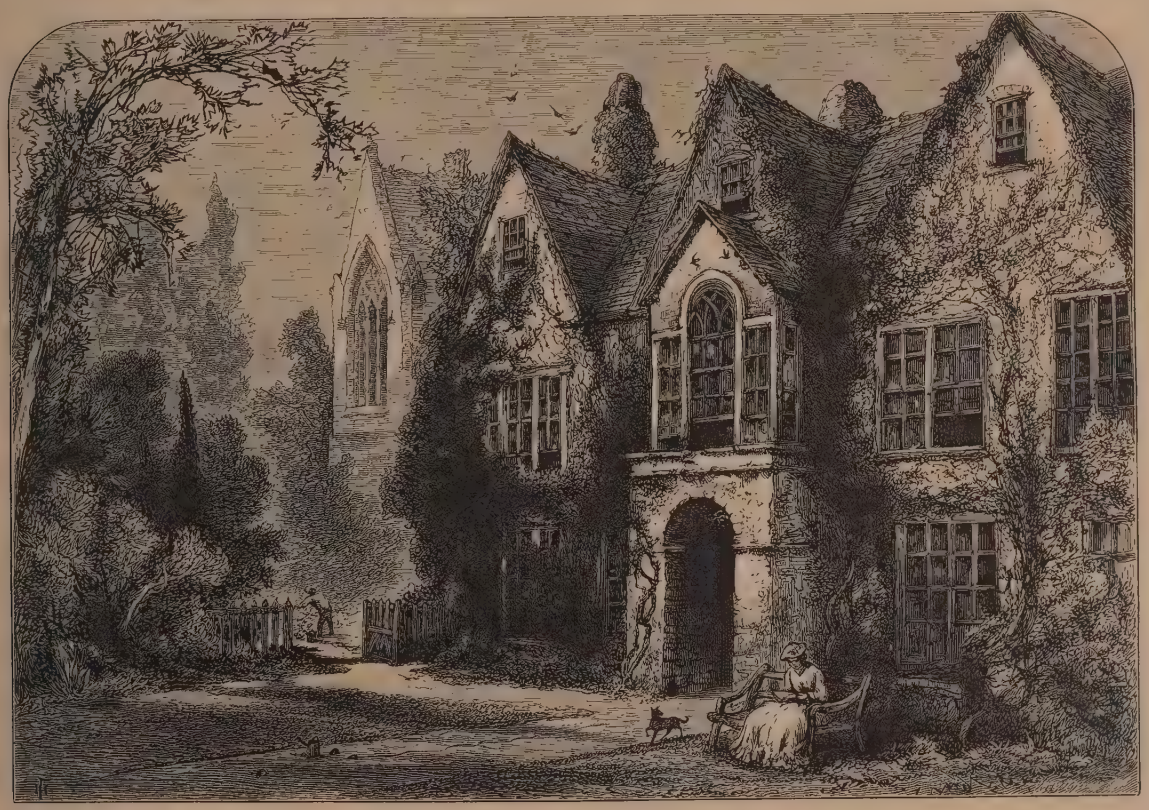
Strancally Castle.

The rivers of Ireland can boast of much to commend them. Many of them wind through lovely scenery, but none through a lovelier country than does the Blackwater, that separates the counties of Cork and Waterford. From its mouth, at Youghal, up to Lismore, its banks, bold, verdant, and graceful, are studded with castles, ruins of religious edifices, and fine seats. We select two to illustrate our observation —Strancally Castle, and Dromana. Strancally Castle is built on a rock, and stands directly over the river. It was a stronghold of the great Earls of Desmond, and was included in the lands granted to Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585. The massive rock on which the castle stands is pierced by a tunnel of considerable length and breadth, which leads to the river, and bears the name of "The Murdering Hole." There is a

tradition that it was formerly used by one of the Earls of Desmond as a prison "for such persons who had fortunes, whom he frequently invited to his castle to make merry, and afterward confined in this dungeon, where he suffered them to perish." There is a hole cut through the rock, down which the dead bodies were cast into the river, and then he seized on their lands. Information was given of this place by one of the intended victims who effected his escape; and so the castle was blown up, "the powder having split it from top to bottom." A fine modern castle has been erected in the vicinity. Lower down the river, and at the same side, are the ruins of the church and castle of Templemichael. The castle is a square embattled tower, which presents a strong contrast to the church. They both seem to have suffered from the effects of war. These were probably founded by the Knights Templars, to guard the river-pass; and near them are the remains of St. Molanfide's Abbey, on what was once an island, founded in the sixth century. There is a modern statue of the good abbot, in the costume of his order; and here repose the remains of the Norman knight, Raymond le Gros, the companion of Strongbow, who died at the Castle of Rhincrew, near at hand. Dromana is a fine specimen of a modern mansion, and is the residence of Lord Stuart de Dicies. Rising almost perpendicularly from the river, it is a striking object, amid magnificent scenery. It has great historic interest, too, for here the powerful lords of Desmond dwelt; and the ruins of their old castle is still to be seen, in which was born that old historic lady (afterward Countess of Desmond) of whom Sir Walter Raleigh tells, in his "History of the World," as having lived one hundred and forty years, into the reign of James I., and danced at a court-ball with Richard III.

Close to where the romantic Blackwater falls into the sea, on the southeastern coast of the county of Cork, is the seaport-town of Youghal, or, as it was anciently called, Eochaille, or "The Forest of Yew-trees"—for with such trees the district was once undoubtedly covered. A thriving town it still is, though it "has seen better days," and has a respectable history and credentials still to prove its former importance. Has it not still the remains of its fortified walls, broken and battered by many a siege and assault, taking, as it were, a pride, like Dogberry, in showing that it "hath had its losses." It had its charter of incorporation from King John, and numerous charters from various sovereigns down to James I. It suffered from the Desmonds and the Ormonds. The Earl of Cork garrisoned it, Lord Castlehaven besieged it, and Cromwell seized it as his last capture before he departed forever from its port for England. It has many religious and ecclesiastical foundations dating as far back as the twelfth century, preëminent among which is the collegiate church of St. Mary—a fine edifice in the early pointed style of architecture, and recently restored by the munificence and energy of the Rev. Pierce William Drew. Close at hand is the Warden's House, an object of the greatest interest, for there that valiant soldier and bold adventurer, Sir Walter Raleigh, lived for some years. A large share of the forfeited lands of

Desmond in Waterford and Cork were allotted to him in 1586, for his services in Ireland, including the rich valley of the Blackwater from Lismore to the sea. Thither Raleigh repaired, taking up his abode in the Warden House of the old College, and filling the office of mayor of the town in 1588 and 1589. The house has been thoroughly restored, and though some changes have been made — the old diamond window-panes in their leaden frames having given place to square ones of more modern dimensions, and the position of the chief staircase altered — still the picturesque and antique appearance of the old house has been little, if at all, marred.



Raleigh's House at Youghal.

It stands in the grounds now called Myrtle Grove, amid myrtles, bays, and arbutus, which grow there luxuriantly — a good specimen of the old English style, with its pointed gables, projecting windows, and broken outline. In the east front are three light pointed gablet-windows, beneath the centre one of which is the entrance doorway, leading to the hall. On the ground-floor is a large dining-room, from which runs a subterraneous passage to the tower of St. Mary's Church. The walls are in great part wainscoted with Irish teak. The drawing-room has been well and judiciously preserved, retaining "its fine dark wainscot, deep projecting bay-window, and richly-carved mantel-piece rising in the full pride of Elizabethan style to the height of the ceiling." Figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity support the cornice with circular-headed

pommels and emblematical devices. It is to be regretted that the Dutch tiles have been removed from the fireplace, and a modern grate and stone chimney-piece have been substituted for the low andirons. What the original tiles were may be judged from the specimen in the fireplace of an adjoining bedroom. They are about four inches square, containing various devices in a circular border. An old library, which contained some curious volumes, was discovered concealed behind the wainscoting of this room. They were, doubtless, hidden away at the time of the Reformation. Four old yew-trees, grouped together so as to form an arbor, are still shown in the garden as affording a favorite place of rest for Raleigh. One can fancy him seated here with his friend Spenser, as they discoursed over high themes, dreams of great adventures, or poetic fancies; for then the poet was composing his "Faerie Queen," and his friend was counseling him to abandon politics for the Muses. This old house has its history. Its fate was the common one of houses and lands—

"Permutet dominos et cedat in altera jura."

Raleigh was not a man to waste his life and energies by the seaboard of a wild Irish county, so he sold his house and lands to that shrewd politician, Sir Richard Boyle (afterward Earl of Cork), in 1602. The earl drove a good bargain, it is said. Not unlikely: though Boyle alleged that he gave full value, and that Raleigh said so, adding, "If he" (Boyle) "had not bought my Irish land, it would have fallen to the crown, and then one Scot or another would have begged it." From the Cork family it passed to that of Devonshire. As a residence it was occupied by Sir Lawrence Parsons, when Recorder of Youghal in 1616, and after many changes of masters came into the hands of J. W. Pim, Esq., its restorer, and is now the property of Mr. Pope Hennessey, the Governor of Barbadoes.

Five miles to the west of the city of Cork, in a valley where two streams meet, is the little village of Blarney with its castle, whose fame is widespread. For high in the northeastern side of that castle is a stone, and he who is adventurous enough to reach it, and has faith enough to kiss it, will be sure to possess thenceforth a gift of marvelous efficacy. Honeyed words will flow from his lips; persuasive power will hang on his utterances; he will win his way everywhere and with everybody; and, when mankind, and much more womankind, are taken captive by the witchery of his tongue, they say, "He has kissed the Blarney Stone."

There are two stones which each claim to be the real talisman—one on the north side of the castle, being about two feet square, with the date of 1703; the other, that which records the date of the building, 1446. Thanks to Mr. Jefferay, any one may kiss the former. To kiss the latter the votary must be let down twenty feet by a pulley and tackle. Try the first. If it works the charm, well; if not, let no amount of "blarney" induce you to attempt the other.

What is the origin of this imputed virtue is lost in the mist of antiquity. There is a legend that a certain lord of Blarney, who was required to show his loyalty by delivering up his castle to the English, always expressed his readiness so to do, but

Blarney Castle.

contrived to amuse the Queen's representative by plausible excuses; and so the word blarney came to mean something very like humbug.

But Blarney Castle is itself an interesting object. It is on the south of the village, and rises precipitously from a limestone rock. The waters of the Coman almost lave its base, and trees of rich foliage surround it. A strong castellated pile, foursquare and high, rising one hundred and twenty feet, it is described in the "Pacata Hibernia" as "composed of four piles joined together, having walls eighteen feet in thickness." Attached to it is a mansion of more recent date. The whole forms a highly picturesque feature in a district which has many beauties. The

stronghold was built in the fifteenth century, as appears on the stone already mentioned—

"Cormac McCarthy fortis,
Me fieri secit,- A. D. 1446."

A great race were these McCarthys—Kings of Desmond and Cork before the English invasion—and they are frequently mentioned by the ancient annalists. Blarney was a favorite residence of the family, and Cormac, the McCarthy More, or head of his day, who built it, was a chief of great influence and power, known as "Laidir," or the Strong. His immediate descendants became Lords of Muskerry, and sat in Parliament as such, and as Barons of Blarney. They were sometimes attached to the crown, sometimes in opposition; and the old fabric, as its battered walls and leveled outworks attest, stood the brunt of assault and siege. In 1602, Captain Taafe compelled the disaffected Lord of Muskerry to surrender it. In 1646, Lord Broghill attacked and took it, but Charles II. restored it to Donagh McCarthy, whom he created Earl of Clancarty. Donagh, his grandson, if tradition can be relied on, added the more modern structure, which is now ruinous. When James II. landed at Kinsale, Lord Clancarty hastened to receive him, raised a troop of horse, and "with them committed many ravages." The old castle, after an obstinate resistance, surrendered to William III. in 1691. Blarney, with other estates of Clancarty, was forfeited, and purchased from the crown by Sir Richard Pyne in 1702, for three thousand pounds, and is described in the book of forfeited estates as "Blarney, with the village, castle, mills, fairs, customs, and all lands, with the park thereunto belonging." The next year the chief justice sold it to Sir James Jefferay, whose descendant now enjoys it. In the days of its strength the castle with its buildings is said to have covered no less than thirteen English acres, but most of the outworks and defenses to the south and west have long since been razed. Little now remains of this vast structure except the square massive tower which was the principal one. A low, pointed doorway in the eastern side leads into a narrow vestibule, from the right of which springs the great staircase. There are a few mullioned windows of tolerable dimensions, and numerous slips or openings, which served for light and defense, whence missiles might be hurled. Besides the large vaulted chamber, there are smaller ones, dormitories or closets. A narrow spiral staircase winds to the top, where was the kitchen. The great chamber of state occupies the highest part of the building, with its capacious fireplace and elaborately sculptured chimney. A low, pointed archway leads to the Earl's Chamber. It is worth mounting to the parapet for the fine view it commands of the rich country around.

The beauties of Killarney are multiform. We do not know, in the same space elsewhere, so many varied charms of scenery, in character wholly diverse. Lakes, wild, stern, and secluded, as the Upper Lake, the mountains rising on three sides almost out of the bosom of the waters, those on the northern and western sides bleak and barren,

ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

and wanting only snow-caps to look like Alpine scenery; soft and sunny, as the Lower Lake, which is almost Italian in its loveliness, with it sweet bays and low, verdant hills, clothed from base to summit with luxuriant evergreens. And between these the Middle Lake, combining the characteristics of the two without the boldness of the one or the placid beauty of the other—it has a grace of outline and diversity of feature excelling, perhaps, the others. Then the numerous islands in these waters have each their peculiar charm. Take, for instance, two out of the thirty that speck the Lower Lake, Innisfallen and Ross Island, which have been happily named by a modern writer "the Isola Bella and the Isola Madre of our Irish Lago Maggiore."

Whence Innisfallen takes its name is a vexed question; but as to the beauty of "sweet Innisfallen" there can be no controversy. It is quite a microcosm, in which, on a small scale, a marvelous amount of variety is congregated—hill and dell; wood as gloomy as the ancient Druidical forests, thick with giant ash, elm, and sycamore, and hollies of enormous growth; glades sunny and cheerful, with umbrageous underwood bounding them; bowers and thickets, and rocks and old ruins—and all in a space of little more than thirty English acres. Seen from the banks of the lake, or the water, it is singularly attractive. At one side high and rocky, and indented with creeks and bays; on the other, wooded to the water's edge with trees and evergreens, oak, holly, and laurel. So sweet a spot did not escape the observation of the monks. St. Finan Lobhra, or the Leper, went there, and founded an abbey on it in the seventh century, which subsequently passed to the regular canons of St. Augustine. It must have been an extensive building, if we may judge from the ruins still remaining. It became famous for the "Annals" there written, and long preserved. They are exceedingly valuable as historical documents, and of reliable accuracy—at least from 432 to 1319. The original manuscript is now in the Bodleian Library. It consists of fifty-seven quarto pages of parchment. Trinity College, Dublin, also possesses a duplicate. There is, however, a far more ancient structure—a small oratory or chapel, whose roofless walls, covered with ivy, make a very picturesque ruin. Strange to say, the arbutus, which abounds everywhere else in this district, does not grow here, but the hollies are magnificent, and one of them is said to be the largest in Europe—a safe boast, no doubt. Ross Island, to which we have alluded, is about one hundred and fifty statute acres, separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, which is bridged over; it is the largest island in the lake. It presents a strong contrast to Innisfallen. Its natural beauties, which are considerable, are heightened by all that art and cultivation can effect. There is no pleasanter way of spending an hour than in strolling through these grounds. The castle is a fine old relic of feudal times, and interesting for the historical associations attached to it. The O'Donoghues, one of whom founded it in the fourteenth century, occupied it for nearly three hundred years, till it fell, in 1652, before the Parliamentary forces under Ludlow and Waller. Mount its parapets by all means,

and walk all round them, and you will thereby get one of the finest panoramas of the lakes and surrounding district which, in our judgment, can be obtained.

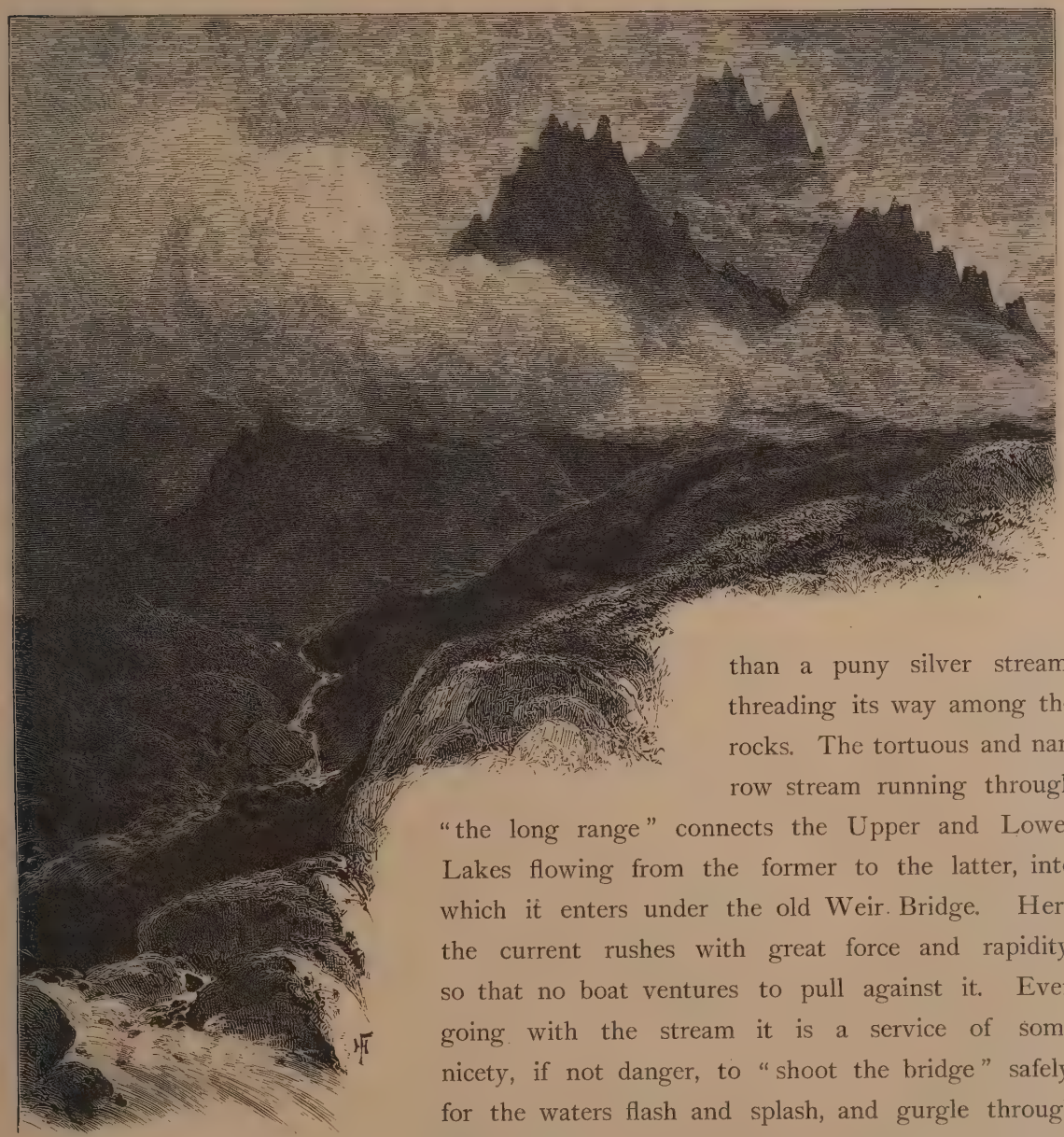
In a mountain-region such as this, embosoming lakes and valleys, one may expect to find many fine waterfalls, and so it is. There are, among others, Derrycunnihy,

The Turnpike Gap of Dunloe.

and O'Sullivan's cascades, and, finest of all, that of Torc. From "The Devil's Punch-bowl," a lake in the mountain of Mangerton, two hundred feet above the sea, discharges through a narrow chasm its superabundant water, as "The Devil's Stream," in a ravine that separates Mangerton from the Torc Mountain; then bursting through the intervening trees, and over the jagged and projecting rocks, leaps headlong down the Torc waterfall, from the height of seventy feet. To him who approaches it from the road beneath it comes as a surprise, for

TORC CASCADE, KILLARNEY.

the forest-trees and shrubs, the arbutus and the holly, conceal it from the view till he is immediately under it. If the "Punch-bowl" be well filled, then this fall of Torc is seen in all its glory, assuming the force and dimensions of a torrent, thundering and chafing, and flinging its spray around; but, if the season be dry, it is little more than a puny silver stream, threading its way among the rocks. The tortuous and narrow stream running through "the long range" connects the Upper and Lower Lakes flowing from the former to the latter, into which it enters under the old Weir Bridge. Here the current rushes with great force and rapidity, so that no boat ventures to pull against it. Even going with the stream it is a service of some nicety, if not danger, to "shoot the bridge" safely, for the waters flash and splash, and gurgle through the arches as the boat is borne down the rapids into the tranquil waters of the Middle Lake.



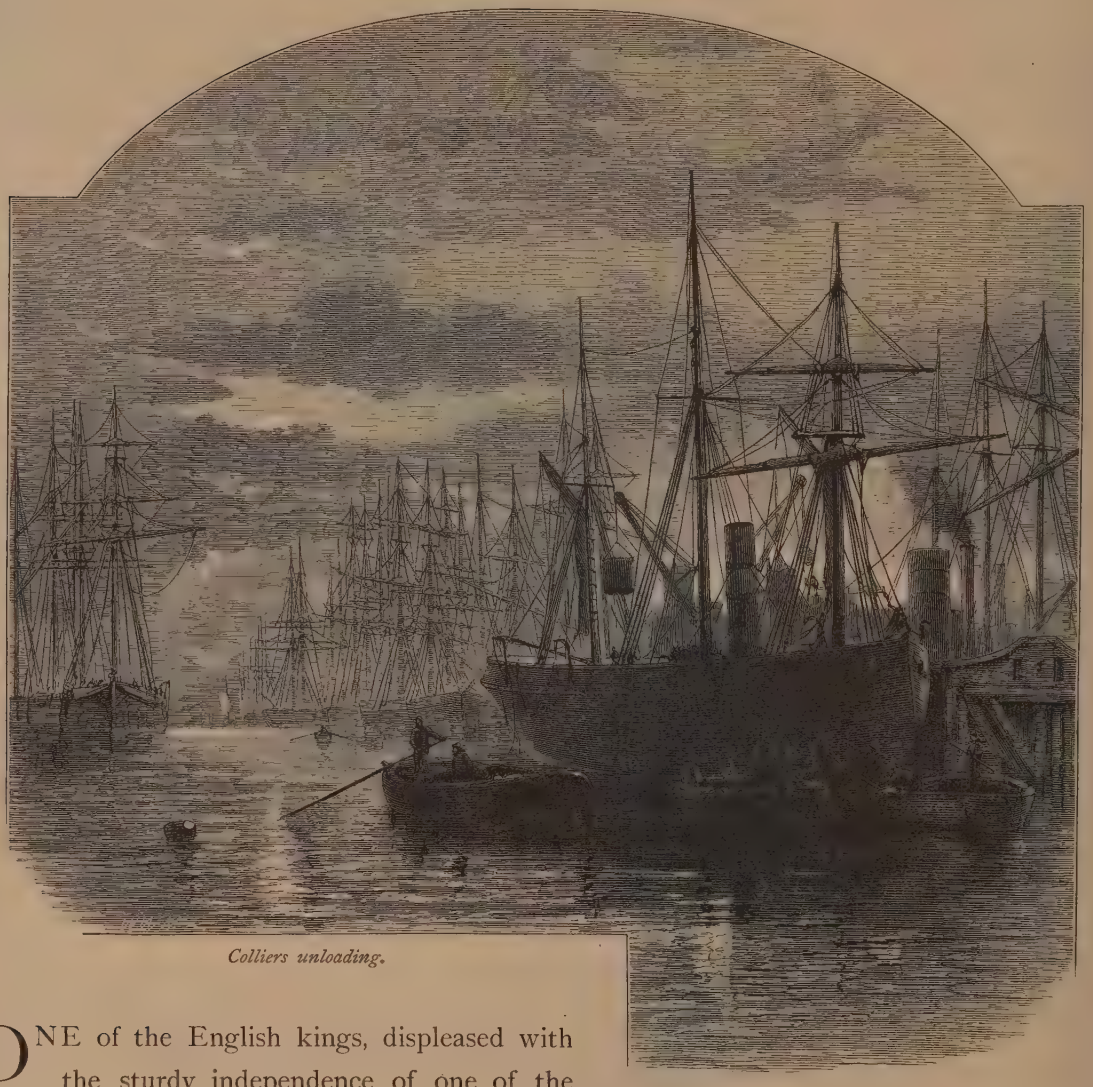
Macgillicuddy's Reeks.

There is a wild mountain-defile, which gives exit northward from the Lower Lake, as we take our way from Killarney. Rugged, wild, and gloomy, it contrasts strikingly with the loveliness we have been contemplating. Cleft deep and sheer, between the Purple Mountain—a shoulder of the Toomies range—and the Macgillicuddy's Reeks,

OLD WEIR BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.

the glen pierces for four miles through a scene of singular grandeur. On either hand the craggy cliffs, composed of huge masses of projecting rocks, impend fearfully over the narrow pathway, so that one dreads lest a rush of wind through the pass may bring them toppling down upon him. Through these rocks, as if to relieve their savage aspect, a few trees and shrubs have won a hardy existence; and with the ivy and heather make a scant verdure. A narrow, rapid stream, the Loe, runs winding and roaring through this glen, which thence takes the name of the "Gap of Dunloe." By the side of this the road winds, which, at one point, called the Pike, is closed in by steep and perpendicular rocks, so that a pathway is scarcely afforded. It is strikingly romantic. Westward of this pass rises the range of mountains known as the "Macgillicuddy's Reeks," the highest in Ireland, Carran Tuel, or "The Inverted Sickle," being three thousand four hundred and ten feet above the sea-level. Seen from below, they present a grand and almost Alpine appearance, rising in continuous cones, whose outlines are, however, jagged and broken into numerous sharp points; while midway the wrack of clouds goes sweeping across them; and down their sides rush the mountain-torrents. The ascent of Carran Tuel is difficult, and not altogether without danger, as, indeed, the name of one spot—"Perdition Pass"—indicates, and than which few Alpine passes are more difficult, for you have to drag yourself upward, clinging to the long, rank vegetation, till at last you gain the narrow ridge which leads to the summit of Carran Tuel. A thousand feet still remains to mount to the top, but the ascent is comparatively easy; and once there you forget the toil and danger through which you have passed, as you view the glorious prospect spread out before you—northward to the Shannon and the Atlantic, west and south, the whole coast-line, including Dingle, Kinmare, and Bantry. All around is bold, broad, and magnificent. Every hill and valley, every river and lake glittering in the sunlight, or darkening in the shadow of impending cliffs or overhanging woods. Such a panorama is rarely seen, and never forgotten.

SCENERY OF THE THAMES.



Colliers unloading.

ONE of the English kings, displeased with the sturdy independence of one of the Lord Mayors of London, is said in his anger to have threatened to deprive the city of the sunshine of the royal court, and to have received for answer, "But your Majesty cannot remove the Thames." His lordship was not only strictly correct as to fact; he was right in the inevitable suggestion that, so long as his citizen subjects could boast their "King of Rivers," so long would they at their own doors find a perpetual source of prosperity and delight.

There are few rivers in Europe navigable so far inland for ships of heavy burden as the Thames. At London Bridge we are forty-five miles from the Nore, yet almost close to the massive buttresses the finest ocean-going steamers are continually

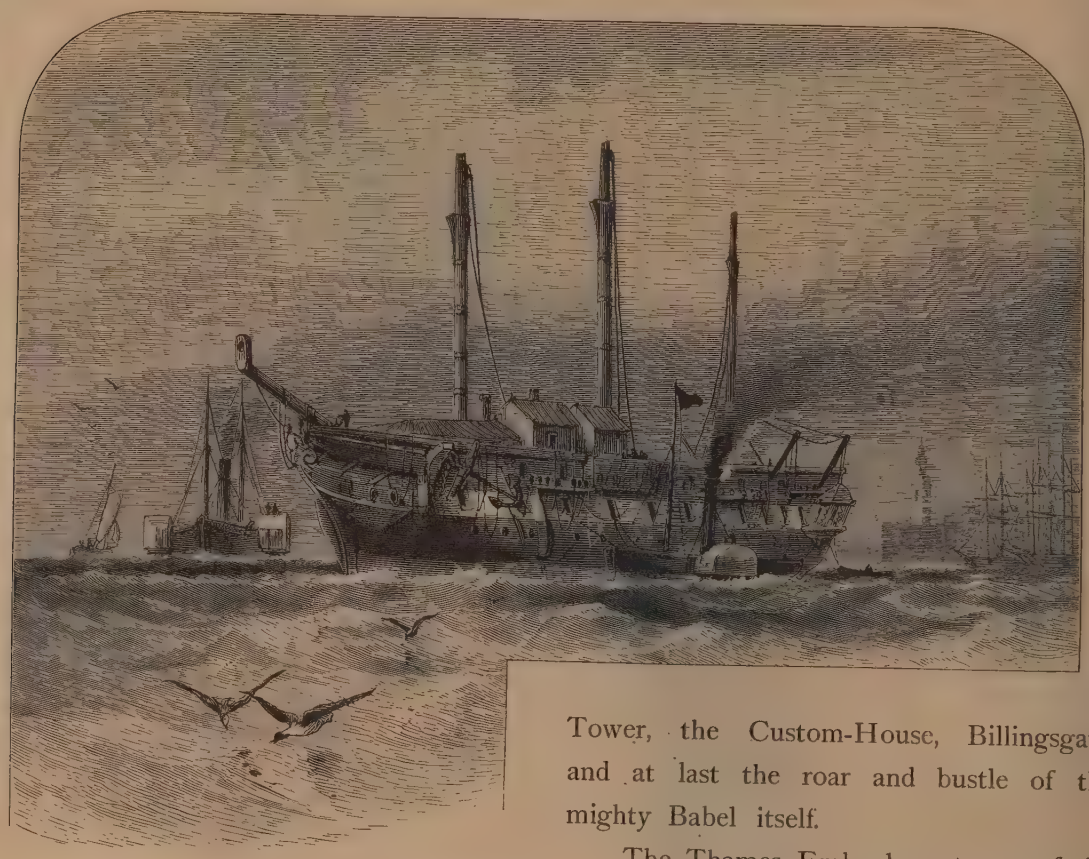
moored. The mouth of the river is, as the crow flies, about one hundred and ten miles from its cradle in the rolling Cotswold Hills; but, by many twists and turns, the length is increased to more than double that distance, while its tributaries are so large and so numerous that the area of the basin drained by the Thames has been estimated at over six thousand five hundred miles. No wonder that in its strong tide, bearing the wealth of nations on its bosom; in its far-reaching and manifold historical associations; in the curious and instructive relics that still remain to illustrate an eventful past; and in the diversified beauties of its entire scenery, poets and painters have from time immemorial found inexhaustible themes. By none has the commercial value of the Thames been more aptly suggested than by Cowley:

> "And all the proud and dreadful sea,
> And all his tributary streams,
> A constant tribute pay to thee:
> And all the liquid world is one extended Thames."

Beginning at the seaward extremity of the Thames, and advancing upward, the consideration ever forced upon the mind is, that the greatness of London lies primarily in the strong yellow current which sweeps exultingly on and is received into the sea, without a single sand-bar or other obstruction to check its progress. The scenery, from the ruddy Nore light-ship to the heart of London city, has no charming features that would captivate the searcher after picturesque landscape. Here and there is a pleasant Kentish village with its dominating church-spire pointing, beacon-like, above the elms to the sky, or glittering from the top of a distant hill; but in the main, especially on the Essex side, the prospect is one of dreary flats and monotonous marshes, relieved occasionally, as at Purfleet, by cliffs of chalk and sand. Squat but historical Tilbury Fort on the one side, and Gravesend on the other, are naturally places of much use and interest; but not by the most complaisant flatterer could they be invested with exterior loveliness, though the rising ground that meets the eye from Gravesend Reach, with the Cobham woods and Gad's Hill rising boldly as the culminating crests, is a welcome exchange for the marshes fringing so much of the river's course.

In compensation for fine land-views, however, we have the animated and silent traffic of the great watery highway. In never-resting procession they come—clumsy barges drifting lazily crosswise with the tide; tightly-rigged merchantmen, dragged by workmanlike tugs to wharves, docks, or building-yards; snowy-winged yachts on pleasurable trips intent; huge steamers homeward or outward bound; wherries and shore-boats crossing and recrossing; grim old hulks long put out of commission, and devoted for the remainder of their existence to the storage of explosive compounds, coals, and miscellaneous stores, or to be the habitations of mariners or river police; fleet passenger-boats, built for river service only; ships of all nations at anchor in the

stream. Nearer to the port of London come the splendid building-yards and Government establishments; come the teeming life of Woolwich with its arsenals, Greenwich with its rare old hospital and naval school, Deptford with its ancient church dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of sailors; its victualing establishments, and covered slips; come the docks, warehouses, and tiers of shipping which become a veritable forest of masts in the crowded and turbid Pool; come the gloomy but well-preserved



The Old Hulk.

Tower, the Custom-House, Billingsgate, and at last the roar and bustle of the mighty Babel itself.

The Thames Embankment, one of the most sensible of modern improvements, promises to restore to the river some little of the glory it lost when it ceased to be the general highway of town traffic. In olden times, when the great court gallants residing upon the banks of the river kept their barges and liveried watermen to convey them from place to place, when the Lord Mayor and Corporation went from Blackfriars to Westminster by water in gorgeous state, when the modest Globe Theatre stood near Southwark Bridge, with the "Rose" and "Harp" playhouses hard by, when bear and bull baiting was carried on in Paris Gardens, and all the chief places of amusement were on the Surrey side, the trade of waterman was one of some importance. Stow mentions that there appertained to the cities of London, Westminster, and Southwark, more than two thousand wherries and other small boats, whereby three thousand poor men, at the least, were maintained. Then came the period when the fashionable

barges disappeared, and the thoroughfares of wood and stone deprived the river of much of its gayety. For a while the foul foreshores running parallel with the Strand were a disgrace to any city. Finally came the Thames Embankment scheme, and the rapid

St. Paul's, from the Shot-Tower.

substitution of spacious roadways, thriving trees, solid and artistic river-walls, and ornamental landing-places, changing the unseemly wharfage waste into blooming gardens and rapidly-developing boulevards.

The Houses of Parliament at Westminster are, in consequence of this change, seen to more advantage than ever they were before; indeed, its splendid river-front of

nine hundred and forty feet seems part of the new Embankment, which, extending from Blackfriars Bridge, is some day to be continued toward Chelsea. Sir Charles Barry's architecture is most imposing when examined from the river, and the proportions of the noble Victoria Tower, which are lost from other standpoints, may be fully appreciated by the passenger shooting across from the House of Commons stairs to the Lambeth side. The view to be obtained of the Thames from Westminster Bridge when the senatorial chambers are lighted up, the lamps of the terrace and Embankment glittering like stars over the face of the waters, and the shadows of St. Stephen's and of the grand blocks of buildings constituting St. Thomas's Hospital opposite falling upon the deserted river, is a singularly fascinating feature of the night-side of London.

Lambeth Palace and Church, the former retaining numerous portions of its original masonry, look doubly hoary in contrast with the modern buildings on either side of Westminster Bridge. For more than six centuries the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, the gray pile is in itself a history; the Record-Room in the grim square towers still contains the musty archives of the see, and there may yet be seen the tiny but strongly-ringed prison-house, the famous Lollards' Tower, eloquent of tyranny and suffering, and the Guard-Chamber in which ill-fated Laud held state on the day of his consecration. On the northern side of the river a prominent object has been for many years Jeremy Bentham's model penitentiary, Millbank Prison, the removal of which was from the first included in the improvements to be effected on Thames-side.

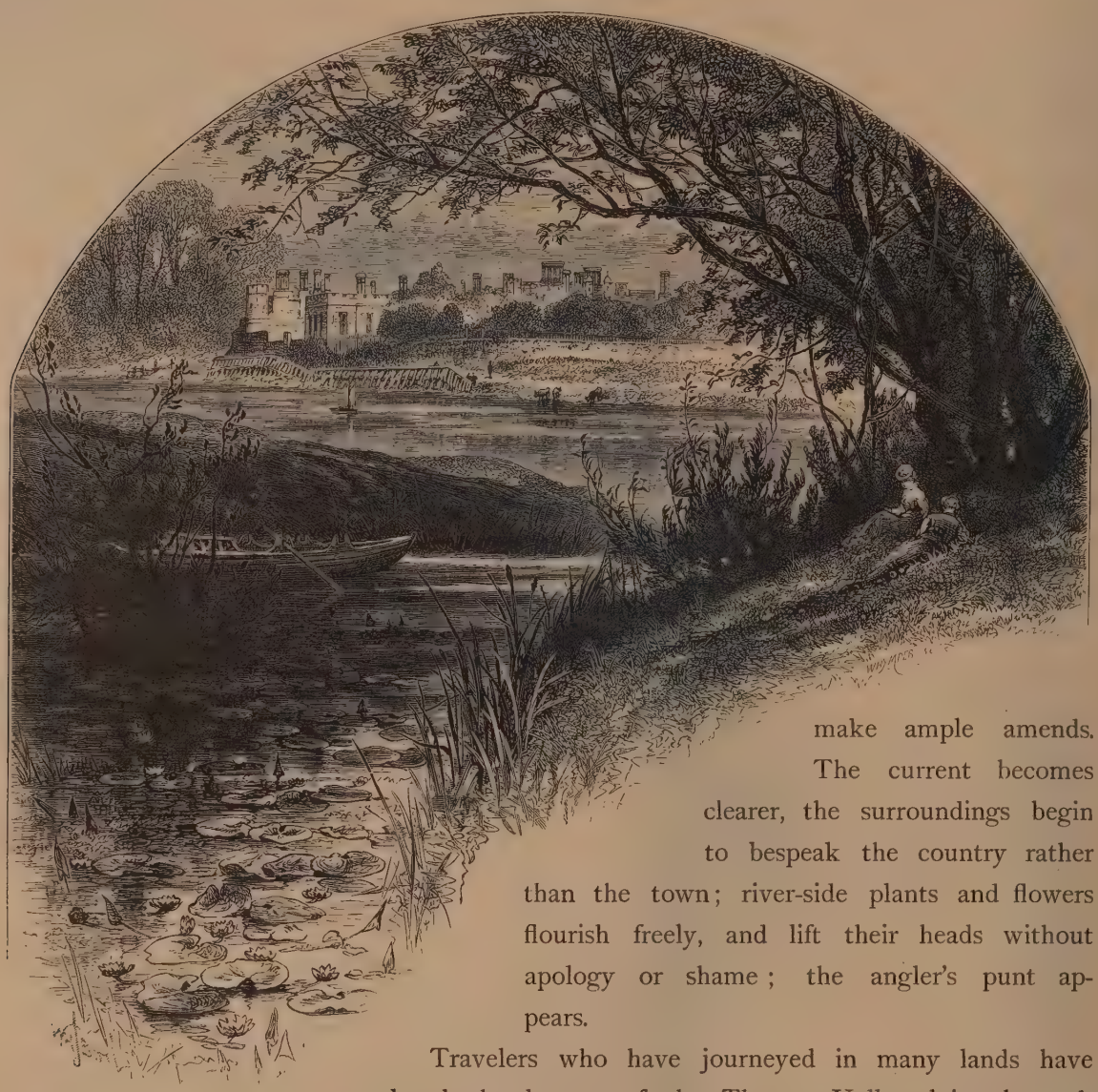
In due time we have Chelsea Hospital, and the well laid-out gardens adjoining, and across the turbid stream is Battersea Park, whose sub-tropical garden is at once the least known and most delightful of public resorts. From this point the scenery of the Thames begins to become lighter and brighter, though by almost imperceptible gradations. Here the clear-running Wandle, after becoming muddied in the service of many a factory and mill, runs into the parent stream, and gives a name to low-lying Wandsworth. Suburban Putney, Fulham, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Barnes, Mortlake follow, diversifying by their houses, shrubberies, lawns, and intervening meadows, the banks of the easily-winding river, along a section of its course that we may, without disrespect, hurry over in our upward voyage, pausing not even at Kew Gardens, separated from the river only by the towing-path, nor at

> "Brentford's tedious town,
> For dirty streets and white-legged chickens known;"

nor at the Reach, which is beautified by Sion House and half-concealed Isleworth. Richmond Bridge is near, and beyond it that surprisingly lovely picture which has given deserved repute to Richmond Hill, and evoked admiration which even in its

THE VICTORIA TOWER, WESTMINSTER.

most extravagant form has not been ill bestowed. Kew Bridge may be considered the line of demarkation between the prose and poetry of the Thames. To that stage the river seems to be too much occupied with the practical concerns of the busy, money-making world to pay respect to appearances: thereafter it proceeds to make ample amends. The current becomes clearer, the surroundings begin to bespeak the country rather than the town; river-side plants and flowers flourish freely, and lift their heads without apology or shame; the angler's punt appears.



Hampton Court from the River.

Travelers who have journeyed in many lands have placed the beauty of the Thames Valley, lying beneath Richmond Hill, in the foremost rank of scenes to be remembered. In many a county of the three kingdoms grander views are to be found, but in none can there be seen a more beautiful landscape of softly-blended wood, water, and pastoral country. The silvery surface of the stream, speckled with pleasure-boats, islets, and swans, is deepened into changing lights and shades, by the overhanging woods; distant hills and swelling uplands carry on the loveliness of the prospect, which is none the less fair because stately houses and village homes are

comprised in it. It is a picture which, under the mellow tinting of a summer's evening, holds the observer in that heart-felt admiration which is best expressed by grateful silence. It is, in truth—

> "A landscape more august than happiest skill
> Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade;
> An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
> City and naval stream, suburban grove,
> And stately forest where the wild deer rove;
> Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
> And scattered rural farms of aspect bright."

And while the admirer taking position on the well-known height is entranced with the scene lying below and stretching beyond him, the occupants of the many pleasure-boats which, unaided, come down with the stream can feast their upturned eyes upon a view scarcely a whit less charming. The big hotel and its beautiful terraces, the villas among the trees, the wooded steep rising from the verdant meadow, and the river-wall, garden-ground, houses and bridge of Richmond—these present a more circumscribed but at the same time strikingly beautiful aspect.

Twickenham is generally associated with the name of Pope, as if it derived all its claim to celebrity from the poet's villa, and the literary and historical connections arising from the residence in the neighborhood of Pope, Walpole, Kneller, and the other celebrities who made it the fashion to retire from town gayeties to this part of the banks of the Thames. These associations doubtless lend additional interest to the locality, but it possesses abundant charms of its own. The sweet green turf and feathery foliage that meet the stream, and the glimpses one obtains, through delightful vistas of shrubbery and avenue, of happy English homes, show how well Art may be made to assist Nature; hence, one of the most popular reaches of the Thames is that which extends from Eel-Pie Island to the musical weir at Teddington, where the tide receives its first and final check. From the point where Marble Hill rises on one side, and Richmond Park looms grandly on the other, to Teddington Lock, the course of the stream represents a remarkably sharp curve, with Strawberry Hill about midway on the left hand.

Nothing can be more pleasing to the eye than the ornamental gardening which characterizes the Twickenham shore, for, although the modern formal "ribbon system" has completely reversed the old style, the Twickenham lawns remain sufficiently unchanged to entitle Pope to the credit which has been freely given him for the improvements he introduced. The poet, as we know, was continually engaged upon alterations and realterations of his house and gardens, and the perfecting of his grotto was the amusement of his declining years. His neighbors caught the spirit of improvement, and in their various ways imitated his example,

A Gala-Day at Hampton Court.

and the evidence lies in the comfortable houses and grounds which have remained, though "Pope's Villa" itself was destroyed by Lady Howe in the early part of the present century.

For a while, after we have passed Teddington Weir, the Thames lapses into a decidedly prosaic mood, as if in deference to the suburban character of the residences along its banks. Kingston Bridge is a solid and not ungraceful structure, of much more recent date than its appearance would suggest; and Kingston—a slumberous old town, in which King Edwy is supposed to have been fêted on his coronation—is chiefly famous in these days for the King's Stone, preserved in a prominent position in the centre of the town.

Again the Thames describes the form of a horseshoe, with Hampton Wick and Moulsey Lock as the terminal points, and Bushey Park and Hampton Court filling up the intervening space. In the centre of the bend, and on the Moulsey side, nestles Thames Ditton, a retired village, which Theodore Hook hit off to the life in the lines—

> "Here in a placid waking dream
> I'm free from worldly troubles;
> Calm as the rippling silver stream
> That in the sunshine bubbles."

The iron bridge connecting Hampton Court with East Moulsey is not a superlatively handsome piece of architecture, but it is elegance itself when compared with the tumble-down wooden affair which, until comparatively recent times, evoked the wonder and derision of visitors. Persons passing across linger involuntarily on the crest of the bridge to enjoy the pretty glimpses both up and down the stream. Turning upward, the peculiar character of the Thames—"strong without rage, without o'erflowing full"—is visible. Other streams, as the Severn and Trent, do not pursue their careers without alternations of ease and restlessness, without boiling and bubbling at irregular intervals, and making their presence known and felt far and wide. The Thames, mightier in volume than them all, never forgets the quiet dignity of its nature, except, perhaps, when artificial restraints chafe its otherwise tranquil spirit.

The upward view from the Hampton Court bridge is an admirable illustration of this. The valley smiles on either hand in fat, level plenty; the pretty islets are reflected in the unruffled mirrors of mid-stream, and the ever-welcome trees add a deeper darkness to the margins along which the forget-me-nots twinkle, the reed rustles, the meadow-sweet and purple loose-strife attract the bee, and the brilliant dragon-flies airily hawk. It is, verily, a haunt where any well-ordered man should be free from "worldly troubles." Above, we have the livelong musical undertone of the water as it glides, rather than rushes, over Moulsey Weir. The downward view differs only in degree, when once the eye has escaped from the immediate foreground of railway and other unpoetic buildings. The little two-mouthed stream silently mingling with the broad river is the Surrey-born Mole. The irregular buildings of ruddy brick, rendered yet more ruddy in their setting of dense green elm-foliage, are Hampton Court Palace.

Perforce, here we must sound a more lengthened halt. The turrets and gables, the chimney-shafts and battlements, suggest many a story to hear or recall. There are

The Old Windmill, Hampton.

thousands of aged inhabitants of London who are familiar with every yard of the Thames to this landing-place, which is their Mecca; with the remainder they are

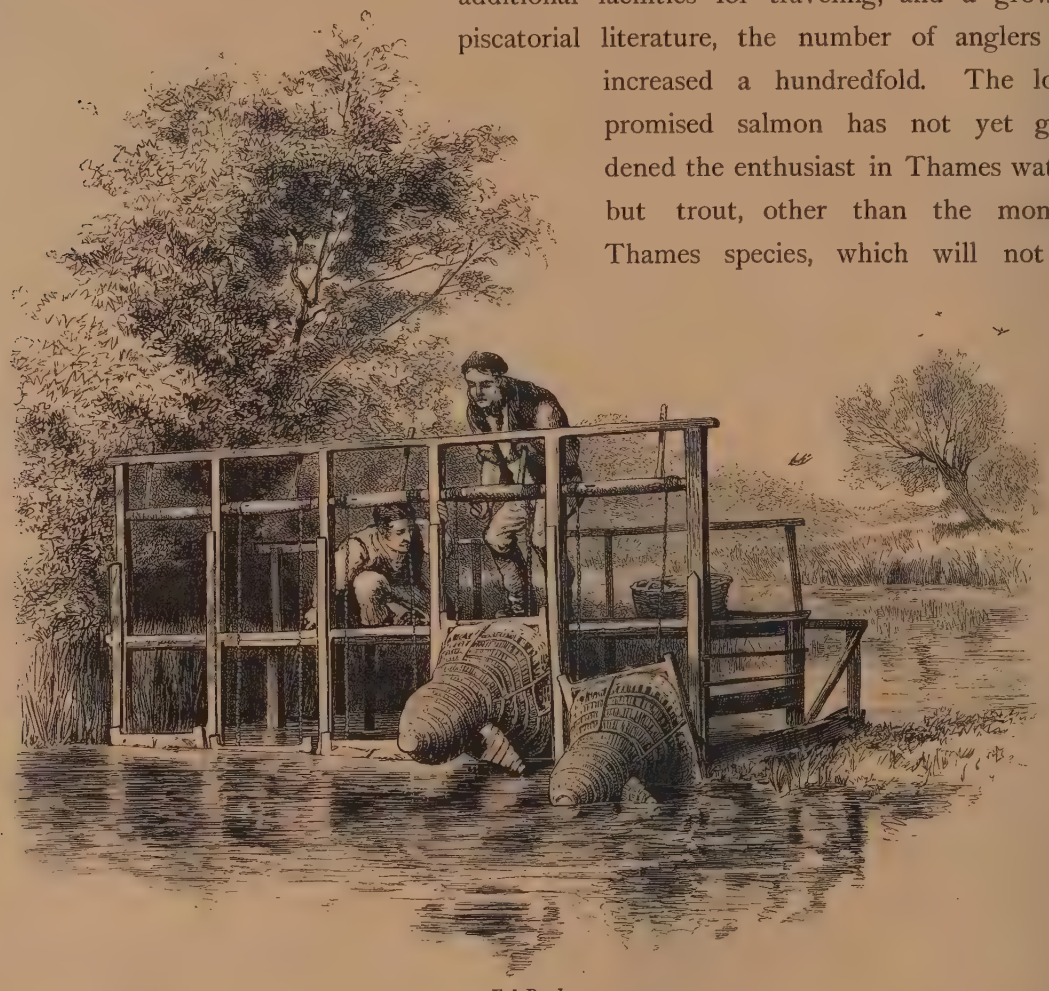
acquainted only by legend. "'Appy 'Ampton" is a proverb. In the golden days that are gone, when the lord mayors of London held sway over the river from Rochester to Staines, the picturesque state barges, whose sole modern representative is the Maria Wood, long since disrated, though not destroyed, advanced with bravely-fluttering banners and richly-costumed rowers on gala-days. Many of the older features of the river boundary of the Hampton Court grounds have vanished from sheer decay, among them the wooden bridge to which we have already referred, and the rustic old windmill upon which the young artists of a past generation fleshed their ambitious pencils, and which some living persons can still remember. But "Royal Hampton's pile" is little changed. It has well been termed the Palace of the People, and through its silent chambers file never-ceasing visitors, from far and near, to make acquaintance with Lely's voluptuous beauties; the rooms where cardinal, kings, and courtiers dwelt; heraldic windows, dusky carvings, ancient tapestry, crumbling banners, and grand cartoons.

The inviting glimpses revealed by every window of the gardens without, are nevertheless sometimes fatal to a prolonged examination of the interior of Hampton Court Palace—gardens extending from noble Bushey Park to the river's brim, with the fine trees, ornamental waters, and spotted deer, of the Home Park between. Let no visitor forget the private garden where the palace buildings assume new faces, and where flourishes, strongly as ever, that black Hamburg vine which has been known to yield for the royal table over twenty-five hundred bunches of luscious grapes in the course of a single season; nor the wilderness and maze planted by William III., who also set his Batavian seal upon the later masonry; nor the Green, beside the avenue of chestnuts and elms that leads direct from the river to Bushey Park, upon which, in those bygone gala-days, tilts and tournaments were held, and Queen-consort Mary and her Low Country dames and damsels were wont to promenade.

Now let us return to the Thames, where it beckons us upward in a northeasterly direction. Just where it makes another sweep at Hampton Ferry, stands the little summer-house in the garden of Garrick's Villa. The great tragedian, after playing many parts on the mimic stage, retired hither to perform his own seventh age of man amid the soothing scenes and tranquilizing influences of rural life, with "sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately towers" close at hand to remind him of the historical events and human experiences his genius had often illustrated. The villa and the "Grecian Rotunda" (the road intervening) were connected by a subterranean tunnel. Garrick used to call this octagonal summer-house by the water-side "the Temple of Shakespeare," it having been built to receive Roubiliac's statue of the immortal dramatist—the statue which, at Garrick's own desire, has been placed in the British Museum.

Sunbury is a station dear to anglers. Under the Weir the Thames trout lurks, and all the coarser fish abound in the back-waters and around the islands below. Summer and winter the passer-by may be certain of observing some brother of the

angle lovingly pursuing his gentle craft with the infinite patience of his order. The future hope of the Thames angler is centred in Sunbury, for it is here the perfectly-constructed and ably-managed breeding-ponds for trout are situated. Since the operations of the Thames Conservancy and the Thames Angling Preservation Society began, the "sport" of the Thames has wonderfully improved, albeit of late years, thanks to additional facilities for traveling, and a growing piscatorial literature, the number of anglers has increased a hundredfold. The long-promised salmon has not yet gladdened the enthusiast in Thames waters, but trout, other than the monster Thames species, which will not be



Eel-Bucks.

captured with a fly, have undoubtedly been introduced. Among the illustrations to this number will be found a representation of the "Eel-Buck," so frequently to be seen in the upper reaches of the Thames where there is a fall, or sharp run of water. These traps are lowered during flood-time, and the quantity of silver eels caught in them is occasionally of an almost fabulous description.

At Walton-on-Thames the conquering Cæsar is said to have discovered a convenient ford for crossing, and certain stakes recovered from the channel are thought to represent the military engineering of the defense. In the vestry of Walton Church, where there are several objects of antiquarian interest, is deposited a scold's bridle, type of a state

The Thames from Richmond Hill

of civilization in which lordly man disdained not to curb weak woman's tongue by forcible means. The gentleman who presented this weapon of offense lost an estate, as he averred, through the "instrumentality of a gossiping, lying woman," and dedicated his gift by this inscription—

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle
To curb women's tongues when they are idle."

Halliford, Shepperton, Weybridge, and Chertsey follow in succession. There is not much left of the Benedictine Abbey at Chertsey—a monastery which covered four acres of ground, and was reputed to be one of the richest and most powerful houses in the kingdom. A bit of old wall, a rude gateway, part of a farmhouse, and the fish-ponds alone remain of the great abbey which "looked like a tower." Above Chertsey lock the Thames well-nigh loses its gravity; here it is unusually shallow and rapid. Staines, beyond Laleham and Penton Hook, exhibits with pride the London stone formerly marking the boundary of Middlesex and Buckinghamshire, and marking at the same time the extent of the lord mayor's jurisdiction on the river. "God preserve the City of London, 1280," before the fingers of time partially defaced the letters, was the inscription which it bore for centuries. Staines Bridge is a capital specimen of Rennie's engineering skill, and it spans the river where, in the days when the Roman road to the west crossed it, stood one of the earliest bridges built in the country. Hereabouts the meadows are very pleasant, and always adorned with "deep-uddered kine." The Colne, after traversing the beautiful country immortalized by Sir Humphry Davy in his "Salmonia," runs, many-mouthed, into the Thames just above Staines.

The next point of interest in our ascent is Magna Charta Island. Whether the story be amply verified or not, it is generally accepted as an indisputable fact not only that the shifting John signed the great charter of English liberty upon this island, but that the identical stone upon which he appended his reluctant signature is part of the table in the cottage. Runnymede, a mead to this day, the Anglo-Saxon for "Council Meadow," received its name because Edward the Confessor, during his residence at Old Windsor, held an occasional *witan* upon the fertile and broad piece of pasture-land. At Ankerwycke, on the other side of the island, a decrepit yew-tree is yet pointed out as the rendezvous under which Anne Boleyn was wooed by Henry Bluebeard.

Cooper's Hill ranks next to Richmond in the extensive view it affords of the winding river; and it was from this eminence that Denham portrayed the Thames as straying among the wanton valleys. Unlike the incomparable Richmond landscape, however, the Cooper's Hill view obtains its celebrity, not so much from the height

of the standpoint as from the pastoral character of the immediate country. The eye at once compasses the meanderings of the river, and roams entranced over Magna Charta Island and the living emerald of Runnymede. By-and-by we approach the "Bells of Ousely," the quaint, inviting riverside hostelry, dear to boaters, anglers, and

The Bells of Ousely.

Thames tourists of every class. On the other side, almost on a level with the stream, is the sleepy village of Old Windsor, whose palace, the site of which is not certainly known, though an old farmhouse, now no more, once claimed the honor, was surrounded by a moat filled by the Thames. Under the venerable yew-trees of the churchyard the searcher will discover the neglected and almost-forgotten tomb of "Perdita" Robinson.

Windsor and Eaton need not detain us long, albeit they give much to, and receive much from, the scenery of the Thames. The royal borough has been described in a previous number of this publication. In one section of the river bordering the private grounds of the Home Park, there is a hole known by the singular name of Colnbrook Churchyard. It is about a quarter of a mile below the weir, and famous for its yields of barbel and chub. The cause assigned is as singular as the name itself. Legend has it that, in the bonny days of gentlemen highwaymen, Captain Claude du Val, after his little transactions on Hounslow Heath, was in the habit of casting the bodies of his victims in heavily-weighted sacks into the Thames. Within a very few years a complete skeleton, recovered from the river-bed by ballast-heavers, was considered to set at rest any doubts that skeptics might have entertained upon this sensational story. In one of the Datchet meadows friend Falstaff received his well-merited ducking, but "the muddy ditch close by the Thames-side" has for over a hundred years done duty as a covered drain.

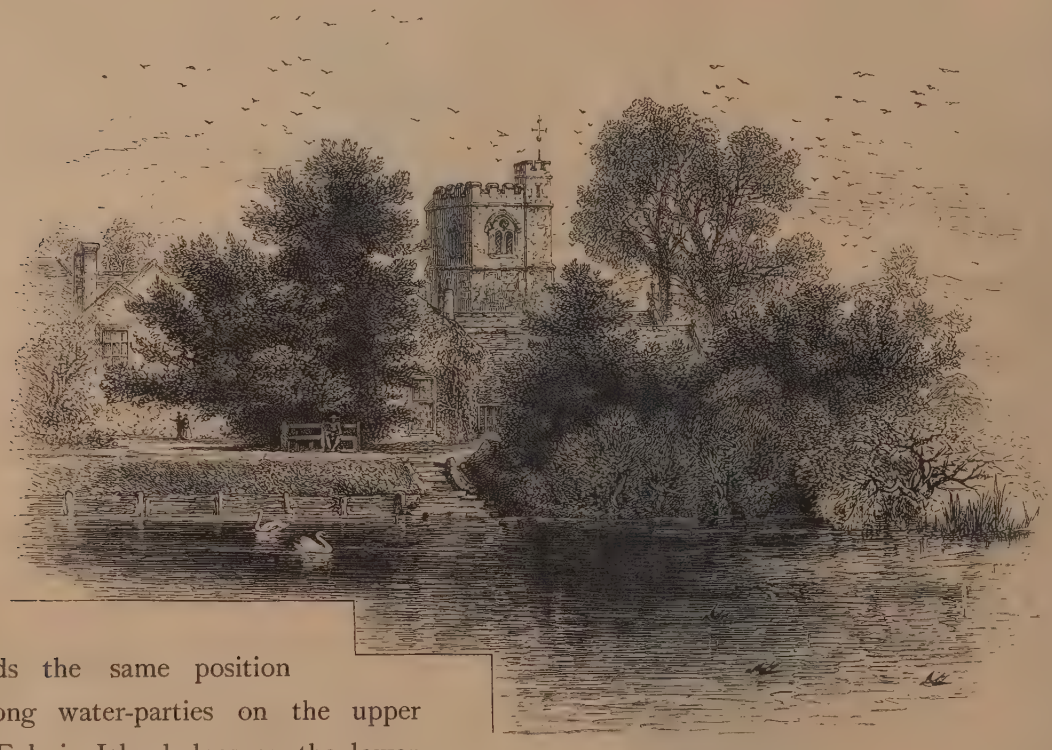
The view below Eaton is, to our mind, one of the finest of the kind on the river, combining, as it does, the best features of town and country; there are an unusual number of lively scours and flashing streams opposite the play-grounds, and grateful growths of tree and bush down to Victoria Bridge. Soon after passing Windsor Bridge the stream, dividing into two factions, makes merry at its temporary divorce, until it resumes its normal stateliness down by Old Windsor. The Gothic Chapel of Eton College is seen to the very best advantage from the river, and the same may be said of Windsor Castle upon its proud steep.

The castle, stolen upon gradually from up-stream, develops its beauties by stages. After Surley Hall, the scene of many a merry revel, and the terminus of many a joyous water-party, you pass the villa once occupied by Jacob Tonson ("genial Jacob," as Pope called him), the seventeenth-century bookseller, whose name is associated with those of the wits and *literati* of that witty age; this is the house (Down Place) where the Kit-cat Club was suggested over a flowing bowl. From this landmark, going with the now more rapid stream, the castle grows upon the sight, until after the bend at Clewer it seems to rise at once in all its majesty out of the town clustering meekly at its base.

Opposite Surley Hall, the artist in search of a quietly picturesque bit of scenery should sit down at a convenient distance from Boveney lock, in which impatient Etonians often chafe while the lock-keeper gives them a slow release. William, the son of Richard de Windsor, in the year 1200, or thereabouts, gave two marks to the king as an inducement to his Majesty to keep up the high character of the Boveney fishery; and the pool at Boveney, to this day, is a favorite resort of the Waltonian fraternity, one of the attractions being that the water, where the weir and lock streams meet, may be fished from the bank. At this lock, the first *bona-fide* glimpse

of Windsor Castle is to be had, but, as we have said, the finest view is from the Brocas; there are few more impressive sights on the Thames than the castle, gilded and spiritualized by a glorious sunset, looked upon from the middle of the river, off the well-known play-field.

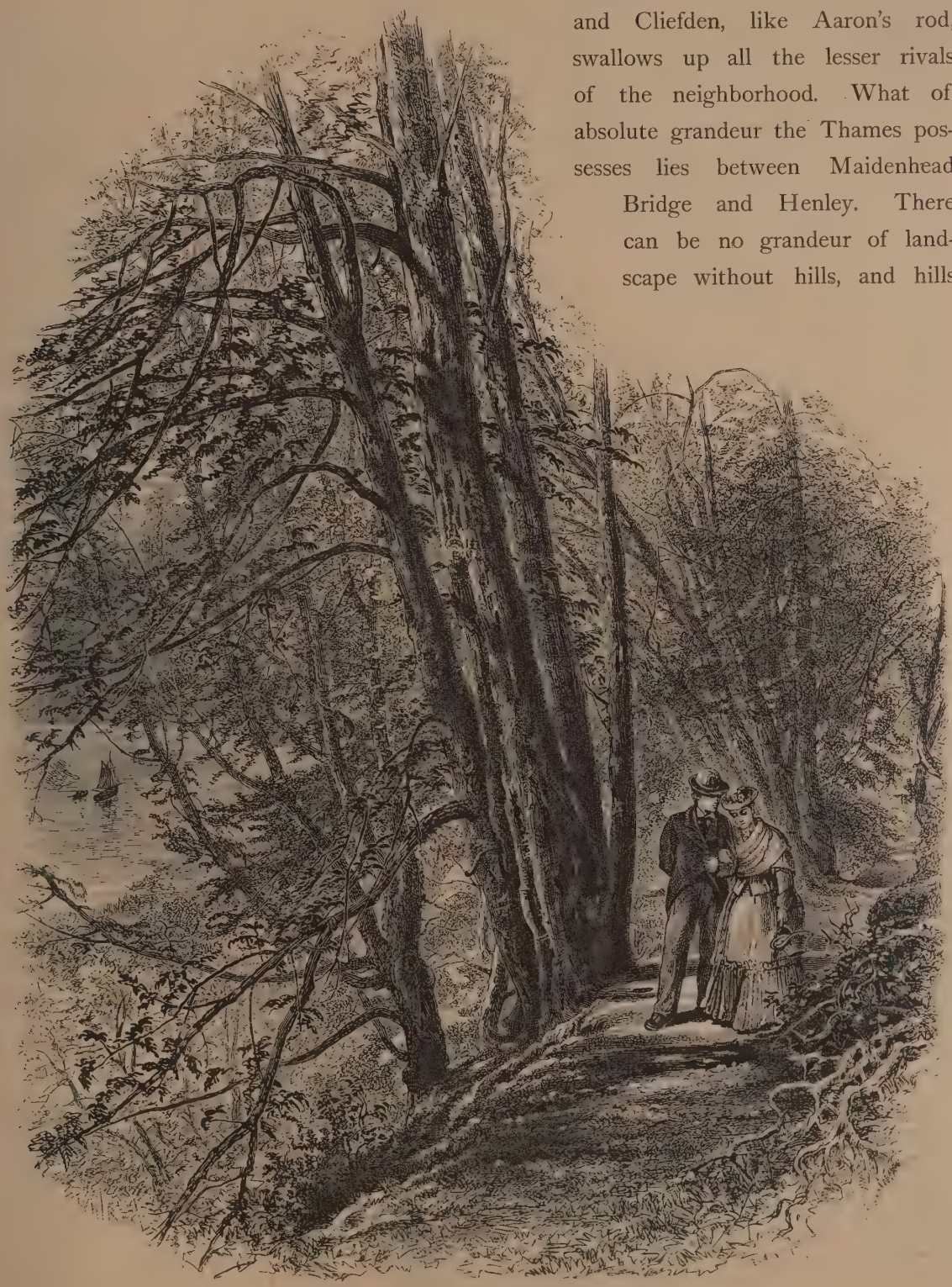
The ceiling of the summer-house on the island above, having been covered with painted monkeys in sportive groups—a whim of the third Duke of Marlborough—the island has been named after our alleged progenitor, and Monkey Island with its inn, in which the "Monkey-Room" is preserved as a sacred (not to say speculative) trust,



Bray Church.

holds the same position among water-parties on the upper as Eel-pie Island does on the lower Thames. North-and-by-east (resuming our upward wanderings), brings us to Bray, where the fishing and boating are better than the scenery. But Bray has its church, and the church once had a vicar, stated by Fuller to have been vivacious, and to have with rigid impartiality turned from Papist to Protestant twice over during the troublous times in which he held cure of souls, always alleging that his grand principle in life was to live and die Vicar of Bray. Everybody who has an hour to spare steps ashore to see the old church, over whose square tower ecclesiastical rooks wheel and chant at every season of the year, and to converse about the Rev. Symond Symonds and his peculiar notion of principle. Does it occur to the visitor that this principle, notwithstanding the derision and abuse he lavishes upon the reverend gentleman, is not an unknown quantity of every one of the centuries that has rolled by since the worthy priest fulfilled his object by dying, as he had lived, Vicar of Bray?

Maidenhead Bridge—the great London road from the west of England—is another favored spot on the Thames, favored by Nature and by the homage of Nature's admirers. But Cliefden is hard by, and Cliefden, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all the lesser rivals of the neighborhood. What of absolute grandeur the Thames possesses lies between Maidenhead Bridge and Henley. There can be no grandeur of landscape without hills, and hills



Cliefden Woods.

TEMPLE LOCK, NEAR MARLOW.

are never so effective as when fully dressed with the foliage of fine trees. At Cliefden the wooded slopes begin with a rich earnest of what will follow when in due time we arrive at the towering slopes beyond Henley Bridge. Many extreme praises have been said and sung of this portion of the Thames, but the warmth of expression

Medmenham Abbey.

has not been without excellent foundation. The Cliefden woods—at that transition time when Autumn, having laid on its colors with a liberal hand, and distributed its browns, reds, and yellows, in that inapproachable spirit of harmony with which Nature works out all her mysterious designs, retires, that Winter may efface its artistic touches—are magnificent to look upon from the river; the river is also magnificent to look upon from the terrace of the mansion which George Villiers built, to stand like a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid.

Past Bisham Wood, with its hills and bluff, and ancient abbey and Norman church among the trees; by Temple Mills, and through Temple Lock, to the graceful woods

rising behind Harleyford House; beyond Hurley and its remains of monastery and mansion—the mansion in which, under cover of a series of festivities, the measures were concocted which led to the Great Revolution; past Danesfield, and Medmenham village, whose hill is surmounted by a wonderfully old farmhouse; and we step ashore at Medmenham Abbey. These ruins are the perfection of ivy-mantled remains, crumbling arches, and ragged stone-work. Sombre woods o'ershadow them, meadows of brightest green surround them, the river is always in the foreground.

It is a goodly spot with an evil character. In the middle of the last century a society of profligate men of fashion, who entitled themselves the "Monks of St. Francis," and carried their assumptions so far as to wear a monkish garb, made the old abbey echo with revelries to which the term infamous has been but too appropriately applied. The motto of this scandalous crew may be seen over the square doorway: "FAY CE QUE VOVDRAS."

Dr. Plot says that Henley is the oldest town in Oxfordshire. Shenstone knew something about the inns of the place, for of one of them, probably the "Red Lion," he wrote the results of what must have been a very crabbed and cheerless life experience:

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

There is exquisite scenery on either side of Henley Bridge, but Henley is gayest during that Regatta week which has now become as deeply-rooted an institution as the Squadron week at Cowes, or the "meetings" at Ascot and Goodwood. It is the High Temple of Aquatics, and the boating tribes from every corner of Great Britain come up during that pleasant summer week when the river is covered with small holiday craft, when the banks are lined with light-hearted spectators, and the scent of the hay-field pervades the air. But this is a familiar scene; and we pass on to the southerly course which the Thames now takes, under the rolling Chilterns, to picturesque Wargrave, the Sonning islets, Shiplake, and the meadows of clean, neatly-built Reading, and outlying Caversham.

If Charles II. took refuge from his pursuers, as tradition affirms, at Hardwicke House, Mapledurham, and his hapless father played bowls there while his enemies were compassing his downfall, they could not complain of the barrenness of the prospects at their command. The house adds to the beauty of a situation that is replete with numberless charms of its own. It is a large, well-proportioned brick mansion, profusely gabled, and possessing all the merits and demerits of the Elizabethan style of architecture. Aged cedars, oaks, elm-trees, and arcades of fancifully-clipped

yews, adorn the grounds. Mapledurham lock and weir, and the rare old mill and church, which, so far as can be seen through the trees, embrace each other, together with Mapledurham Manor-house, and the broad, islet-studded river, constitute a wealth of scenery which has given to the locality the title of "the Painters' Paradise."

Near Pangbourne.

Pangbourne is one of the noted stations of the Upper Thames, and of it Mr. Greville Fennell most happily writes: "Pangbourne is another of those pearls of English landscape which our river threads; no sweeter spot is within many miles. The Thames seems especially fond of disporting itself here, and, loath indeed to leave, it loiters in the great depth of the pools, creeps slyly under the banks, frolics as a kitten in the eddies, and then dashes hurriedly off beneath the far-stretching pretty wooden bridge, as if to make up for time truantly lost." Streatley and Goring are two villages also separated by the Thames, and after Cleeve Lock the country becomes less undulating and woody. At Dorchester, above Wallingford, the old delight is again found of hills in the background, and plantations of noble trees on either hand. The inhabitants of Oxford maintain that Nuneham is, *par excellence*, the loveliest spot on the river. Nuneham Courtenay is the seat of the Harcourt family, and from the heights of the demesne there is a panorama of sequestered walks through

leafy glades, park-land such as England alone can show, the simplicity of Nature and the successful pretensions of Art; and, still farther removed, the woods of Blenheim, Iffley Church, Abingdon, the Chilterns, and a far-away stretch of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire. Visitors to quiet Iffley halt between two opinions when called upon to decide as to the attractions of the church and the mill. The former is considered one of the finest and most beautiful examples in England of an Anglo-Norman parochial church.

With Oxford the best scenery of the Thames may be said to terminate. We shall not discuss "the marriage of Thame and Isis," or speculate touching the origin of the name by which it is known. The reader may take his choice of either Thames-head or Seven Springs as its actual birthplace. The balance of opinion it must, however, in justice be said, inclines to the Churn, and not to the little stream which is locally termed the Thames. The rival brooks meet near Cricklade, and both spring from the southern slopes of the Cotswold Hills. The Seven Springs, which are the so-called head-water of the Thames, rise in a secluded dell, overshaded by trees, and bubble gushingly, clear as crystal, out of the rock, to race rapidly away as the "nimble-footed Churn."

Iffley Mill.

Kynance Rocks, Cornwall.

THE SOUTH COAST,

FROM PORTSMOUTH TO THE LIZARD.

Old Harry Rocks, Bournemouth.

OUR first journey along the southern coast of England terminated at Hurstmanceaux Castle. To regain the coast from this castle there is a long but not uninteresting walk, or drive, through shady lanes, on to Eastbourne. Here the traveler

should take to the water and sail around Beachy Head. In this way only will he be able to appreciate the grandeur of that lofty bluff which terminates the chalk-ridge of the South Downs so abruptly, and beneath whose frowning summit the waves seem ever ready to dash some hapless ship to pieces. When the approach of the Great Armada was signaled, and the warning fires flashed from every hill and headland,

"High on St. Michael's Mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head;"

and we may be sure the hardy fishermen came out here to watch the stately ships making their way slowly up-Channel, with those merciless "dogs of Devon" clinging at their heels. The Spaniards had begun to feel the stress of fight by this time, and we can imagine how the lusty Saxons would cheer when they saw the havoc wrought in that formidable line by cunning old Sir Frank's mode of fighting. Beneath the rock on which the Bell Font lighthouse stands is a cavern, with two chambers, excavated, it is said, by a vicar of East Dean, as a refuge for shipwrecked sailors, and known far and wide as *Parson Darby's Hole.* When the waves of the Channel are lashed into fury by winter gales, they come thundering against this headland with a sound that is terrific in its grandeur; and we know of no place on the southern coast where the awful voice of the sea is heard as it is here, except, perhaps, along the granite cliffs of the Lizard.

We resume our tour at Portsmouth, where, between us and the gray island southward, the finest fleets the world ever saw have ridden at anchor. Within the harbor now are some of the most powerful ships of the English iron-clad navy. The Hard here has witnessed the coming and going of many generations of England's naval heroes. Above all, we stand here within sight of the vessel that is the one emblem of Britain's greatness on the sea. On September 14, 1805, Lord Nelson hoisted his flag once more on board the Victory at this port, and next day set sail for Spain, accompanied by only one frigate, "so anxious was he to mark the scene of his future glory." In less than three months the same ship, whose name, thenceforth, was never to be dissociated from his, brought the hero's body back to Portsmouth. As the war-horse of a dead Indian chieftain must not bear another rider on his back, but is shot over the warrior's grave, so no other flag must float from the mast that had borne Lord Nelson's pennon into every sea. The ship, which had been in commission forty years when the battle of Trafalgar was fought, came into harbor, and was dismantled soon after. Now, however, the Victory's guns have been restored to her. When Maclise wanted them to paint from for his fresco of the "Death of Nelson," they could nowhere be found; but at length they have been turned out from some store at the Woolwich factory, and replaced on the decks whence they ought never to have been taken. The hero's ship is his best monument, as the cockpit where he died was the scene of his

OFF BEACHY HEAD.

greatest victory. "My lord," exclaimed Hardy, "you die in the midst of triumph."—"Do I, Hardy?" He smiled faintly, and said, "God be praised."

A survey of the southern coast of England would hardly be complete without some memorial of the chief Hampshire sanitarium, Bournemouth; although, as an entirely new place, its houses and buildings have no great attractions for the lover

The Victory.

of the picturesque. So new, indeed, is it, that, according to a recent guide-book, it is not yet even a parish; certainly no mention whatever of it is made in an important topographical work on England published about forty years since. Now the population is said to number about ten thousand; and as the trees give place to villas, and the fields to streets, its air of seclusion, so welcome to the invalid, will disappear. To the pine-woods, indeed, which encircle the bay, Bournemouth owes much of its fame. Their densely-serried masses shield it from the colder winds; their odor is thought by many to be beneficial in disease of the lungs. Whether this be so, we leave to the faculty to decide, but any one may convince himself of the refreshing scent of most kinds of pine by simply inhaling the odor of a freshly-broken branch. The Scotch fir is for Hampshire what the wood of the maritime pine is for the Landes of France, or

the stone-pine for the delta of the Po. Many parts of the country are covered with loose, light, gravelly and sandy beds, too hot and dry for most kinds of herbage, and almost every species of tree. But on these moors, which would otherwise be scantily clothed with parched grass and withered heather, the Scotch fir grows freely and even luxuriantly, attaining a size seldom equaled, and perhaps never surpassed, in any other part of Britain. Wonderfully grand are the groves of patriarchal trees which, here and there, may be still seen on the Hampshire plateaux. The huge crimson-tinted boles stretch away on every side in endless vistas of columns, each one expanding into a capital of matted boughs and a vault of dark-green foliage; while beneath the foot the dead pine-needles rustle crisply on the elastic floor, and overhead the wind sighs with Æolian music through the clustering branches. But, if the reader would know the charm of a Hampshire fir-wood, let him read the prose idyl, "My Winter Garden," of the late Canon Kingsley.

From the curious shore of Christchurch Bay the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight and the sea-girt pinnacles of the Needles form part of every seaward view on a clear day, as they point like an outstretched finger at the mainland of Dorset. Hence, across the wide estuary leading to the old-fashioned town of Poole, we find a continuation of the chalk-range in the hilly district called the Isle of Purbeck. An island it is not, but, separated as it is, to some extent, by water, and still more by its natural features, it is not without claims to the title. It is a name familiar alike to lovers of geology and of architecture; for here is quarried the so-called Purbeck marble, one of the few British rocks employed for decorative purposes by the builders of the middle ages, with whom it was in great favor. A marble, in the strict sense of the word, it cannot be called, for no marked change has befallen the rock since first it was consolidated. It is simply a limestone, formed not in the sea but in fresh water, and crowded with river-shells of a genus (*Paludina*) still common in our streams. Its dark, mottled surface, as all will remember who have seen cathedrals such as Chichester or Ely, where it is largely employed in internal decoration, has an extremely rich appearance; but, as it is not a very durable stone unless carefully selected and protected, it should always be employed with great caution. The geological history of this part of England is so interesting that we may be permitted a passing glance. The sea, which covered a large part of what is now England, when many of the so-called oolite limestones were formed, appears to have gradually receded toward the end of what is called the Jurassic period; and as the land rose above the water the present site of Dorsetshire and Hants was occupied by a great estuary. For a while there was a struggle between the divinities of the river and of the sea; and alternating beds of marine and of fresh-water fossils commemorate the strife and its fortunes. More than once we have even indications of old land surfaces in the roots and trunks of trees and various plants, imbedded and petrified in the

soil, wherein once they grew. Gradually, the river prevailed, and its huge delta spread far and wide over the south of England, a broad, marshy beach; its banks overgrown with plants like those of tropic climes; its pools tenanted by strange fishes; its swamps traversed by monstrous lizards, strange in form as the dragons of fairy-tales. So for centuries, perhaps for myriads of years, life went on, as in the deltas of the Ganges or the Mississippi, till at last the sea returned slowly, the land sank downward, beneath fathom after fathom; while in the clear, unruffled ocean depths the living atoms that still occupy the Atlantic abyss built up of their tiny shells those thick limestone masses which we now call chalk. Then—after how long, who dare say?—once more the land arose, to enter upon another cycle of change which brings us to the present time.

The most noteworthy spot in the Isle of Purbeck is Corfe Castle, a grand old ruin, which, in its day, has played no unimportant part in history. Perched upon a steep hill, and cut off by a ravine from the town, it was a place of no little natural strength, which, as is shown by the massive structures still remaining, was as much as possible increased by art. Round towers strengthen the outer wall, some of which, in consequence of the sapping of their foundations, deviate considerably from the vertical, but still, owing to the strength of their masonry, are able to remain in a more or less stable position. The keep and several of the principal buildings of the inner castle remain, though sadly shattered. The oldest part of the present structure dates from Norman times, but a castle stood here full nine centuries ago, at the door of which the Saxon King Edward, commonly called the Martyr, was murdered by the orders of Elfrida, whose memory is thus rendered infamous as the contriver of the "worst deed done by the Angles since first they came to the land of Britain."

The young king was hunting in the neighborhood, and left his companions in the chase to inquire after the health of his stepmother. She welcomed him with fair words, and pressed him to alight, but this he declined to do; then, as he raised to his lips the cup of wine which he was about to drink to her health, one of her servants struck a dagger into his back. He set spurs to his horse, but the blow was too well aimed, and, as the tradition goes, he fell dead where the bridge now stands which joins the castle with the town. More than two centuries later, Corfe Castle received a worthy successor to Elfrida in the person of King John, who is said to have kept his regalia here, and to have starved to death in the dungeons several of the principal nobles of Poictiers. Later, the deposed King Richard II. was imprisoned for a while here before he was taken to his death at Berkeley. Corfe also enjoys the honor of having been successfully defended for King Charles against an attack of the Parliamentary troops by the wife of the governor—Lady Banks—and her daughters, who, with but slender forces, withstood a siege of six weeks. But when besieged a second time, it found a less faithful defender, and was treacherously given

up to Fairfax, then general of the attacking army. After this surrender its fortifications were partly demolished, and it was allowed to fall into its present state of ruin.

The town, which since the Reform Bill has remained in peaceful obscurity, has recently attracted the attention of an ardent reformer, who has pronounced its borough

Corfe Castle.

to be the oldest in the world. Certainly his account, if correct, justifies the phrase, for it reads almost like an extract from a burlesque: "The corporation consisted of one member only, the present mayor. It had large charities under its jurisdiction, and the magistrates exercise criminal jurisdiction by charter, but as the mayor was the only magistrate he had to send into the county whenever a second justice was required. Sometimes the policeman had to go thirty miles in order to procure one.

The mayor apparently held frequent meetings of the corporation with himself, and he claimed to be the licensing authority. The lord of the manor, who also had certain jurisdictions, was lord High Admiral of the Isle of Purbeck, and the warlike office was now held by an inoffensive clergyman, who had power to call up all the population for military service, and all his shores were exempt from admiralty jurisdiction."

We must now interrupt the order of our journey along the southern coast, and, for a while, pass over both the downs of Western Dorset and the wooded valleys and deep, furrowed lanes of balmy Devon. These will more conveniently be treated in a separate section; so we leave the Exe as it winds from the old cathedral city by the wooded meads and slopes of Powderham, the gardens of Dawlish, the rich red cliffs of Teignmouth, the villas of Torquay, and the historic shores of Torbay, till we reach the extremest verge of the county, and halt at its frontier town, Plymouth —the key of the duchy of Cornwall.

Few parts of Britain are richer in historic memories than this old town, few more beautiful in situation, between the estuaries of the Tamar and the Plym, which unite to form the broad water of Plymouth Sound. Between them the land rises rapidly till it terminates abruptly above the sea, in the deep limestone headland called the Hoe.

Not easily can one find more classic ground on English shores, or a more striking scene, notwithstanding the overgrowth of the nineteenth-century town and its twin sister, Devonport, than this Hoe of Plymouth. The greensward yet remains bright on the top of the broken cliffs of gray limestone. To the right is the entrance to Devonport Harbor, with its dock-yards and arsenals, and the estuary of the Tamar. Across it rises the wooded height of Mount Edgecumbe, and near it lies Drake's, formerly St. Nicholas's, Bland, now one massive fort. To the left is the old citadel, partly blocking the view in this direction; beyond it is the entrance to Catwater, the mouth of the Plym, its steep banks partly visible, covered with groups of houses and groves of trees. The headland opposite still remains bare and grassy, but the greensward is broken by more than one strong fortress; while out to sea, barring the broad waters of the Sound, is a long, low line, the Plymouth breakwater. A dark, flat object, in the middle, like a cake floating in the water, is a modern iron fort, one of the most important among the defenses of the harbor. What Englishman can look on this scene without a stirring of the heart—

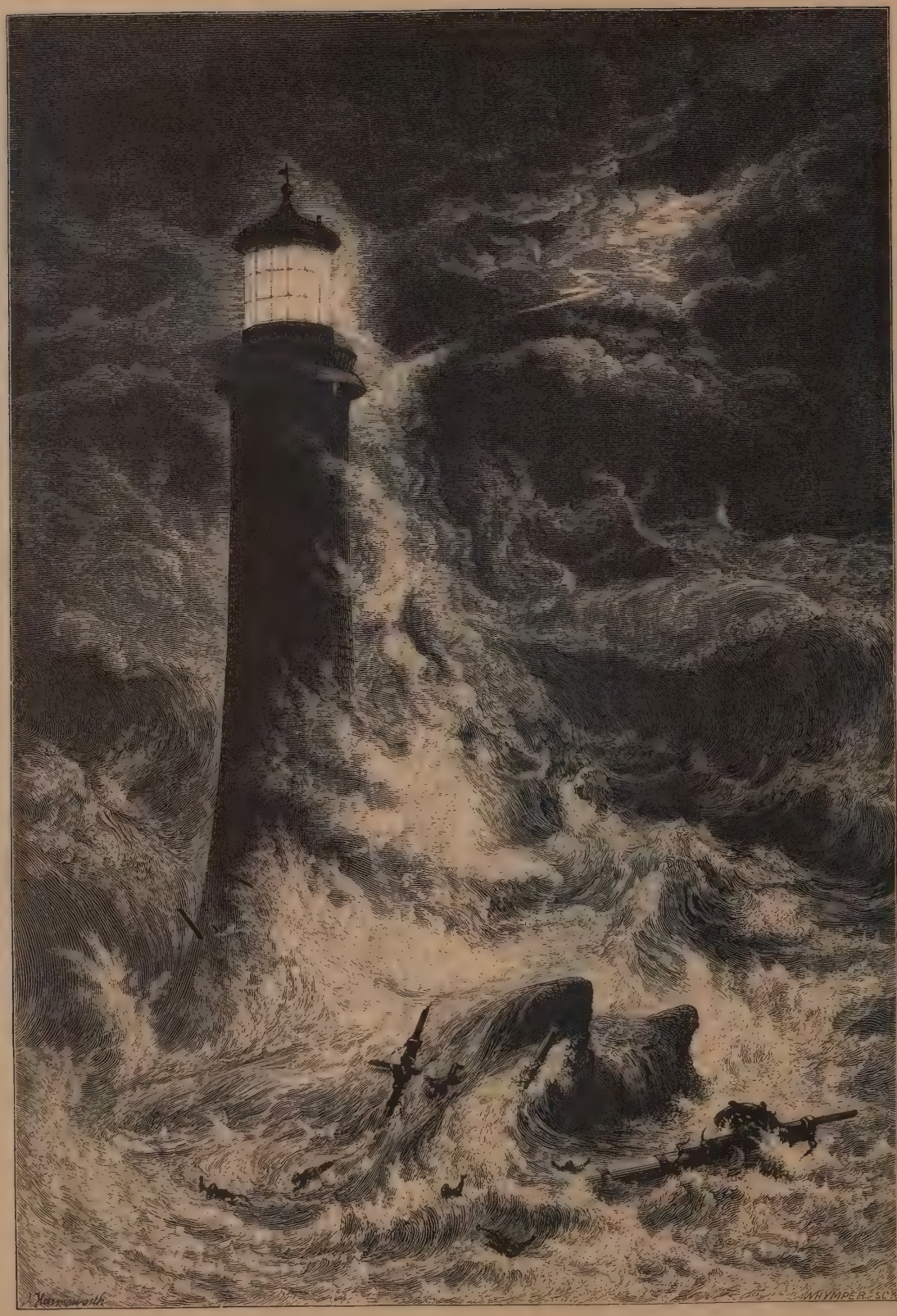
> "As the stately ships go by,
> To the haven under the hill,"

when he remembers how, many a time, at this spot, "the troops of adventurers have made their rendezvous for attempting new discoveries and inhabitances, as Thomas

Stukleigh for Florida, Sir Richard Grenville for Virginia, Sir Humphrey Gilbert for Newfoundland, Sir Martyn Frobisher and Master Davies for the northwest passage, Sir Walter Raleigh for Guiana? Here also the last named set sail to seek the golden city of Manoa, and to find a death by the headsman's axe. Here, some three years later, the Mayflower turned her prow to the wide western sea, to seek liberty of conscience in a new and unknown world, and to found, in memories of parting kindnesses in the old town, a new Plymouth on the American Continent. Here also was the starting-point of Byron when he began the first voyage round the globe, and of Cook on his three great voyages; in the Sound, also, Napoleon I. remained some days a prisoner on board the Bellerophon.

In former days the Sound, though so placid in calm weather, was by no means a safe anchorage in a storm, and not a few vessels have been dashed to pieces on its rocky borders. It was not till the early part of the present century that it was decided to undertake the colossal work of constructing a breakwater. The task, impeded more than once by violent storms, and originally faulty in plan, was not wholly completed till the year 1841, by which time over four and a half million tons of rough stone had been quarried, transported, and dropped into the sea, at a cost of more than a third as many pounds sterling.

Equally inseparable from the history of the port of Plymouth, and hardly less difficult or important as a work, is the Eddystone lighthouse. Fourteen miles off Plymouth Sound, and directly in the path of ships up the Channel, lies a reef of rocks, called the Eddystone, which rises a little above high-water mark and was for centuries a place of death to many a mariner. The first attempt to place a lighthouse thereon was made by an ingenious mechanician, Henry Winstanley, an Essex gentleman of good private fortune. This structure was of a decidedly ornamental character, and somewhat resembled a pagoda. Notwithstanding the decorative character of the design, and its apparent lightness, the architect had the utmost confidence in its strength, and frequently expressed a wish to be there during the fiercest storm that ever blew. Unhappily, his desire was gratified. One morning in the month of November, 1703, he went to superintend the repairs of some damage which had been caused by a previous storm. He was warned that another was impending, but of course paid no attention to the information. A violent gale sprang up in the night, and next morning all that remained of the lighthouse was a fragment of a chain wedged into the cleft of a rock. The next lighthouse was constructed, after a short interval, by a Mr. Rudgar, a London merchant. In order to lessen the power of the waves and to increase the strength of the structure, he made his tower round instead of polygonal, and built it of wood. He was more successful, for his lighthouse weathered the storms for nearly fifty years, but was then destroyed by fire. The present building was commenced shortly afterward, by the celebrated architect, Mr. Smeaton. He endeavored



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

to secure stability by following in the design of the shaft the lines of a tree-trunk, and to avert all danger from fire by the use of stone only—granite without and Portland within. The stones were hewn and fitted, and every preparation made, at workshops on the mainland, whence the materials were transported to the coast. Thus, although from the difficulties of the situation the men could only be employed on the work for about four days on the average out of ten, and to but little purpose on many of them, the tower was completed in a little more than three years, marvelous to say, without serious accident to those employed; and the lantern was again lighted on the 16th of October, 1759. Since that date it has withstood the storms unharmed up to the present time.

But we must proceed. We leave the busy workshops of Devonport and the old borough of Saltash, for we are not yet on Cornish soil, and there is no place for the lover of the picturesque where the shores echo to the clatter of hammers and clang of machinery. Yet no one can fail to render a sort of respectful admiration to the Albert Bridge, ugly as it is, as one of the most gigantic feats of Brunel, and a most astounding triumph of modern engineering. Nor must the view of it be forgotten as the train passes over high above the water, for at high tide on a calm summer's day it is a sight to be remembered. On the left hand the broad, smooth estuary expands on its seaward course, yet seems landlocked like a lake by shelving pastures and woods. Groups of houses stand by the margin; a hundred craft of all sizes are moving to and fro on the glassy waters, which scarcely dimple in the summer's sun; some old hulks are moored here and there like floating castles, portions of the "wooden walls of England," built before the days of armor-plates and rams and torpedoes. On the right hand the estuary, still broad, stretches inland till it is lost to view between wooded lands, whose trees dip their branches in the tide; and over all the rugged tors of Dartmoor rise gray in the distance, in bold contrast with the soft luxuriance of the foreground scenery.

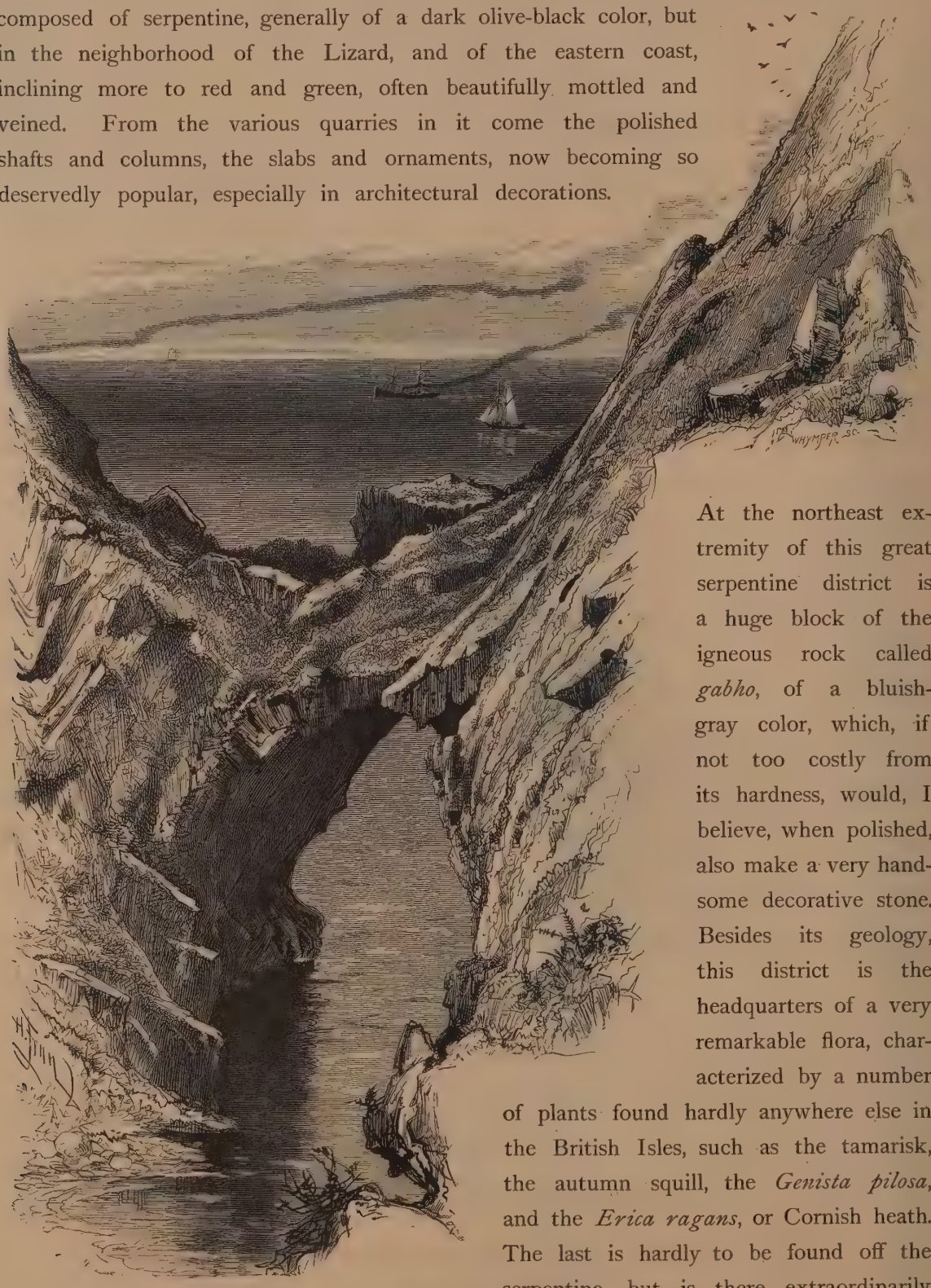
Now we are on Cornish ground, and the train bears us on by the windings of another tributary to the estuary, each glimpse of sward, and wood, and water, seeming lovelier than the last, to St. Germains, with its fine old church. Thence to Liskeard, another old town, pleasantly situated among shelving meadows and cornfields, dotted with hedgerow timber and clustering copses, behind which rise, more closely than before, the bare, brown, granite hills. Here are quarries of no small reputation, and that strange fantastic mass of rock called the Cheesewing—a huge pile of granitic blocks, some ten yards high, and not unlike, as it has been often said, to a gigantic mushroom. All sorts of theories have been started to account for it, the Druids of course getting more than their due; but, after all, it is only a freak of Nature, the handiwork of wind and weather. The ancient Britons have, however, left not a few traces of their presence in the district, in the usual forms of upright stones and cromlechs; and there are several other matters of interest near Liskeard.

THE ENTRANCE TO FOWEY HARBOR.

From Lestwithiel we must turn aside to follow the further windings of the Fowey as it widens out to the sea. The town itself does not seem a tempting place for a halt, and is described by the authority quoted above as "one of the worst-governed places in England," and no wonder, for it seems to be practically under the rule of an oligarchy, and not of a dictator; and tanneries, slaughter-houses, and pig-sties, combine to render "the sanitary state of the town something indescribable." The sewage of this interesting example of the virtues of self-government is discharged into the river, and would probably be obnoxious to the town of Fowey, were not this also in so many respects a worthy rival of Lestwithiel. When Liverpool was a fishing-village, Fowey was the chief port in Cornwall, and one of the chief in England. It contributed forty-seven ships to Edward III.'s expedition against France, and, as an old chronicler states, "waxing rich, felle all to merchandise; so that the town was haunted with shippes of diverse nations, and their shippes went to al nations." Sailing by Rye and Winchelsea they refused the customary signs of homage, and, when the men of the Cinque Ports came forth to fight for their privilege, they defeated them in fair fight, and quartered the arms of these towns with their own. Therefore they assumed the title of the "Fowey Gallaunts."

The Lizard promontory, which we are about to visit, deserves a few words of preliminary description, for it is a district unique in Britain, attractive alike to the botanist, the geologist, and the lover of the picturesque. Inland it is a wild plateau, generally almost level, though occasionally furrowed, especially near the sea, by chines, or narrow and rather deep valleys, whose slopes are often either clothed with wood, or richly cultivated. Part of the upland has been brought under the plough. Hedges there are none, for the wind sweeps too fiercely over the plateau to allow them to grow. In their stead, the lands are divided by high banks of stones and turf, along the top of which the footpaths are very commonly carried. The Cornish stile is a singular but very ingenious contrivance, originating, no doubt, in the difficulty of procuring wood. An opening is made in the bank, level with the road, and a great slab of stone placed upright on each side. Two other slabs, a foot or so wide, are then laid edgewise between them on the ground, which is sometimes slightly excavated. Thus a kind of trough is formed; and this is occasionally divided by a third parallel slab. A human being steps easily from stone to stone; but sheep and cattle are unable to imitate them, and seem to fear being entangled in the pitfall. Apparently—though it would seem easy enough—they do not even attempt to leap over the obstacle. But to return to the district. Though this is not a scientific work, it is difficult to avoid saying a few words on the geology of the region, for the most unobservant traveler can hardly fail to notice that the scenery over which he passes differs in many respects from anything that can be found elsewhere in England. The extreme northern and southern part of the peninsula are composed of a hard, bedded

rock, locally called killas, which often passes into a dark, almost black rock, containing much of the mineral hornblende. The intermediate and principal part is composed of serpentine, generally of a dark olive-black color, but in the neighborhood of the Lizard, and of the eastern coast, inclining more to red and green, often beautifully mottled and veined. From the various quarries in it come the polished shafts and columns, the slabs and ornaments, now becoming so deservedly popular, especially in architectural decorations.



The "Frying-Pan."

At the northeast extremity of this great serpentine district is a huge block of the igneous rock called *gabbo*, of a bluish-gray color, which, if not too costly from its hardness, would, I believe, when polished, also make a very handsome decorative stone. Besides its geology, this district is the headquarters of a very remarkable flora, characterized by a number of plants found hardly anywhere else in the British Isles, such as the tamarisk, the autumn squill, the *Genista pilosa*, and the *Erica ragans*, or Cornish heath. The last is hardly to be found off the serpentine, but is there extraordinarily

abundant; hundreds of acres of moorland are literally covered with it. In the flowering season (August and a part of September), these dark and almost dreary moors are changed into carpets of flowers of exquisite loveliness. Beautiful as is the rich glow of our common heath (*Erica tebralix*), there are a delicacy and purity about this wanderer from a southern clime which cannot be surpassed. It is the very perfect woman among heaths. There are two varieties, one with a white, or, rather, flesh-white flower, the other of the most exquisite pale blush pink. Its bells and clusters are slightly larger than those of the common heath, and in sheltered spots the plant also grows to at least twice the height. Some bushes that I have seen were not less than half a yard high.

Let us now strike the coast on the eastern side of the Lizard peninsula, and follow it till we reach the southernmost spot in Britain. We will direct our course to the little village of Coverack, where the serpentine cliffs come to an end near the pool of Cronsa Down. The road branches off to the left from that leading direct to the Lizard, and runs for the most part over the high, undulating plateau where the breeze, soft yet invigorating, steals up from the glittering sea. Now it does but fan pleasantly the brows that are somewhat heated by a long night in the train; but the battered bushes by the roadside, and the tops of the copses, sloping from the west up almost from the ground, and level as if mown by a scythe, show with what fury the Atlantic gales burst on these exposed moors. Still, though the few trees that rise here and there among the cornfields and rough meadows are bent and twisted, and torn by the storm till they seem the very cripples of their kind, the high banks by the roadside, even before we reach the region of the serpentine, are not without a certain beauty; the bramble trails over them its promise of purple fruit, the glowing heather is mingled with the paler tints of ling, while here and there a late-flowering honeysuckle distills sweet odors from its trumpet-flowers. Now the fields, to a great extent, give place to wide, open moors, broken by jutting fragments of dark-brown and grayish rock. Lichen—dappled gray and golden yellow—brighten to some extent the sombre tints of the stone; but on this September morning the moor is gay with the flowers of the Cornish heath. Before we reach Coverack another change comes over the scene: the heath becomes scarce, the moors are again replaced by fields, though the great gray projecting bowlders must give no little trouble to the ploughman. A glance at these tells us that we have left the serpentine for the gabbo of Cronsa Downs. At last we descend by a steep winding road to a little village which stands on a sort of low cliff on one side of a tiny bay, or cove, with the hills rising again steeply at its rear. This is Coverack, from which we will commence our walk along the coast. We must press on now, but, if the reader be a geologist, let me tell him that he will find work for many an hour on the little strip of rocky shore below the village, and within a mile on either side may collect as many varieties of igneous rock as he is likely to get in almost any part of Britain. The road leads us

up from the village to a footpath which runs along the face of a sloping, broken cliff a considerable height above the sea. All along this part of the coast the cliff scenery is very grand, and the dark, frowning serpentine crags rising steeply from the sea merit well the name of the Blackhead. Presently the bold headland of Karakclevs juts out to sea—an intrusive mass of gabho similar to that of Cronsa Down. Yet farther the cliffs retire a little, and leave a strip of sandy beach, where the breaking wave has a more peaceful sound than when it is shattered on the jutting crags, or booms in the deep and hidden caverns. Another grand range of cliffs succeeds, and then a tiny village wedged in a narrow gully, which descends to a little port, guarded by great crags of dark rocks. This is Cadgwith, a fishing-hamlet in the parish of the Ruan, as out-of-the-world-looking a spot as you can find anywhere. Its great lion is on the steep and rocky brow to the south of the village—a strange, bowl-like hollow in the cliff, called "The Devil's Frying-Pan." To judge by the numerous works attributed to that personage, the Cornish men of old must have been extremely orthodox on the subject; indeed, he seems to have had more than his due, and to have been credited with everything that was strange and puzzling. The more scientific traveler will be of opinion that as regards its origin there is no need to call in supernatural agencies. But, before noticing that, let us glance for a moment at the scene as it appears from beneath the tamarisk-hedges that wave above the upper end.

We are standing on the upper slopes of a great corrie, the sides of which, steep broken slopes of grass, and brushwood, and rock, fall down toward the sea, contracting like a funnel toward a grand natural archway, beneath which the waters ebb and flow into the little pool among the bowlders below. It must be a wild sight when a fierce southeaster drives the Atlantic waves crowding into this narrow portal; but now, on this September day, the sunlight glints with sleepy light on the scarcely dimpled expanse of dark-blue water without, and the rippling wave within is not enough to prevent us from seeing the purple pebbles in the clear pool. The cause of this strange archway is not hard to conjecture. The coast is pierced in many places by deep caverns, locally called "hugos," where the waves in stormy weather rage among the subterranean recesses. Such a one there has once been here; the sea has continued to widen its walls and wear away its vault, till at last the whole roof of the inner chamber fell in with a crash, leaving only the portal standing.

Lizard town is another scattered village, a short distance from Landewednack, possessing a couple of inns and a fair sprinkling of serpentine-shops, where the traveler may load himself with *souvenirs*—better worth carrying away, though they are weighty, than the majority of watering-place knick-knacks. But, leaving this, let us turn down by Landewednack churchyard to the shore once more. Notice the tamarisks that fringe the banks on either side; who would think that we were still in England? Shall we not see aloes and vines next? and do we not half expect the cone of Vesuvius or the

serrate peaks of the Apulian Alps to rise across the blue waters of yonder bay? The sandy lane sinks seaward, leading to a narrow cove, walled in by dark crags. There is another change in the rock here. Just on the left the serpentine comes to an end—there is plenty of it, and of excellent quality, too, on that headland called the Balk—but here are the dark blocks and slabs of the hornblende schist; and if you care to speculate upon the relations of the tin rocks you may employ yourselves in tracing them out. There is evidently traffic here, for half-way down is apparatus for drawing up boats out of reach of the waves, with a low shed, whence proceeds a rather ancient fish-like

Pilchard-Fishing, off the Lizard.

smell. This is one of the stations for the pilchard-fishery; and that man yonder, perched upon a ledge of rock, and gazing intently seaward, is on the lookout for a shoal. The boats are hanging about, under the lee of the cliffs, till he signals the approach of that dark band on the distant water, which, were it not for the accompanying crowd of gulls, you might take for the shadow of a passing cloud. The pilchard is to Cornwall what the herring is to the more northern parts of England. The fishery is carried on during the third quarter of the year, when the pilchards, like the herrings (both being of the same genus), approach the coast during the spawning-

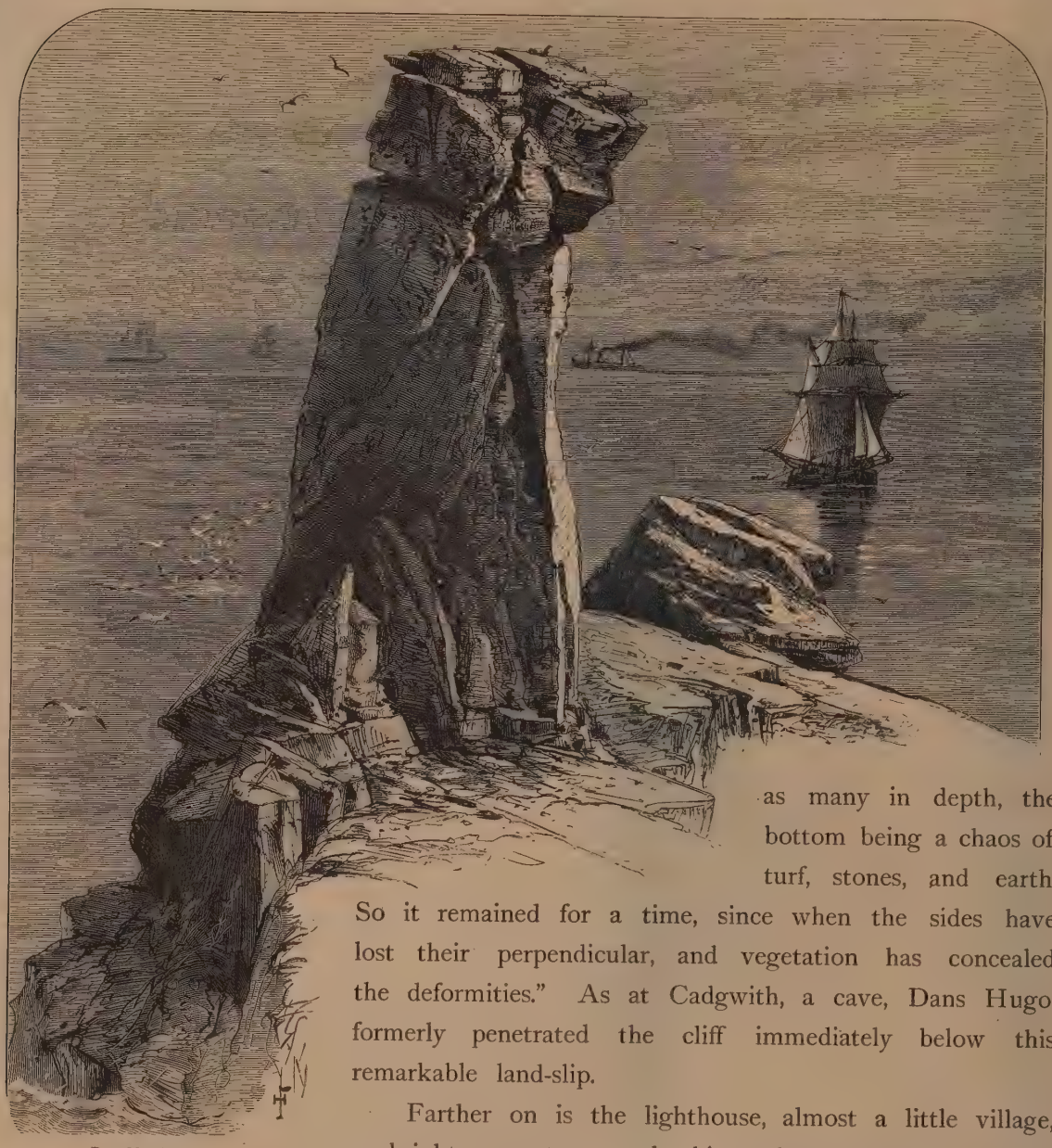
season; a fortunate take will often consist of several thousands. The fish are salted, packed in barrels from which the oil is expressed, and then exported, chiefly to the Mediterranean. Such a scene as the beach depicts, though it happens to have been taken from the western side of the peninsula, may often be witnessed from this spot by the visitor at Landewednack. Very pleasant, too, in the early morning is a bath from that rocky peninsula, in the cove, where you can plunge at once into clear deep water, and swim till fatigue, not cold, drives you in, for the sea here, in the autumn, feels almost tepid; and a before-breakfast dip is a far less Spartan process than on our chillier northern coasts.

But we must not linger longer here. Breast the rough slope where the great slabs of rock form natural stairs, and stopping only to pluck an autumn squill, turn your steps southward still. Wonderfully grand are these massive crags of dark rock, relieved from absolute sterility by the slopes of green grass and maritime herbs which clothe the slopes and cluster on the ledges. Calm as the sea is now, it is wild enough sometimes when the great Atlantic rollers break on these exposed headlands. Yet I am inclined to think that the force of the ocean-waves is better appreciated on a comparatively calm day, after there has been rough weather far out at sea. Standing on one of these southern headlands, you look seaward on what appears a nearly level plain of dark-blue water; only, as you gaze, a low broad wave travels over it landward, seeming no more than the "waves of shadow over the wheat." The green swelling crests a little as it nears the crag. Suddenly a deep boom is heard, a vast jet of spray spouts up as though a mine were fired beneath the water, and from ledges thirty feet above the tide-mark white streamlets trickle down to show the force of that mighty ocean-throb which has just expended itself on the land.

Penolvaer Point, one of the most striking scenes in the Lizard, is nearly the most southerly spot in England, but on the other side of the little Household Bay the land extends yet farther; the white house on it is a station whence the news of passing ships is signaled. Everywhere there is the same grand scenery, black, frowning crags, vast blocks and slabs of rock. But, as we approach the white towers of the lighthouse, we come suddenly on another strange hole in the ground, similar to that which we have already seen at Cadgwith; this is the Lion's Den, which differs from the Frying-Pan only in its more precipitous sides. These are far too steep to admit of a descent; you can but stand on the brink and gaze down the rocky funnel, through the archway, on to the sea. This is even more obviously a cave whose roof has fallen in, and the mode of formation is placed beyond doubt, because the Lion's Den is not many years old. "On the morning of the 20th February, 1847," says Mr. Walter White, in his pleasant book, "A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End," "the light-keeper noticed a wide-spread discoloration of the sea off the point,

PENOLVAER POINT.

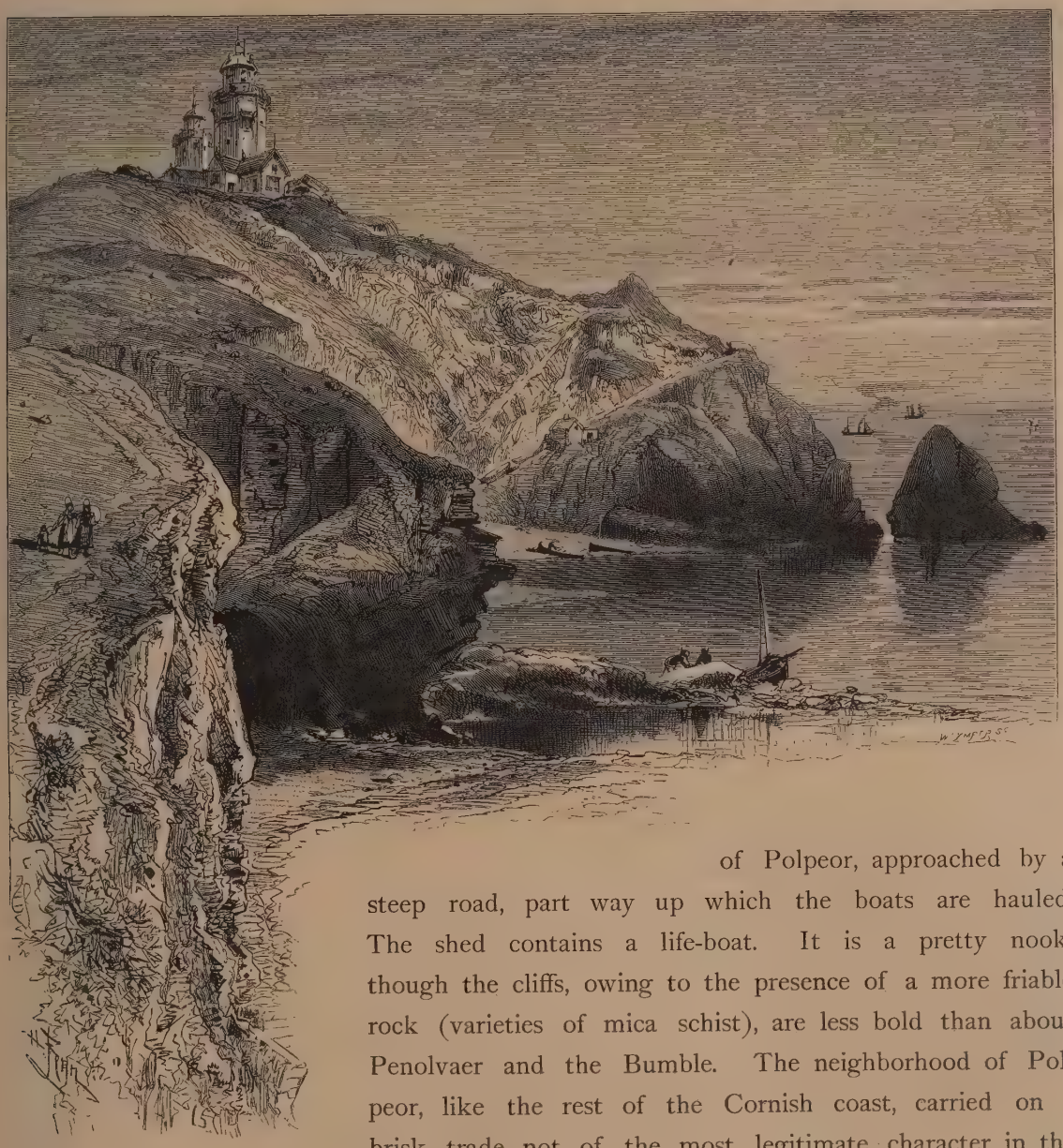
and, looking about for the cause, discovered a chasm in the steep slope to the eastward, where the ground had sunk down without noise or apparent warning during the previous night. At that place the cliff is about eighty feet high; the chasm was twenty feet within the edge, and formed an irregular oval of fifty feet in length, and as many in depth, the bottom being a chaos of turf, stones, and earth. So it remained for a time, since when the sides have lost their perpendicular, and vegetation has concealed the deformities." As at Cadgwith, a cave, Dans Hugo, formerly penetrated the cliff immediately below this remarkable land-slip.



Bumble Rock.

Farther on is the lighthouse, almost a little village, as bright as neatness and whitewash can make the place. The towers are nearly eighty feet high, and as many yards apart, and the lights can be seen twenty-two miles away—at once a warning and a welcome to the homebound mariner, who, in former days, often found a step-mother's welcome on his native shores. At the most southerly point, an island at high water, rises the Bumble Rock, like a great stone pulpit. It would be an

excellent position for any modern St. Anthony, who wished to exhort the sea-birds, could he only get on to it. This, however, would be easier for the congregation than for the preacher. Just beyond is the little port—if it can be dignified with the name—



Polpeor.

of Polpeor, approached by a steep road, part way up which the boats are hauled. The shed contains a life-boat. It is a pretty nook, though the cliffs, owing to the presence of a more friable rock (varieties of mica schist), are less bold than about Penolvaer and the Bumble. The neighborhood of Polpeor, like the rest of the Cornish coast, carried on a brisk trade not of the most legitimate character in the "good old times," for its smugglers were skillful and audacious beyond all of southern England, and the numerous secret coves and chines lent themselves to the work. Tradition says that not a few of the older houses in the neighborhood are provided with cunningly-constructed vaults, and affirm that the revenue officers often found it more to their interest to take the gold rather than the hard knocks of the smugglers. Mr. White states that there was a squadron

of sea-vessels on this part of the coast, which mounted between them fifty-six guns, whose crews were prepared to fight to the last. One man who lived at Prussia Cove, close to the eastern extremity of Mount's Bay, had the impudence to erect a battery of six-pounders to defend his stores, and to fire on an approaching sloop-of-war. The ship was unable to reply with its guns, owing to the position of the battery, but some boats were sent, and the fortification promptly destroyed. Some idea of the state of things may be formed from the fact that Mr. Pellew (brother of the first Lord Exmouth), when appointed collector of customs at Falmouth, surprised a party of his own officers helping in the daytime to run a cargo of wine. To his energy the suppression of this illicit traffic on the Cornish coast is mainly due; though it is said that even in these days goods are occasionally landed which have not contributed to the revenue.

The Bumble Rock does not extend quite so far southward as the westernmost point of the peninsula, old Lizard Head. Here, overlooking the black rocks called the Stags, around which the waves break into spray on even the calmest days, you may recline on the scented turf, and enjoy the satisfaction (if it be any) of feeling that toward the home of the south wind you can no farther go, and that, could you fly with the swallow, you would next alight on Cantabrian shores. Here, then, we must perforce turn our faces northward, and wander along the broken edges of the cliffs, now high above the water, now sinking down into little chines, on our way to Kynance Cove. This part of the coast is hardly less grand than that which we have left. The long promontory blue in the west is part of the Land's End. We look into Mount's Bay, and on a clear day may discern the pyramidal mass of the "guarded mount of the great archangel." That fine headland which rises three or four miles away is the Rill, a great mass of serpentine beyond Kynance Cove. Here, too, as on the cliffs by Landewednack, we may lie down on the grass by the side of the lookout-man, and watch the long nets cast around a shoal of pilchards.

Presently we return to the serpentine, where the cliffs—rare event here—recede enough to leave a tiny strip of sand between their feet and the water's edge. Descend to this on a calm evening as the sun is sinking in the west, for it is well worth the while. Exquisitely clear is the wave as it rolls landward in with the gleaming light on its seaward slope and the purple shadow on the landward; then, as it rises into a crest ere yet it breaks, the setting sun shines through the translucent water, for one moment it gleams as if all chrysophrase, and then breaks into a foaming mass of pale gold and tender violet spray.

But we must hasten on to the Kynance, the glory of the Lizard; one visit, however, will not suffice—it must be seen both at high and at low water. With the former the waves beat up against the cliffs, and break in foaming spray among the rifts of the dark, rugged skerries. The Steeple Rock stands out above the water, and Asparagus

STEEPLE ROCK, KYNANCE COVE.

Island merits its name, and the caves are all flooded. But, when the water is low, a long white spot of sand joins the steeple to the mainland, and affords, even forms, a causeway to Asparagus Island—so called because there the wild plant of that name grows, or used to grow. Beautifully white does it seem against the dark serpentine, and its level surface looks all the smoother by comparison with the rugged ridges that here and there project above it. The finest crag is called, from its shape and isolation, the Steeple Rock, but a long time may be spent in exploring the little caves and

Post-Office and the Bellows.

viewing the cliffs and skerries from different standpoints; for the whole place is an endless series of vignettes, and every step shows something new. If the tide be not too high, it is best to go at once to Asparagus Island, and pause on the way to visit the Post-Office and the Bellows. This is what you see: A scramble over some slippery ledges, and few rocks are more slippery than serpentine, leads to a slight recess in the face of a cliff, in which may be seen a couple of holes; or, rather, keep at a safe distance and watch. Presently a dull, rushing sound seems to issue from the heart of the rock; a heavy, splashing thud is heard; and instantly, with a loud hiss, a jet of mingled water and spray is violently spurted forth from the lower hole—just like the

Mullion's Cove Rock.

blowing of a whale. Lean forward quickly now, and hold loosely a fragment of paper to the upper slit—in a moment it is snatched from you, as by an invisible hand, and disappears down the orifice. This is the Post-Office; the lower one is called the Bellows. When the water has risen above that, the Letter-box continues to work; but the visitor must keep his eye open while posting his letter, or he may find that the hole now serves a double purpose, and may pay him for peeping by squirting a jet of water in his face. When we have scrambled up the narrow track to the top of Asparagus Island, and reached the seaward side, we shall see the cause of this apparent frolic of the nymphs. A deep fissure almost cleaves the island in twain, and its walls narrow into a sort of cavern, which terminates at the apertures just described. At about half-tide time, when a wave comes swelling in from the sea, it breaks on the rocks on either side, and rushes tumultuously into the ravine. Forced up higher by the narrowing walls, it bursts against the end, and drives a jet of spray through the Bellows; then it falls back exhausted. The sudden removal of this large mass of

water produces a partial vacuum at the end of the fissure, and thus causes a violent indraught through the Letter-box. As the tide rises, and the Bellows begin to be covered, the water spouts through the other orifice, and at last both are hidden. There are several other caverns, some more accessible than this, which must be visited before the full beauty of the serpentine can be appreciated. As their walls are swept by every tide, the stone is kept ever smooth, and, while still wet from the recent surge, seems as if polished by the workman's hand. What infinite variety of intricate mingling of purple and green and red! Here masses dark and sombre, here glittering with metallic crystals of diallage, or marbled with vermilion or white. Truly one can imagine these to be haunts of the mermaids, and the "Drawing-Room" appropriated for the use of Amphitrite.

We must leave now the grand cliffs of the Rill, to take one more glance at this coast-scenery, at a spot some four miles farther to the north, called Mullion's Cove. Here there is little of that richness of color which adds a certain loveliness to the bare rocks of Kynance. Wild, almost savage grandeur is the prevailing characteristic. On either side of the narrow glen, which leads down to the beachless margin of the sea, the cliffs rise steeply, curving round to embrace a little bay, to which a grassy island forms a natural breakwater. Its right-hand portal is a bold, pyramidal, isolated rock; its left consists of jagged, pointed crags, which here project so far as almost to mask the entrance. The cove is quite close to the junction of the hornblende, talc, and serpentine, and here one rock is almost as dark in color as the other. The grand cliff to the south consists mainly of the latter, and from it, perhaps better than from the cove itself, the singular wildness of the scenery can be appreciated. Beneath your feet rise huge crags and pinnacles, relieved here and there from funereal gloom by a bright patch of green herb. Lower yet are cliffs, and islets, and wave-worn skerries, and then the great expanse of sea—an expanse of translucent blue-green crystal, clouded near the shore with dark spots that mark the hidden deep. Inland, however, the scene is less stern. In the glen nestles a tiny group of houses, with the life-boat shed. On either side are grassy downs, dotted with sheep; and, far away above the plateau level, the granite hills rise against the northern sky in undulating islands. To the west the eye ranges far along the rock-bound coast, till beyond the shadowy gray pyramid of St. Michael's Mount it rests on the more distant peninsula of the Land's End.

Melrose Abbey

ENGLISH ABBEYS AND CHURCHES.

Bolton Abbey.

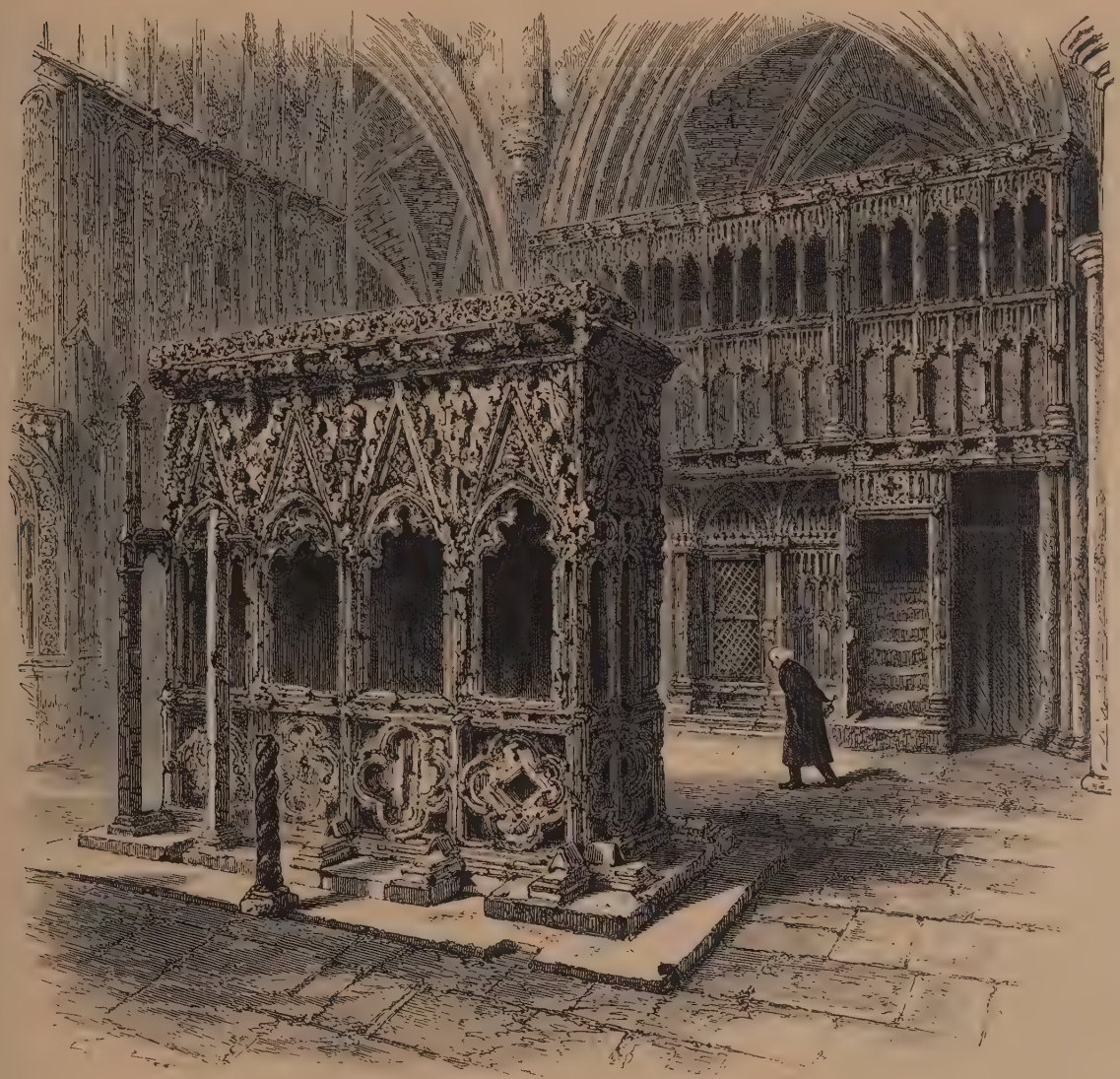
FOR good and for evil, no system connected with Christianity has been more powerful than the monastic. In dark and troubled days the cloister was often the sole refuge for the oppressed, the sole depository of learning, the sole guardian of religion. In better times, again, it too often has been conspicuous as the chief foe of liberty, the chief enemy of science, the chief maintainer of the letter against the spirit of the Gospel. Still, those who are least anxious to have the monastic orders once more

dominant in the land cannot forget the services which once they rendered; or, however they may deem them ill adapted for the adult life of a nation, fail to remember that in its infancy they were not seldom its nursing-fathers. In Britain, indeed, the system did not survive long enough to become the violent anachronism it did elsewhere; we may regard its memory as that of a companion of youth—passed away before advancing age developed incompatibility which might have sundered friendship. We see the system, not with the squalor, the meanness, the degradation that it presents at the present day in other lands, but under the mellowing influence of past time, and the enchantment lent by distance to the view. So also in its remains. In countries where the monastic orders have still maintained their ground, the buildings are often modern or modernized—now almost squalid, now sumptuous, but generally tawdry, or heavy, or ugly, in which the arehitects of the last two centuries have often effaced almost every trace of their more poetic predecessors. But in Britain the case is different. The smaller and meaner houses have mostly been swept away; even the commoner buildings of the greater monasteries have long since furnished materials for neighboring cottages and byres. Through a sort of survival of the fittest, only the stateliest structures remain in ruins, all of which were built before the Renaissance laid its dead hand of classic propriety on the picturesque utility of Gothic art.

A work like this, therefore, cannot leave the abbeys of England unnoticed. To do that would be to pass by a feature peculiar to it beyond all others in Europe. For, by reason partly of modern change in those which survive, and of political convulsions or foreign invasions which have effaced rather than ruined those which have fallen, the traveler finds in no other country such a wealth of picturesque ruins of conventual buildings. The only difficulty is this very wealth, which makes any choice perplexing. From the shores of Warp and Wye, from the side of Severn and of Dee, from the dales of Yorkshire and the glens of Wales, from the streets of cathedral cities, from grassy downs and fat corn-land, from sylvan recess and sea-worn crag, they invite our choice—this one rich in historic memories, that in the unobtrusive annals of a quiet life of holiness. Diverse, too, are their styles of architecture. Some are chiefly notable for the solemn grandeur of the Romanesque, others for the severe yet chastely beautiful simplicity of the earlier Transition; some for the sweet grace of the so-called Early English, others for the refined beauty of the Decorated—the maiden and the bride of English architecture; some rejoice in the grandiose superbness of the Perpendicular—the matron, to follow out the simile, a little too full-blown, if the truth be told, and supplying by jewels and gorgeous attire—sometimes, be it whispered, by the resources of meretricious art—the tender charm of a youth that is no more.

The oldest as the most illustrious among the monastic orders is that of St. Benedict, and to it, or to one of its offshoots, the majority of those in Britain belong.

Born in North Italy, in the decadence of the empire, the founder was educated at Rome, where the vices of paganism had proved more vital than its virtues, and the salt of Christianity had not yet succeeded in seasoning the corrupting mass. Thus the evil of the world around, instead of seducing, shocked the youth; and the ascetic spirit, kindled by Augustine and Jerome, drove him from the Sodom of the world, to



St. Alban's Shrine.

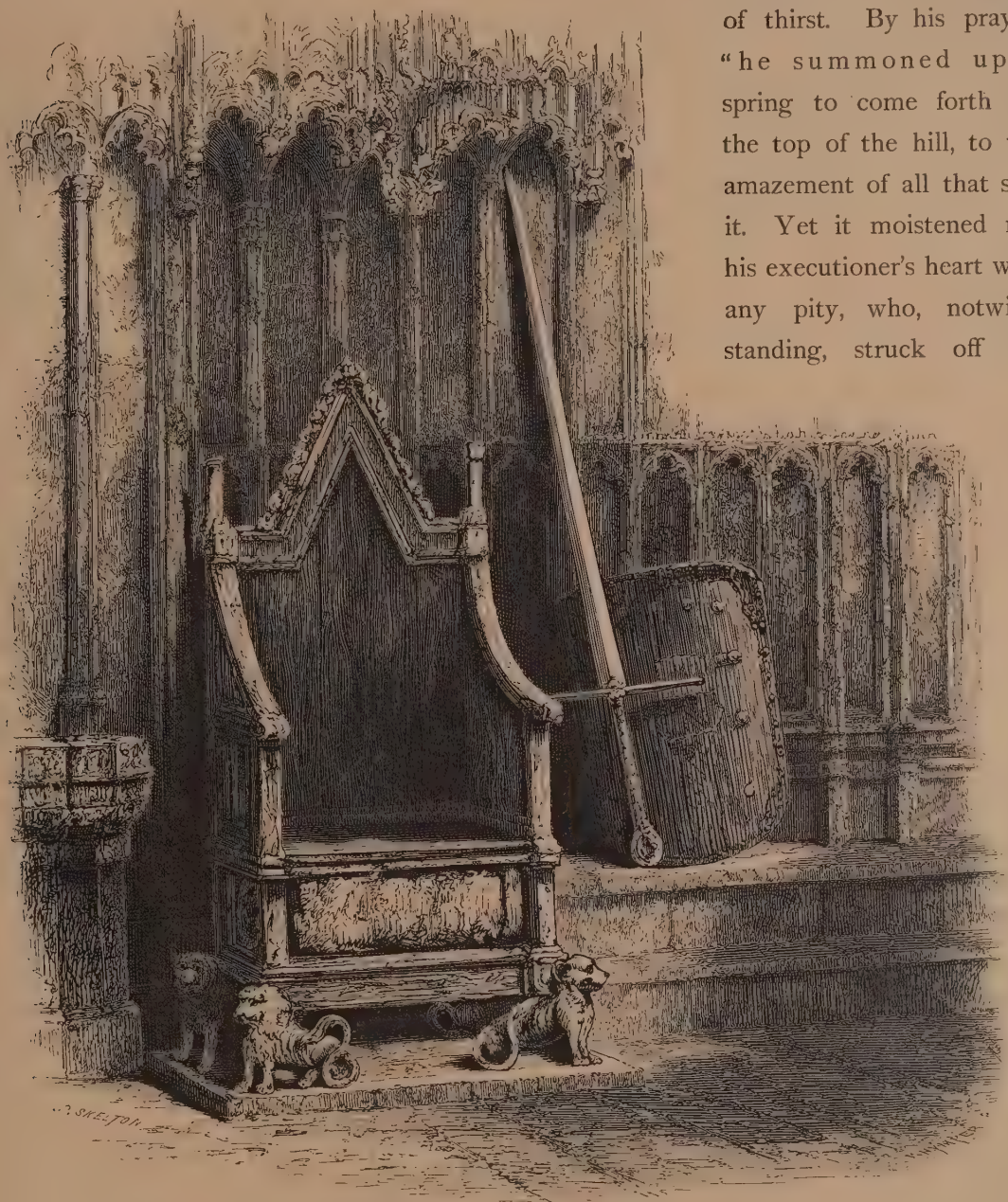
seek, at the tender age of fifteen, a prophet's refuge among the crags of Subiaco, where the headlong Anio flows through the Sabine Hills. There, in his solitary cave, he "wrought out his own salvation with fear and trembling," wrestling with mysterious temptations, till by penance and mortification the "old man" was dead within him. As time went on his fame spread wider, from the simple folk of the neighborhood; other recluses built their huts in the vicinity of the "sacred cave;" and so by degrees

a monastic community was formed. But in later life Benedict removed to the Volscian Hills. There, where now the massive buildings of the far-famed monastery of Monte Casino crown the gray crags which rise above the wooded valley of the Garigliano, still lingered a colony of rude peasants, who clung to their ancestral superstition. To these Benedict betook himself, won them over by his preaching, and, as later ages have asserted, by his miracles, and there laid the foundations of the great parent monastery of the order which bears his name. There he expired of a fever, caught while visiting the poor, in the year 543; but he lived to see the first offshoots from the tree which he had planted take their root in several parts of Europe.

The list of Benedictine monasteries in England is a long one, and includes most of our cathedrals, as Canterbury, Westminster, and Winchester, among them; and not a few of the most important abbeys, such as St. Alban's and Glastonbury. The first group that we shall select for description, all once belonged to this order.

We will take St. Alban's first, as the rival of Westminster—the memorial of the first British martyr. This is the story of Alban, whose name has not only nearly superseded that of ancient Verulam, which doomed him to death, but whose foundation also has drawn away its inhabitants, and literally left its houses desolate. It was the time of the Diocletian persecution; the Christians were being hunted down. One of them, named Amphibalus, a missionary from South Wales, seeking to avoid his pursuers, accidentally fell in with Alban, a young and wealthy citizen of Verulam, who, at first only from compassion, concealed the fugitive in his house. Before long the guest won over his host to embrace the cross of Christ crucified. Meanwhile, the hiding-place of Amphibalus was betrayed, and soldiers were sent to arrest him. Alban received notice of their impending visit, and found means of sending away his guest secretly, and then, wrapping himself in a similar robe, which concealed his face, awaited the coming of the pursuers. He was led before the judge, and, on the discovery being made, declared himself a convert. Blandishments and tortures were alike unable to shake his constancy, so he was doomed to die. Here, as Fuller quaintly says, "we must bewail that we want the true story of this man's martyrdom, which impudent monks have mixed with so many improbable tales that it is a torture to a discreet ear to hear them." This, however, is the story as it is told: Alban was sentenced to be beheaded on a spot without the town, afterward called Holmhurst. Much people flocked thither. To reach the place they had to cross the valley, down which, as now, ran a brook. The bridge over this was narrow, the crowd great, and the procession was delayed. Alban, longing to receive the crown of martyrdom, prayed, and the river parted asunder like Jordan, to let the multitude pass. In one author the river is called the Thames, on which Fuller pertinently observes, "If the miracle were as far from truth as Thames from Verulam (being sixteen miles distant), it would be very hard to bring them both together." The miracle brought conviction to the heart of the executioner; he refused to do his office, and

chose rather to die with Alban than do him harm. Another, however, was soon obtained, "for some cruel Doeg will quickly be found to do that office which more merciful men decline." Alban at last reached the top of the hill, and, like another, whose steps he was following, felt the pangs of thirst. By his prayer, "he summoned up a spring to come forth on the top of the hill, to the amazement of all that saw it. Yet it moistened not his executioner's heart with any pity, who, notwithstanding, struck off the



Coronation-Chair. Westminster Abbey.

head of this worthy saint; and instantly his own eyes fell out of his head, so that he could not see the villainy which he had done."

The body of Alban was buried near the scene of his death, and it would appear that, though the memory of the exact spot was lost, a church of some kind was, before very

long, built in the immediate neighborhood. After full four hundred years had passed away, Offa, King of Mercia, determined to atone for his sins by building a stately abbey in the saint's honor. As "a star directed to the place of Christ's birth," so "a bright beam, say the monks, discovered the place of St. Alban's burial—a beam, suspected by some, shot by him who can turn himself into an angel of light, because gaining so much by their superstition." The precious relics being discovered, the king, when at Rome, obtained the canonization of Alban; and on his return founded and richly endowed a stately monastery. At this time Verulam appears to have been still inhabited, but afterward, as has happened to more than one other place, men gathered around the new foundation, built their houses under the shadow of the abbey-tower, and dwelt within the circle of its peace till the old British town became wholly deserted, and its ruins like those of Rome itself, a lurking-place for evil characters, and a quarry for those who built in the new settlement.

The most ancient part of the abbey itself, all of which is of later date than the days of Offa, is chiefly constructed from the old Roman city built into the walls, the material having been collected by Abbots Ealdred and Edmar, and employed by Abbot Paul, who received this preferment from William the Conqueror, in the year 1077. The vast conventual buildings, which once occupied a considerable area on the top of the hill, to the south and southwest of the church, have now to a great extent disappeared, except the gate-house, a rather heavy, inornate structure, built in the reign of Richard II., which is used as a prison. The exterior of the church is very plain, and the extremely long nave and massive tower, though of great interest, have little architectural beauty. It is by no means the work of one age, but has been added to and altered many times. The tower, the transept, and the eastern part of the nave, are mainly plain Early Romanesque work; in these the old Roman materials (chiefly brick) are employed. The remainder of the nave is Early English, and appears to have been built at two periods, for the more western part belongs rather to the Decorated, as certainly does the west front. To this style belong the choir and the Lady Chapel; the latter is now separated by a passage from the rest of the church, and has been used as a school-room.

The undue length of St. Alban's, for it measures altogether six hundred feet, seventy feet more than even Winchester, and its comparative lowness, for the height of the nave is but sixty-five feet, eleven feet less than Winchester, or, indeed, any other important cathedral, are serious defects; but still it possesses many beautiful features, and the interior view is very impressive. The whole extent visible from within is about four hundred and thirty feet, and this is somewhat reduced by the lofty screen behind the high altar, and still more by that which stands between the third pair of piers in the nave, reckoning from the east, once a *reredos* to the altar of St. Cuthbert. The architecture is simple, yet not without a certain chaste richness.

The triforian arcade, with its couplets of arches, enriched with dogtooth moulding, contrasts well with the simple row of single lancets in the clerestory, and the severe yet graceful arches below. But the traveler will probably hasten on toward the eastern end, unless he intend to make a minute study of the building. Here, however, it is that his intention will not just be fixed at first on the architecture of the choir, but upon the details and minor structures. First among these will come the screen, in front of which the high altar once stood, a gorgeous structure of stone, much resembling that at Winchester, rich with sculptured canopies and niches, formerly filled with statues of saints—now bare—and supporting a huge crucifix, the place of which can still be seen. Behind it is the Chapel of St. Alban's Shrine, a spot once yet more sacred, whither crowds of pilgrims used to flock, and not a few English kings have worshiped. The shrine itself, a magnificent piece of Late Decorated work, was destroyed at the Reformation; its fragments were discovered built into a wall during the recent restoration, and have been replaced upon their stone pedestal, as shown in the sketch. To the right may be seen a little chapel. Here lies Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, Protector of the realm during the nonage of Henry VI., who, though of royal blood, "no little man in England," and beloved by the commons, loved to find that—

> "After summer evermore succeeds
> Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold."

His wife disgraced before his eyes on a charge of witchcraft, deprived of his office, and arrested on a charge of high-treason, he died in prison, traitorously murdered, as Shakespeare tells, "by Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means." As will be seen, his monument fills up all the space beneath one of the large arches of the aisle, and consists of an upper and lower division, the former being extremely rich in its decoration.

There is one other grave which, though not within the precincts of the abbey, cannot be left unnoticed. On the opposite hill are the ruined walls and intrenchments of old Verulam, which at the northwest angle come down to the grassy valley which parts the old from the new town. Here is the little church of St. Michael, so old that fragments of it must be long anterior to the Norman conquest. These, however, are not its chief attraction; that will be found on the north side of the chancel, where an altar-tomb attached to the wall marks the last resting-place of "Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount of St. Alban's, or, by more conspicuous titles, of science the light, of eloquence the law." In the niche above he is represented in his ordinary costume, seated, as the epitaph tells us, in his wonted posture, leaning back in a chair, his left elbow supported on one of its arms, and his head resting on his closed hand.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S SHRINE, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We turn away now for one glance at the great rival of St. Alban's, Westminster, whose abbot, also mitred, disputed the precedence as first representative of the monastic orders of Britain. Long past are the days when it stood alone on the "Isle of Thorns," almost inclosed by the marshes and the stream of the then unsullied Thames. Houses, sometimes rich, oftener squalid, have replaced the green fields which attracted the Confessor's eye when he was seeking a site for the regal abbey founded in honor of St. Peter, as a release from his promised pilgrimage to Rome. There he raised the church—dedicated, according to legendary history, by the saint himself—which in the reign of Henry was replaced by the present structure. Blackened as this is by the smoke of the overgrown city, miserably marred without by Wren's hideous excrescences, and with its interior often disfigured by a crowd of monuments in the worst possible taste, its associations and memories are more picturesque than its buildings. Still, though its incongruities make it hard for the artist to employ his pencil with unmixed pleasure, no Englishman can leave quite unnoticed this noble monument of English Decorated architecture, so inseparably connected with many stirring scenes in the earlier history of our land, and linked with the memories of the illustrious dead. First the burial-place of kings, then of warriors, statesmen, and poets alike, it has now become a national Valhalla, where those are laid whose fame has been won with the pen rather than with the sword, in the arts of peace rather than of war. But though the princes of the blood royal are no longer brought to the ancient minster for their last home in the precincts of the Palace of Westminster, and the long and seldom interrupted line of royal sepulchres from Henry III. to George II. does not seem likely to receive further additions, there is one ceremony inseparable from the history of this country which has always taken place since the Confessor raised his minster, that of the coronation. "The first event in the abbey of which there is any certain record after the burial of the Confessor is one which, like the Conquest, arose immediately out of that burial, and has affected its fortunes ever since. It was the coronation of William the Conqueror."

The chair on which for centuries that ceremony has taken place was made by order of Edward I. "In the capital of the Scottish kingdom"—we quote the words of the present dean, by whom the memorials of Westminster have been so worthily chronicled—"was a venerable fragment of rock, to which, at least as early as the fourteenth century, the following legend was attached: The stony pillow on which Jacob slept at Bethel was by his countrymen transported to Egypt. Thither came Gabelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, and married Scota, daughter of Pharaoh. He and his Egyptian wife, alarmed at the rising greatness of Moses, fled with the stone to Sicily or to Spain." Thence it was taken to Tara, where it became "Lia Fail, the Stone of Destiny, on which the Kings of Ireland were placed." Thence again, according to Scotch tradition, it was borne to Scotland. First placed in the

walls of Dunstaffnage Castle, it was moved, in the middle of the ninth century, to Scone, there incased in a chair of wood, upon which the Kings of Scotland were enthroned by the Earls of Fife. "On this precious relic Edward fixed his hold. He had already hung up before the Confessor's shrine the golden coronet of the last Prince

Whitby Abbey.

of Wales. It was a still further glory to deposit there the very seat of the kingdom of Scotland. On it he himself was crowned King of the Scots. . . . Westminster was to be an English Scone. It was his latest care for the abbey. In the last year of Edward's reign the venerable chair which still incloses it was made for it by the orders of its captor; the fragment of the world-old Celtic races was imbedded in

the new Plantagenet oak." The dean states that from the character of the stone there is little doubt its origin is from the sandstone of the western coast of Scotland, and that "of all explanations concerning it, the most probable is that which identifies it with the stony pillow on which Columba rested, and on which his dying head was laid, in his abbey of Iona; and if so, it belongs to the minster of the first authentic coronation in Western Christendom."

From the roar of London streets we pass to the peace of Yorkshire dales; from the smoke of a metropolis to the fresh breezes of the Northern Sea. There, where the Esk, winding down through wooded glens, empties itself into the ocean, on the angle of the high plateau between the river and the sea, Hilda founded a monastery about the middle of the seventh century. The building which she raised was the scene of an important council to fix the period of Easter, and the home of the Saxon poet Cædmon; but it was utterly destroyed during an incursion of the Danes, and lay in ruins for more than two centuries. Nothing now remains but the ruins of the church, an exquisite structure, chiefly in the Early English style, for it was rebuilt from the ground rather more than a century after this restoration. The central tower remained standing till the year 1830, when it suddenly fell into the building. The choir and north transept are still tolerably perfect.

The best view of the ruins is incomparably that chosen here, showing the exquisitely beautiful eastern end; but the situation is in all respects a striking one. But a little distance to the west, and the land falls down to the sea in a steep cliff; to the north is the little port of Whitby, the older part of the town being, as it were, wedged into the narrow glen on either side of the harbor, so that house looks down on house across the narrow streets; and those in the north town who would bury their dead in the churchyard (which lies hard by the abbey) must either make a round of a couple of miles, or bear the coffin—as I have seen them do it—up the steep flight of steps by which the plateau is reached from the level of the harbor. Inland stretch the great rolling downs, through which the Esk comes winding down, through as fine a bit of woodland and rock scenery as any painter could desire; and the plateau extends far away to the north and south—bare, breezy hills, dotted here and there with stunted woods.

Last among the Benedictine abbeys comes Glastonbury. Once none was more eminent in Britain for wealth, beauty, or sanctity, than Glastonbury; since it was said to be richer than all save Westminster, larger than all save Old St. Paul's, and the spot where first the Cross was preached in Britain. This is the story of its origin: About thirty years after the Crucifixion, St. Philip was preaching in Gaul, and was informed that the headquarters of the superstitions against which he was striving were to be found in Britain. Accordingly, he persuaded twelve of his followers to undertake the conversion of that island, chief among whom was Joseph of Arimathea. They

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

accordingly came to Glastonbury, then little better than a desolate fen. Here a piece of ground was granted to them by Asiragus, the king of the country, a "hide" for every man, whereon they raised them a church, and, like the Israelites of old, built themselves tabernacles of woven boughs. Their settlement was afterward called Glastonbury, either because the heath "glast," or wood used formerly as a dye, grew abundantly there, or from the blue-green color of its herbage.

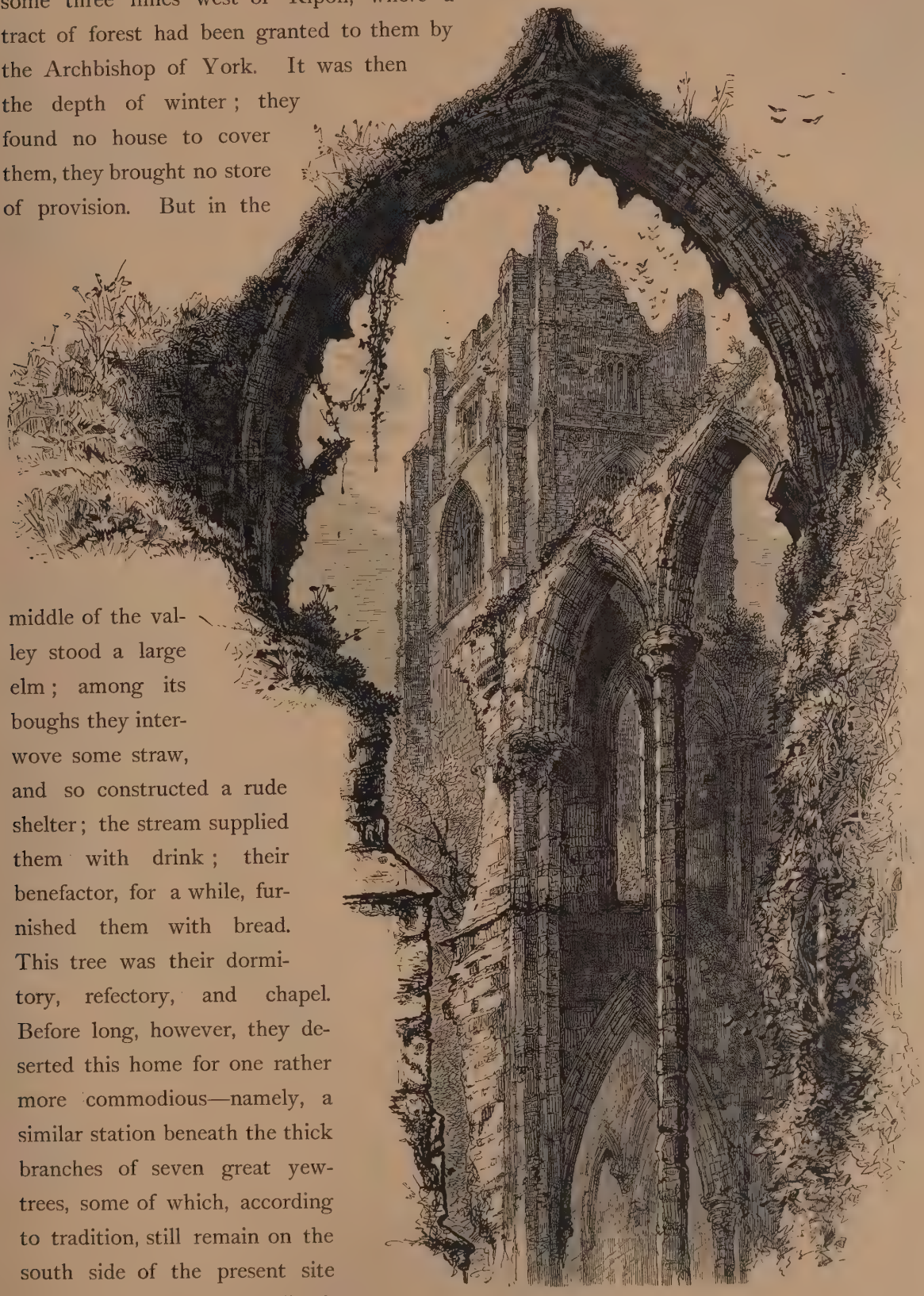
The situation of Glastonbury is a striking one: from the southern foot of the Mendip hills, a wide plain, flat almost as a sea, extends for several miles between the foot of the escarpment of the higher ground of Somersetshire and the Bristol Channel. From this plain, at all times marshy and often flooded during the winter, a fen-land in fact, like, though on a smaller scale, to that on the Lincolnshire coast, many rocky islets rise abruptly, just as the Steep Holms may be seen any clear day breaking the expanse of the Channel. At the foot of one of these, of larger dimensions than many, just where its slopes die away to the plain, the abbey was placed. Of its extensive buildings—once among the most magnificent in England, for they were dispersed over a space of sixty acres—comparatively little remains; though what has escaped ruin is of great beauty and interest. The Barn and the Abbot's Kitchen are among the most perfect and interesting. The church itself has suffered greatly. Fragments of walls, a part of the piers beneath the central towers, and a few beautiful pointed arches, are all that is left of a building which was nearly four hundred feet in length. One part, however, the most interesting of the whole, has fared better. This is the so-called St. Joseph's Chapel, a separate building which stands west of the church, and is united to it by a sort of porch. Though its vaulted roof is gone, and its floor has fallen into the crypt below, the rest is in fair preservation. The history of this graceful but rather unwonted appendage to the church—a Lady Chapel, indeed, but at the wrong end—has been investigated with great acumen by the late Professor Miller, whose power of dissecting an old building was very remarkable. His conclusion seems to place it beyond doubt that this chapel of St. Joseph occupies a site which may certainly be called one of the most interesting in Britain. When the cloud of legends that hangs over the origin of Glastonbury is dissipated, this fact remains, that there once existed, somewhere on the present site of the abbey, a structure of twisted rods or hurdles, which was believed to have been built as a Christian oratory, and reported to be the earliest church erected in Britain. The veneration in which it was held is shown by a legend of its miraculous dedication to the Virgin Mother, and by the statement that, in the seventh century, it was incased in boards and covered with lead by St. Paulinas, so that "it should lose none of its sanctity, but acquire great increase of embellishment." In the process of time other small oratories were erected to the east of this, and in the eighth century a larger church was erected (together with other monastic buildings), yet farther to the east. After the Conquest all seem to have

disappeared, except the two most important—the "old church," still retaining its primitive construction, and the "great church," the foundation of which was laid by Ina. The latter was finally rebuilt by Abbot Heslewin during the first twenty years of the twelfth century, and the greater part of the monastery was by one of his successors (A. D. 1126–1171). But not very long after, in the year 1184—the very day of the calamity is preserved—it was the 25th of May, when almost all the monastery and the church were destroyed by fire, and "what was more valuable, the greater part of the relics." Thus perished not only the new church of Heslewin, but the venerable wicker oratory, wherein so many British saints and no less a personage than King Arthur himself were buried. On the site of this was erected the present "Chapel of St. Joseph," which is known to have been completed about the year 1186, and, as may be seen from the engraving, is an exquisite specimen of very late Romanesque work, where its many splendors are combined with the delicate grace of the coming Early Period. The "great church" was gradually rebuilt, and was not dedicated till the beginning of the fourteenth century, about one hundred and twenty years from its commencement. It was finally connected by a sort of ante-chapel or "Galilee" with the previously isolated St. Joseph's Chapel, in the west wall of which an arch was then opened. The crypt, beneath the latter structure, is believed by Professor Miller to have been an after-thought, and to have been constructed in the fifteenth century. In a small recess on the south side is a well, which can be reached either from the crypt or the floor above. It has been asserted that formerly the spring in it was reputed to possess miraculous virtues; but this legend is modern, as there is no trace of any thing of the kind in the early history of Glastonbury.

Among the important monastic orders which sprang as offshoots from that of St. Benedict, none are more remarkable for the beauty of their buildings and the choiceness of the site than the Cistercian. It would seem as if the spirit which manifested itself in their special *cultus* of the Virgin Mother caused them to select for their dwelling-place spots preëminent in the graces of Nature, and to delight in rearing a structure in harmony with its surroundings. The Cistercians were lovers of the valleys, doubtless in memory of the first settlement of the order, which was built in the valley of Wormwood among the *coteaux* of Burgundy. Its founder was St. Bernard, famed above all of his day as the composer of differences within the Church and the promoter of strife without, for he was the preacher of the second Crusade. It may, however, be said that even in this he had an eye to the peace of the Church; for when the expedition, which he was wise enough not to accompany, miserably failed, he pointed out to his critics that the Crusaders' armies were composed of such a "vile, insubordinate, irreligious crew, that they did not deserve the protection of Heaven."

More than seven hundred years ago a colony of monks from St. Mary's, York, who had determined to adopt the severer Cistercian rule, betook themselves to a dell

some three miles west of Ripon, where a tract of forest had been granted to them by the Archbishop of York. It was then the depth of winter; they found no house to cover them, they brought no store of provision. But in the middle of the valley stood a large elm; among its boughs they interwove some straw, and so constructed a rude shelter; the stream supplied them with drink; their benefactor, for a while, furnished them with bread. This tree was their dormitory, refectory, and chapel. Before long, however, they deserted this home for one rather more commodious—namely, a similar station beneath the thick branches of seven great yew-trees, some of which, according to tradition, still remain on the south side of the present site of the abbey. So they lived,



Fountains Abbey.

for a while, a truly hermit life, being often reduced to eat wild herbs and the leaves of trees, boiled with a little salt, as their only food. For some years they struggled on, their numbers and even their privations increasing, till they were almost on the point of quitting the spot, when a legacy from the Dean of York was the first earnest of the stream of wealth which was soon to flow into the abbey-coffers. Permanent buildings were erected, but these were, before long, destroyed by fire; and the present structure, known as Fountains Abbey, dates from the first half of the thirteenth century. Enriched by numerous gifts from the nobles of the north, it was in especial favor with the Percy family, some of whom are buried within its precincts. Thus it became one of the most powerful and wealthy establishments in a county conspicuous for the richness of its religious houses, and of an order, as Fuller says, "most grasping and griping of all others;" and the present ruins, extending over about two acres of ground, attest its former splendor. The church was about one hundred and twenty yards in length; and the stately tower, seen in the sketch, which is still in fair preservation, rises to a height of one hundred and sixty-six feet. There was once also a central tower, but that has long since fallen. The chapter-house, the kitchen, the long cloister, extending over the space, with parts of many other buildings, still remain; and fragments of masonry rising among the trees show the former extent of this once celebrated home of the Cistercians. Its last abbot was pensioned off with a hundred pounds a year, no inconsiderable revenue in those days, more fortunate than his predecessor, who "was hanged at Tyburn, side by side with the representative of the great line of Percy," being thus "faithful unto death," for his share in the "Pilgrimage of Grace." The abbey after the dissolution underwent the usual fate of such foundations, being sold by the king to one Sir Richard Gresham, and afterward passing through various hands until it came into the possession of the present owner. Still, the spoiler's hand has been less heavy on it than on many other religious houses, though it has not escaped the common misfortune of serving as a stone-quarry; and no pains are now spared to check the ravages of Time. The smooth lawns so exquisitely green, the flowering shrubs that scent the summer air, the peaceful solitude of the scene, are a proof that this relic of ancient piety is now preserved with loving care.

The abbey of Furness was founded in the year 1127, by Stephen, Earl of Montaigne and Boulogne, subsequently King of England. The monks, on first arriving in England from Savigny, the parent-house in Normandy, had settled at Talketh, near Preston, on the Ribble, but after three years they removed to this place, where large grants of land and various rights and immunities were made to them by their founder. The situation of the abbey is exquisite, embosomed in woods, on the bed of a narrow glen, watered by a little river. Formerly, when forests spread far and wide over the neighboring fells, it would have been difficult to find a more secluded spot; and even now, though a modern hotel is close at hand, and the passing trains shake the very

ruins, it is easy when once more all is silent to realize how peacefully life must have once glided away before the two great foes of monasticism, the printing-press and the steam-engine, were invented. Very beautiful are the fragments that still remain of that once noble structure; very beautiful, too, is the contrast between the rich verdure of sward and copse, and the worn red of the stone.

Furness Abbey.

Once the monastic buildings wellnigh occupied the floor of the glen, as do those of the Grande Chartreuse among the limestone-crags of the Dauphiné Alps; now many of them are wholly destroyed and the others sadly shattered. The church was

formerly a noble structure, nearly ninety yards long. Its original plan was apparently a nave, with aisle, transept, and a short choir; and from the style of the architecture—late Romanesque and very early pointed—it must have been begun soon after the first

Rivaulx.

settlement of the order. There has evidently been a centre tower, but that has disappeared.

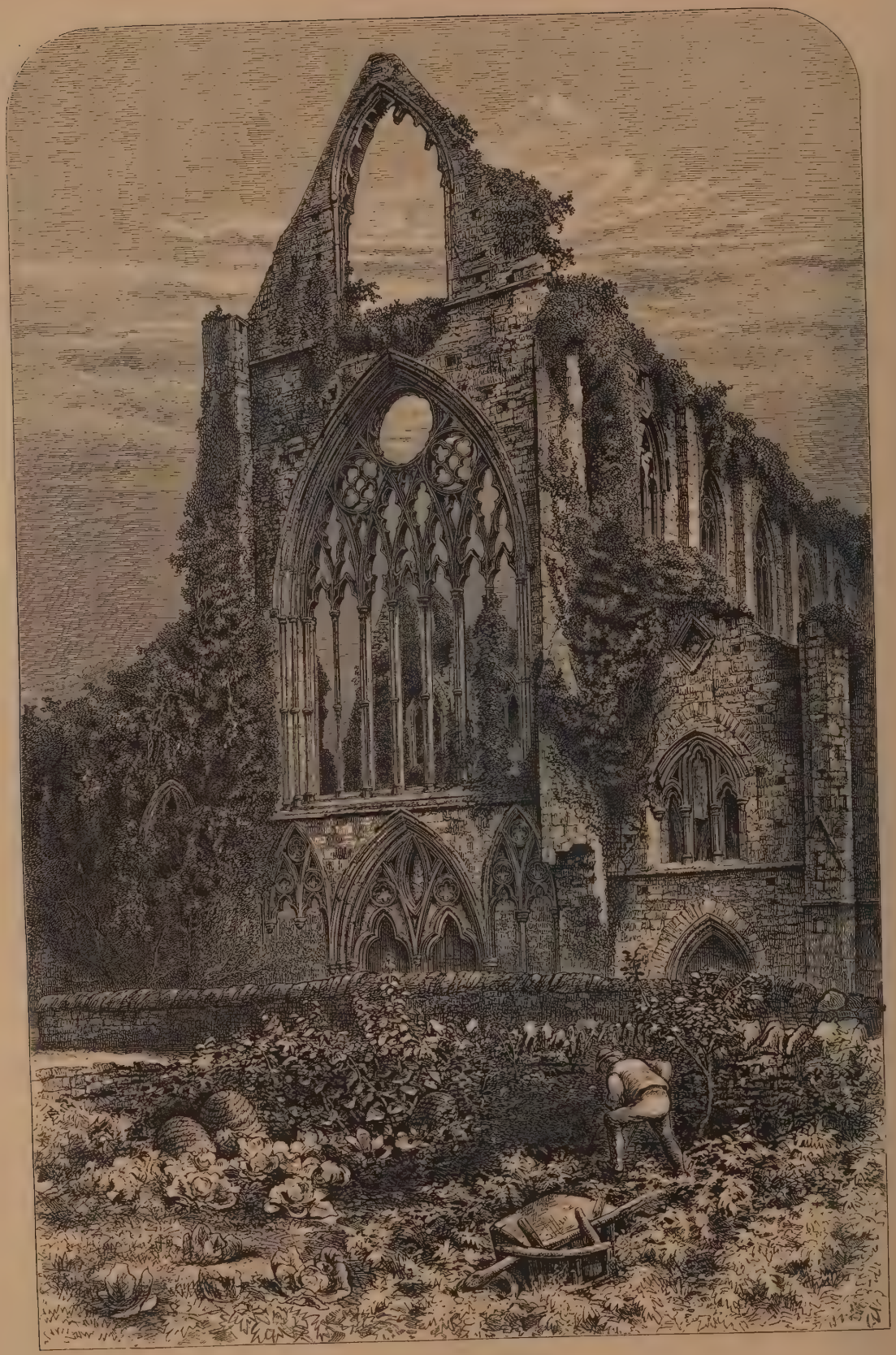
As is so common with these structures, extensive alterations were made in the fifteenth century. Then the western belfry-tower was built, two bays were added to

the choir, and the tracery of the windows was in many cases altered. The visitor will probably be of opinion that the restorers, like not a few of those of later date, have been much more zealous than wise.

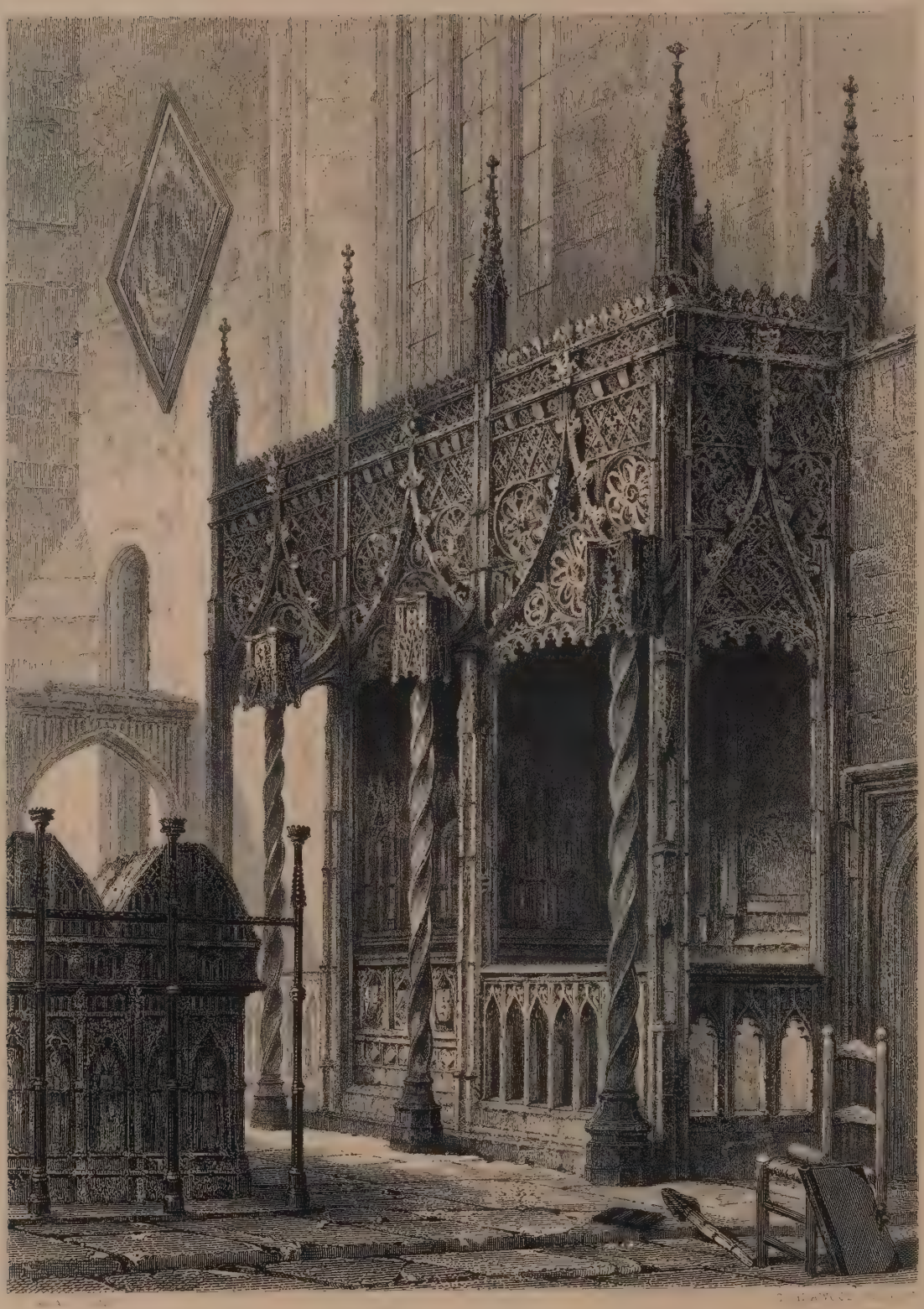
The gem of Furness Abbey, however, to my mind, is not in the church itself, so much as it is in the court, which lies on the south. The arrangement so common in monasteries is followed here. The dormitory communicates with and continues the line of the south transept, while beneath it, as at Westminster and many other places, is the entrance to the chapter-house, which rises at the rear, and to other chambers. A row of single centred arches, of remarkable simplicity and beauty, and, so far as I remember, of rather unusual design, admits to these, of which the one leading to the chapter-house is shown in our sketch. That building was an exquisite structure, having a vaulted roof supported on slender columns. This, unhappily, has now fallen in, so that the chamber is but a wreck of what it once was. The library is said to have formed an upper story, as may still be seen in some of our cathedrals. The dormitory, reached from the church by a passage over the vestibule to the chapter-house, is lighted by a row of lancet-windows, and forms one side of an oblong court. Beyond it was the refectory, of which only a trace remains, and a long cloister, now leveled to the foundation, formed the western side. Ruins, more or less perfect, of other buildings, such as an infirmary, a mill, and the abbot's private chapel, may still be recognized. A wall inclosed the church and adjoining structures, while a second wall surrounded the mills, fish-ponds, and a park of about eighty-four acres. It was then one of the most important religious houses in the north of Britain, and few could boast of more often receiving marks of royal favor. So wealthy an establishment was it at the time of the dissolution of monasteries, that its suppression, as we are told, seriously affected the prosperity of the neighborhood.

Rivaulx, River, or Rievall Abbey, for the name appears under all these forms, apart from its beauty, has the distinction of being the oldest Cistercian monastery in Yorkshire. Its founder was Walter Espec, who, in the year 1131, granted a solitary spot near Helmsley to some monks of the order, who a short time previously had been sent to England by St. Bernard of Clairvaux. The chosen site was, of course, in a valley; it was surrounded by steep hills, overgrown with wood and ling, and lay at the junction of three glens, in one of which was a stream called the Rie, which gave the name to the abbey. Here the first abbot began to build; but, to judge from the architecture of the remaining ruins, one would be inclined to assign most of them to a period rather more than half a century later.

Though well endowed, and under the special protection of popes, who allowed the inmates to celebrate mass within the walls of Rivaulx, even though the country might be lying under an interdict, and declared all persons excommunicate who should steal anything out of its lands or take any man thence, yet the shadow of coming



TINTERN ABBEY.



The Tomb of the Howards.—Arundel Church.

events was perceived afar off, according to Dugdale, who quotes the following verse as current among the brethren:

> "Twoe men came riding over Hainkey way,
> The one of a blacke horse, the other on a gray;
> The one unto the other did say,
> 'Loo yonder stood Revess that faire abbay.'"

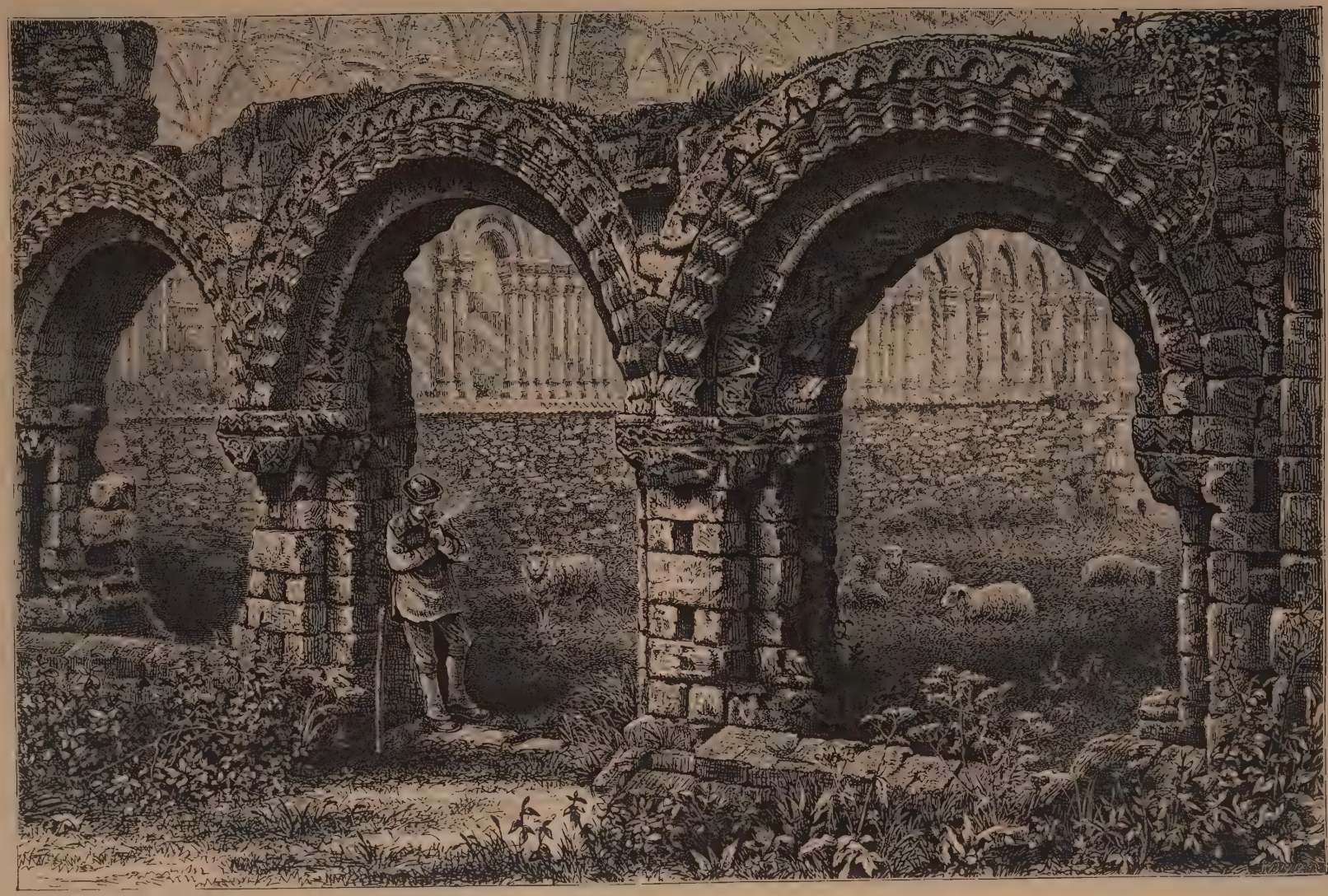
To which he adds the following extract from the manuscript which furnishes him with the above: "Henry Cawton, a monke, som time of Reves Abbay in Yorkshere, affirmed that he had often read this in a M.S. belonging to that abbay containing many prophesies, and was extant there before the dissolution. But when he or any other of his fellowes redde it they used to throwe the booke away in anger as thinking it impossible ever to come to passe." The very beautiful doorway selected for illustration here will give a good idea of the prevailing style of this building. Truly the precept, "Feed my sheep," is fulfilled at the door of God's house in a way very different from what its builders either intended or expected! In sooth, they might have inscribed over the portal—"Nisi Jehova ædificet domum frustra laborent ædificatores ejus de eâ!"

Tintern Abbey.

No abbey in Britain has a wider fame for charm of situation and beauty of ruins than Tintern, the Melrose of Wales. As the winding Wye approaches the lofty scaur of the Wynd-cliff, and the historic walls of Chepstow, its inclosing hills recede a little, and descend with gentler slope toward the stream. There, embosomed in trees,

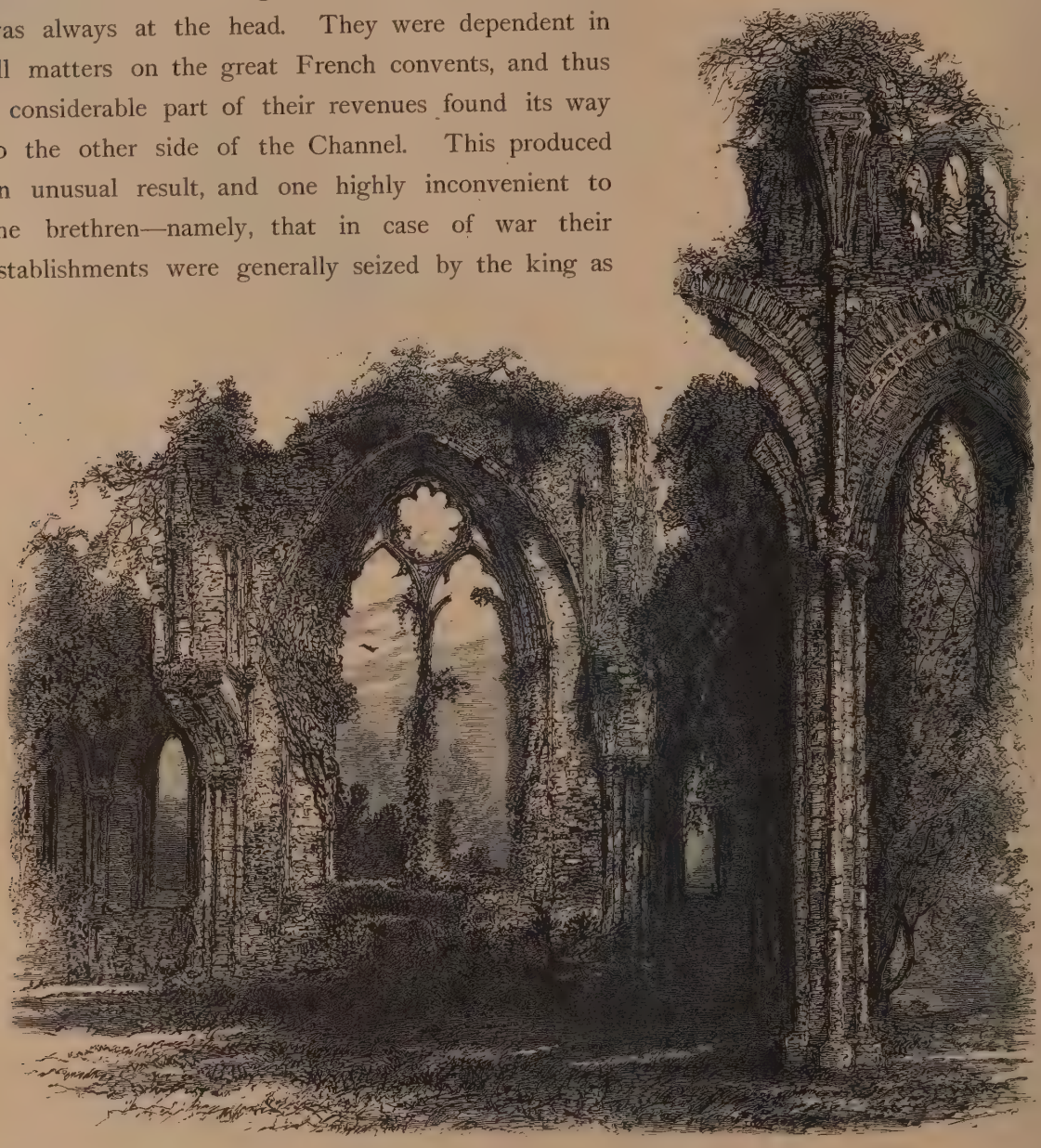
inclosed with shelving woods, like a jewel on the bosom of Nature, the gray ruins rise near the margin of the silver stream, in sweet and silent solitude, the fairest among the many fair homes that once belonged to the Cistercian order. Its members were established here by one of the De Clare family, in the year 1131; but the present church was erected by a later owner of the estates, Roger de Bigod, Earl of Norfolk and Earl-Marshal of England, a century and a half afterward. It stands—so tradition hath it—on the spot where a Christian King of Glamorgan, Theodoric, fell in battle against the heathen Saxon invaders. The church, on which the hand of Time has been less heavy than on many of these ruins, is a noble specimen of decorated work. The vaulted roof, of course, has fallen, and so has the central tower, but the fine arches which once supported it yet remain, besides many of the columns, with even the tracery of some of the windows. That over the western entrance is nearly perfect, and is of unusual beauty and grace. The eastern window still retains its slender central mullion, and a sufficient fragment of its tracery to enable architects to restore its singularly bold and beautiful design. That tall, slender shaft, branching at the top like the ribs of a leaf standing out against the sky as it glows with flush of morning or gleams with the silver light of the rising moon, is one of the most beautiful of the many charms of Tintern. The pavement of the church is gone, but the greensward has replaced it; the walls are festooned with ivy, the herb sprouts on the ledges, trees grow in the sanctuary, and "the swallow hath found her a place where she may build her nest," for the "house is left desolate." Yet even in ruin it is not neglected, for in the palmiest days of the abbey it could hardly have been guarded with more anxious care than now. Fragments of various parts of the monastery remain, such as the cloisters, the dormitory, the chapter-house, and the refectory. In the last may be seen the buttery-hatch, through which the good cheer was handed in; and the pulpit, from which, to avoid vain talk at meals, some profitable book was read to the brethren. Some years ago the foundations of a large oblong building were found, thought to be the guestern hall, under whose roof the monks exercised the hospitality for which they of Tintern were specially famed.

The rich lands round the picturesque old town of Shrewsbury have their full share of abbeys. The Benedictines were settled on the flat plain by the river-side, where the mutilated abbey-church still remains. The Carthusians placed their more secluded home at the foot of Haughmond Hill. The Cistercians, as usual, reared Buildwas on a grassy strath by the Severn; and the monks of Cluny fixed their abode in the pleasant dale beneath the slopes of Wenlock Edge. The last two abbeys, lying within an easy walk one of the other, and each well worthy of notice, are remarkable contrasts in their architecture. Buildwas is massive and severe, built mostly at one date, the transition from Romanesque to Early Pointed; Wenlock is lighter and more graceful, exhibiting a greater variety of styles, ranging from the twelfth to the fifteenth century.



CHAPTER HOUSE, WENLOCK ABBEY.

The Cluniac order, to which it belonged, was an offshoot from the Benedictine, founded by Odo of Cluni early in the tenth century. Their monasteries for a long time occupied a rather exceptional position in Britain, as among their inmates French predominated over English monks, and a foreigner was always at the head. They were dependent in all matters on the great French convents, and thus a considerable part of their revenues found its way to the other side of the Channel. This produced an unusual result, and one highly inconvenient to the brethren—namely, that in case of war their establishments were generally seized by the king as



Netley Abbey.

alien priories. Ultimately, however—though, according to some, not till less than a century before their dissolution—they were made free of foreign rule. The church of Wenlock Priory—as it is more properly called—is in a very ruinous condition; but a part of the conventual buildings, probably the dormitory, and a fine house of fifteenth-century work, perhaps the abbot's lodgings, are still inhabited. The chapter-house is

perhaps the most striking part of Wenlock, and, with some of the neighboring buildings, must belong to the twelfth century. The wall is curiously paneled with interlacing semicircular arches, producing a rather rich effect; and the whole is remarkably picturesque.

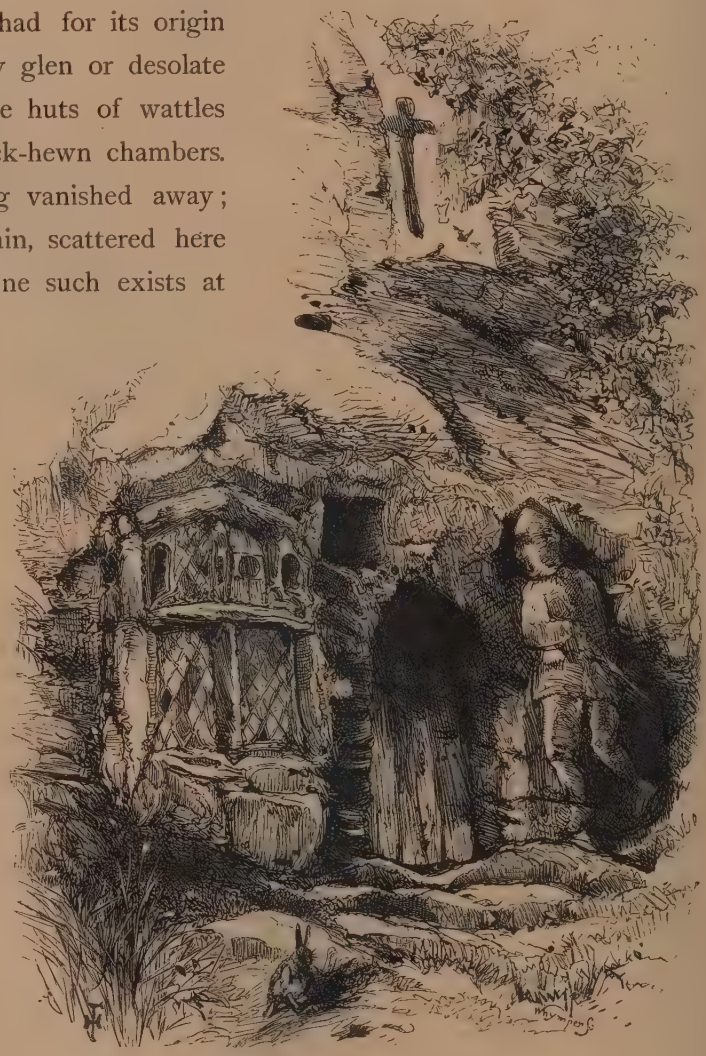
There are no architectural remains to which the feet of the art-lover turn more readily or reverently than to the Abbey Church of Netley, in South Hampshire. The broken, ivy-clad walls, the slender, dark tracery outlined against the sky, the fantastic masses of masonry, the sombre shadows of the arches, and the subtile play of light on clustered columns, are admirable subjects for the pencil of an artist in "black and white;" while for the architect, ruined and neglected though the fabric is, there is much in the refined proportions of storied arcades and the purity of many details to be lovingly studied and remembered. In a few years, unhappily, there will not be much left to study, for the mouldings are fast losing the delicacy of their contour, and the beautiful tracery is becoming less and less defined. It is to be feared, too, that the hands of the thoughtless and ignorant are helping Time in this work of destruction. Beyond the church, the other remains of Netley Abbey are of little importance; but, even where only a few fragments of wall remain, the clinging ivy and trailing brambles clothe them with beauty, and the ash-trees, that overshadow with a network of leaves and branches that lets tiny gleams of sunlight quivering through, form, with these bits of ruin, groups of charming picturesqueness.

We need not stop to relate how Bolton Abbey (of which an illustration heads our article), or rather Priory, came to be founded, for there will be few to whom the sad tale of the young Romille, the Boy of Egremont, has not been made familiar by the ballad of Wordsworth. But, besides the beauty of its scenery, and the romance of its history, the shores of Warfe have now a further interest to lovers of art, as the favorite haunt of the greatest English master of landscape-painting. To the heart of Turner, as Mr. Ruskin relates, "no Alpine cloud could efface, no Italian sunbeam outshine, the memory of the pleasant dales and days of Rokeby and Bolton. Many a low cliff, that stooped unnoticed over some alien wave, was recorded by him with a love and delicate care that were the shadows of old thoughts and long-lost delights, whose charm yet hung like morning mist above the chanting waves of Warfe and Greta." These shores of Warfe he never revisited without a deep emotion, never spoke of for all the latter part of his life "but his voice faltered."

The priory stands on a "little promontory of level park-land, inclosed by one of the sweeps of the Warfe. On the other side of the river the flank of the dale rises in a pretty wooded brow, which the river, leaning against, has cut into two or three somewhat bold masses of rock, steep to the water's edge, but feathered above with copse of ash and oak. Above these rocks the hills are rounded softly upward to the moorland." The priory was founded rather early in the twelfth century, but

the west end of its church was actually in process of rebuilding when the fatal blow was dealt by Henry VIII. Part of the nave is still used as a parish church, but the choir and transept are in ruins, and this gateway shows a scene very different from what it did when the tenants brought their gifts to Bolton Abbey in the olden time.

A notice of the monastic buildings of England, however brief, would be hardly complete without an example of the humble seed from which sprang in process of time so many a stately tree. Ofttimes the stately abbey, as we have here narrated, had for its origin some anchorite's cell in a solitary glen or desolate plain. These were sometimes mere huts of wattles or of turf, sometimes caves or rock-hewn chambers. The former have, of course, long vanished away; of the latter some examples remain, scattered here and there about the country. One such exists at Depedale, and will be found depicted in the part of our work devoted to Derbyshire; another is given here. "Cave-dwellings," indeed, are not rare in the sandstone rocks which are common on the east of the Pennine range, as at Nottingham; and this Chapel of St. Robert is not the only example near Knaresborough. It is excavated in a bold cliff, where the Nid winds along craggy glens through a rich upland country that shelves down to the Vale of York. The former occupant of the cell was a son of Tooke Flower, Mayor of York in the reign of Richard I., a man famed far and wide for the piety of his life, who, after passing his youth at Fountain's and at Whitby, was made Abbot of Newminster, in Northumberland, but resigned that office to end his days in solitude here. The interior of the tiny chapel—for it is only about three and a half yards long—is ornamented with carving, has an altar, a groined roof, and other ornaments. There is also an excavation like a stone coffin in shape by the door, on which is the rude figure of an armed



St. Robert's Chapel, Depedale.

knight in the act of drawing his sword. At a short distance is the "Dropping Well," so long one of the principal attractions of the old town of Knaresborough.

So ends our hasty glance at the memorials of a mode of life which has passed away as an integral portion of our social history, and, notwithstanding some indications of a present revival, bids fair to become wholly obsolete. To serve God by quitting

Stoke Poges Church.

the world was the highest ideal of mediæval Christianity; to serve him in the world, in it but not of it, is with most of us the ideal of the present. Thus the hermit's cell and the cænobite's cloister are alike deserted and ruined, but the village church remains, as the centre of every community throughout the land—a link between the past and the present, apart in its little plot of "God's acre," yet surrounded by the houses of all, separate thus from common uses, and yet bound up with each most sacred tie of family life from the cradle to the grave. Beliefs have changed, and their

modes of expression may change again, men may come and go, nations arise and pass away, but through all the changes and chances of mortal life the "silent finger" still points up to heaven, and symbolizes the best sense of the words, "Stat crux, dum volvitur orbis."

Porch, Stoke Poges Church.

The little church, chosen as the representative of our village houses of God, is the one commonly reported to be the scene of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Apart from the fact that the village of Stoke Poges was the poet's home, and

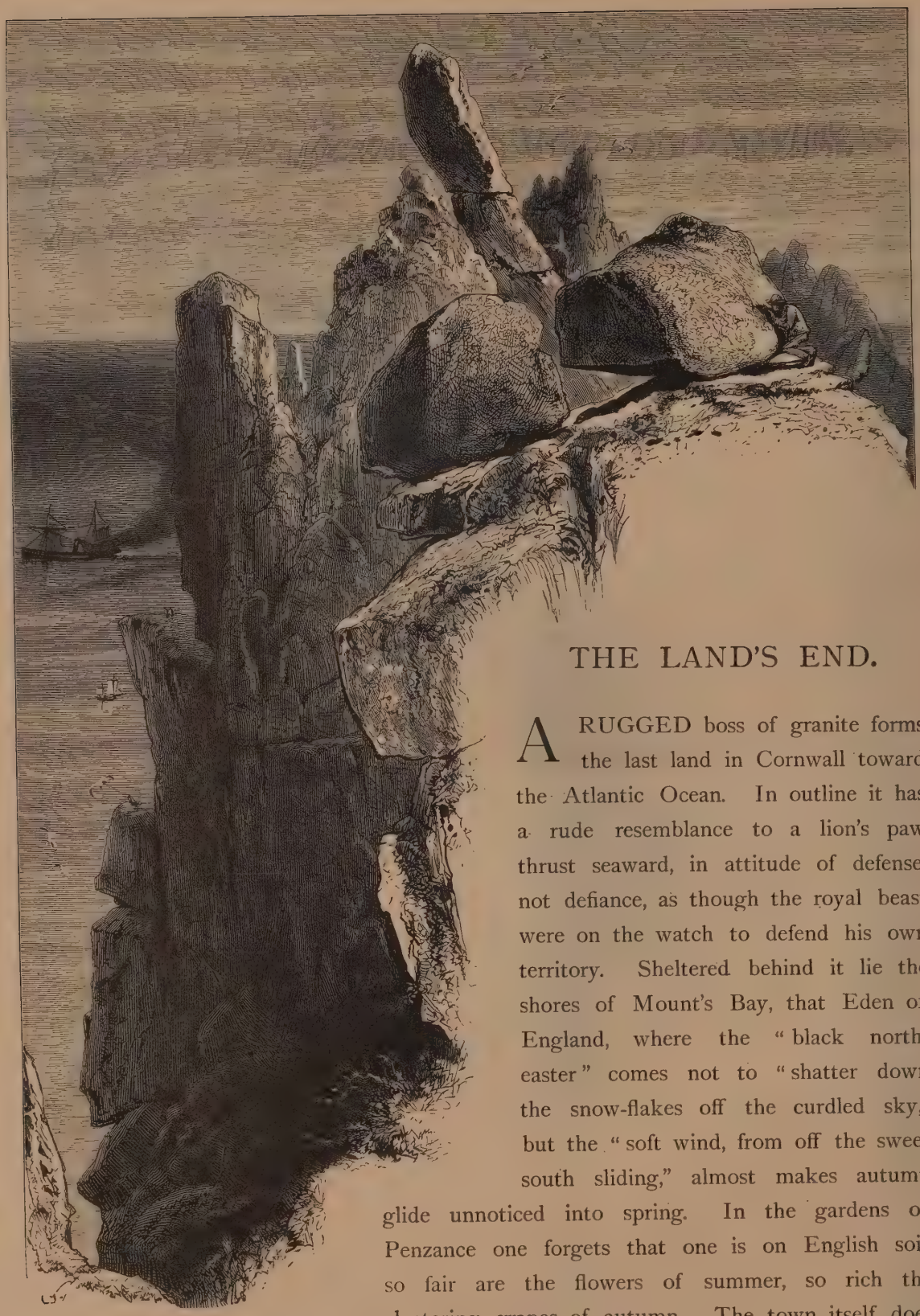
that he lies buried in its churchyard, the neighborhood suits the local coloring to the poem. There is the "ivy-mantled tower," and there—

> "Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The village of Stoke Poges lies in the Thames Valley, two or three miles from Slough, among some of its richest and most luxuriant scenery. It was not unknown to fame before the days of the "Elegy," for its manor-house was the abode of the great jurist Sir Edward Coke, and figures in the unseemly squabbles between the heartless old politician and his termagant wife, once Lady Hatton, in which it is hard to say who shows to the less advantage. It is not, however, true that, as is often said, within its walls

> "The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
> The seal and maces danced before him."

The little church—as should be the case in one taken as typical—is not the work of one age, but shows the handiwork of almost every style of art that has prevailed in Britain. There is a Norman chancel arch and an Early English tower, a Decorated canopy and a Perpendicular east window. So each age has left its mark on the visible as on the invisible fabric of the church, and the past and the present blend in a certain harmony together. Youth, indeed, in its spring-tide, flower-crowned, may look with something of wonder on the drooping aspect of age; yet beneath the shadow of its portal there is a resting-place for both; and, when the sport in the sunshine is over, the young creep once more to the side of the old, who is so far from the childhood that is transitory to that which is eternal.

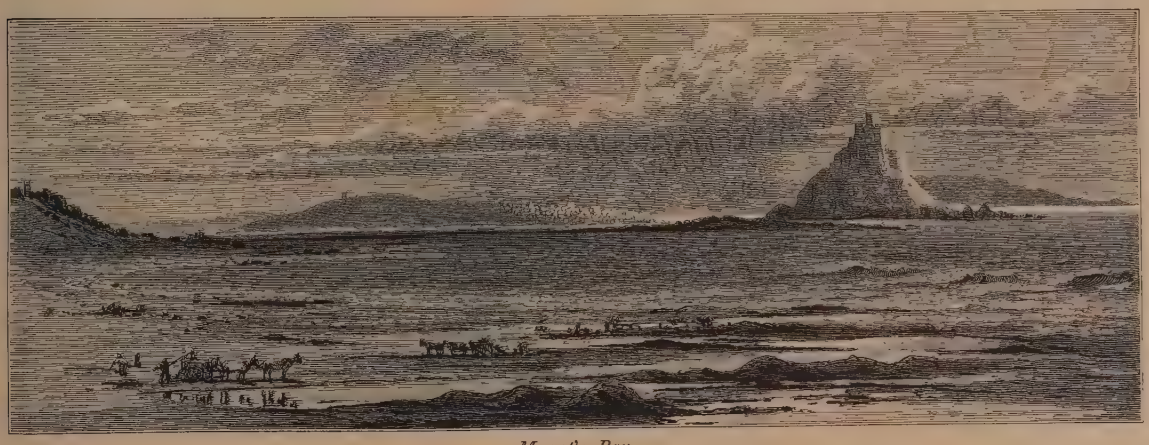


The Logan Rock.

THE LAND'S END.

A RUGGED boss of granite forms the last land in Cornwall toward the Atlantic Ocean. In outline it has a rude resemblance to a lion's paw thrust seaward, in attitude of defense, not defiance, as though the royal beast were on the watch to defend his own territory. Sheltered behind it lie the shores of Mount's Bay, that Eden of England, where the "black north-easter" comes not to "shatter down the snow-flakes off the curdled sky," but the "soft wind, from off the sweet south sliding," almost makes autumn glide unnoticed into spring. In the gardens of Penzance one forgets that one is on English soil, so fair are the flowers of summer, so rich the clustering grapes of autumn. The town itself does

not offer much to detain the traveler, but the neighborhood is full of interest. Among the gray granite hills are many relics of the old-world folk, gray forts encircling their tops with rings of rough bowlders, rudely fitted together into walls; groups of low "beehive" huts on the lonely moors; bare tors of yet grander bowlders and blocks, whence there are views far and wide over heathery moors to the Atlantic on either hand; solitary pillars near one of unhewed stone, marking the grave of some long-forgotten worthy; cromlechs of massive slabs, the empty houses of the dead; monumental stones with inscriptions in barbarous Latin; and carved crosses bearing us back, sometimes, to a Christianity of older date than the mission of Augustin; with here and there, above the waste downs of heather and furze, bare tors of vaster blocks looking over moorland and field to the encircling sea; everywhere a rock-bound coast, fringed on the calmest days with the foam of the Atlantic rollers.



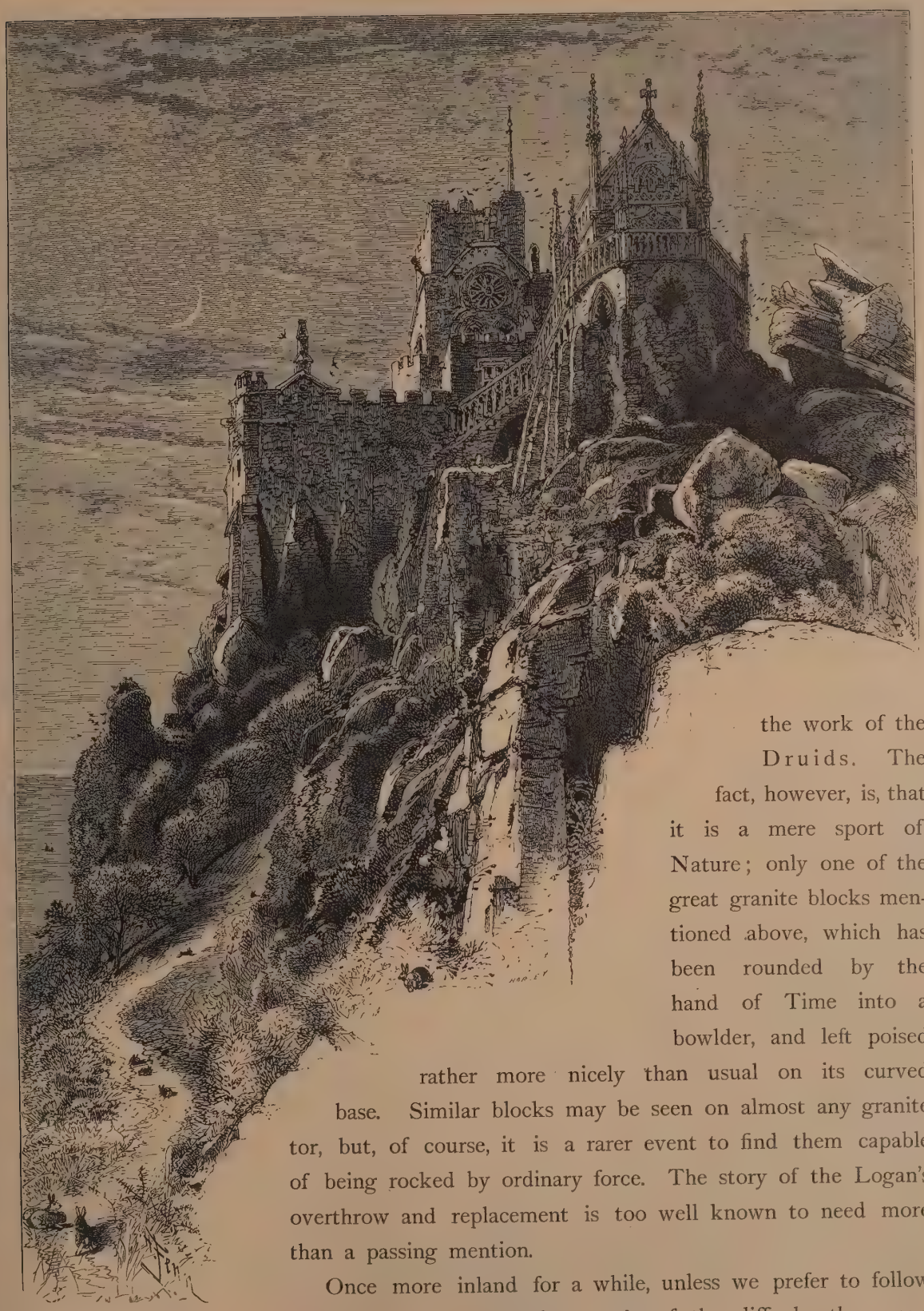
Mount's Bay.

Two miles away to the east from Penzance lies St. Michael's Mount. Less magnificent, indeed, than its twin brother on the Norman coast, it is a scene unique in Britain—a huge pyramidal boss of gray granite rising from the sea, and crowned with an old castellated, half-ecclesiastical mansion. At high tide an island, at low water it is joined to the mainland by a long spit of sand. Apart from its picturesque beauty, this spot has interest for many minds. It is one of the earliest sites connected with the history of England that we are able to identify, for there can be little doubt, though the neighboring village of Marazion bears no Phœnician title, that this is named by Diodorus Siculus, who wrote just before the Christian era, in the following words: "The inhabitants of Belerium . . . produce tin . . . and carry it to an island in front of Britain, called Jetis. This island is left dry at low tides, and there they transport the tin in carts from the shore." In further confirmation of this, Sir C. Lyell tells us that a block of tin of peculiar form, apparently resembling that described by Diodorus, was dredged up in the harbor of St. Michael's Mount. The mount was, very probably, a "great high place" in heathen times, but it was early claimed for

Christianity, and placed, like many other similar eminences, under the special guardianship of the prince-angel, the leader of the hosts of heaven in the contests with the evil-one. St. Keyne visited it late in the fifth century, and a Benedictine monastery was established here before the Norman conquest, after which it was affiliated to that on the French coast. Ultimately it was recovered from foreign influence, and united to Sion Monastery. It was, however, too much of a fortress to be a very peaceful retreat, and the din of arms must have too often interrupted pious meditation. It was besieged by a lawless noble in the days of Cœur de Lion; it was stoutly defended by the Earl of Oxford after the lost battle of Barnet; it sheltered, for a while, the Fair Rose of Scotland, unfortunate wife of the Tudor "claimant," Perkin Warbeck; it was captured and recaptured in the religious tumults of Edward VI.'s reign, and again during the struggles of Royalist and Roundhead. Since then it has seen better days, and its owners have dwelt at peace on their eyrie.

The house, perched on the very summit of the rock, is a rambling collection of buildings of various dates, beginning, probably, with the fifteenth century, and contains some old furniture and armor; but, though picturesque from some points of view, is otherwise of no great interest. The battlements and terraces command, as might be expected, fine prospects, for the eye can range far along the coast from the Lizard to the Land's End. Projecting from one of the walls, and high above the cliff, is a fragment of masonry, bearing a rude resemblance to a seat, and called St. Michael's Chair, but in reality the remains of a stone lantern. This is held to have magic virtues similar to those of St. Keyne's Well, for whichever of a married couple is first to sit within it "rules the roast" henceforth. As the exploit demands tolerably steady nerves, we may perhaps understand the origin of the legend.

The cliffs of the peninsula west of Penzance are almost everywhere grand, but no expedition is better adapted for showing their most striking features than that to the Logan Rock and the Land's End. The road crosses the granite plateau; a breezy upland partly tilled, partly yet a moorland covered with furze and heath and ling. Here and there it is furrowed by some narrow glen, down which a stream winds on its seaward course. Here, sheltered from the western blast, the trees grow tall and strong, the gardens glow with flowers, and the scene changes in a few minutes from one of stern wildness to soft luxuriance. The Logan Rock itself is on a little peninsula, guarded by grand granite cliffs, ever wet with the Atlantic spray. Huge fissures, technically called joints, divide the rock into gigantic blocks, so that it seems like some mined fortress of the Titans. On the landward side of one of its bastions, and like the fragment of a battlement crowning a granite wall, is perched a vast bowlder, almost overlooking a narrow ravine that descends toward the sea. This is the Logan Stone. By a moderate effort of strength it can be made to rock perceptibly. In former days all sorts of stories were current about its origin and purpose; and, of course, it was supposed to be

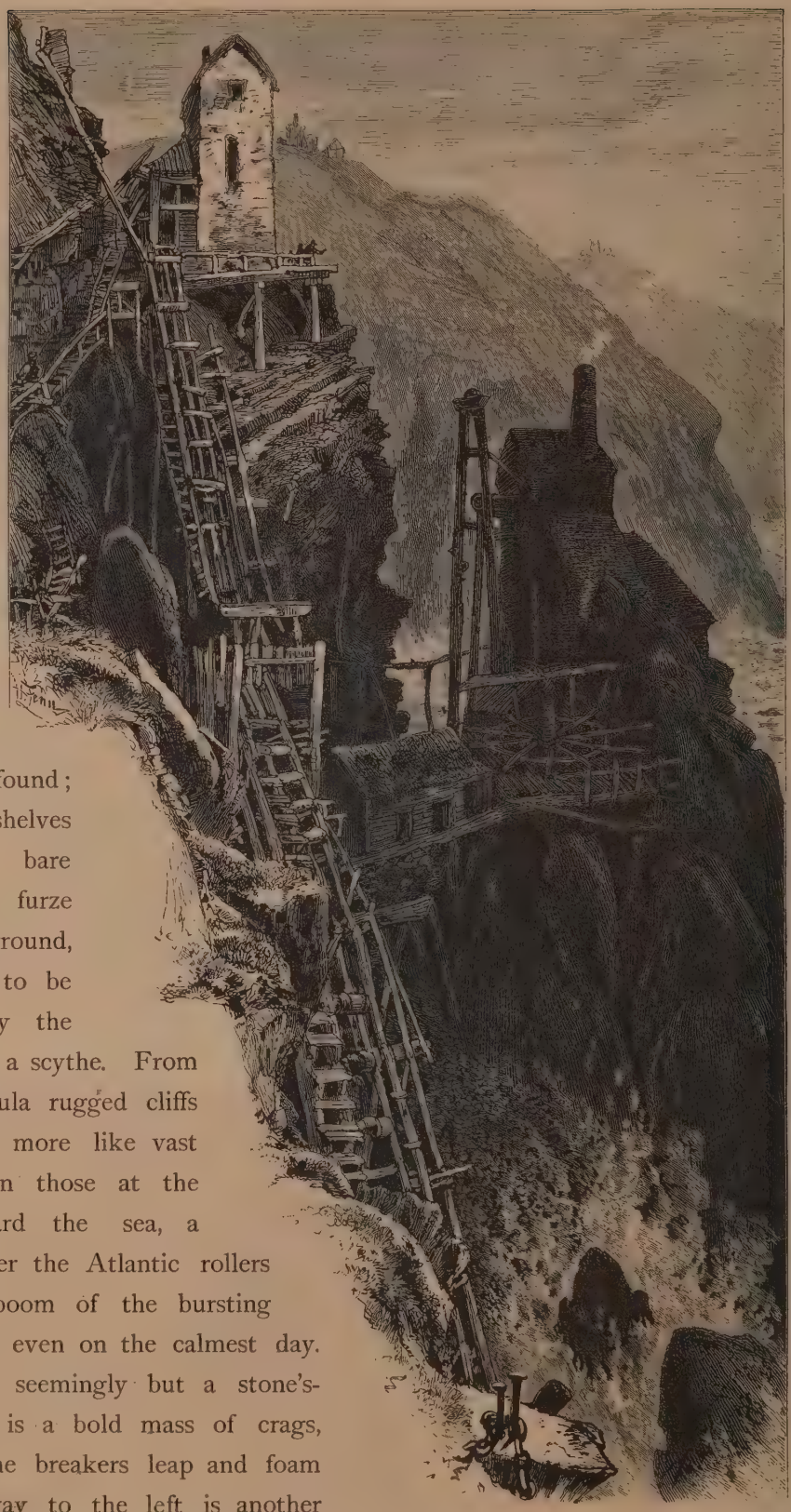


St. Michael's Mount.

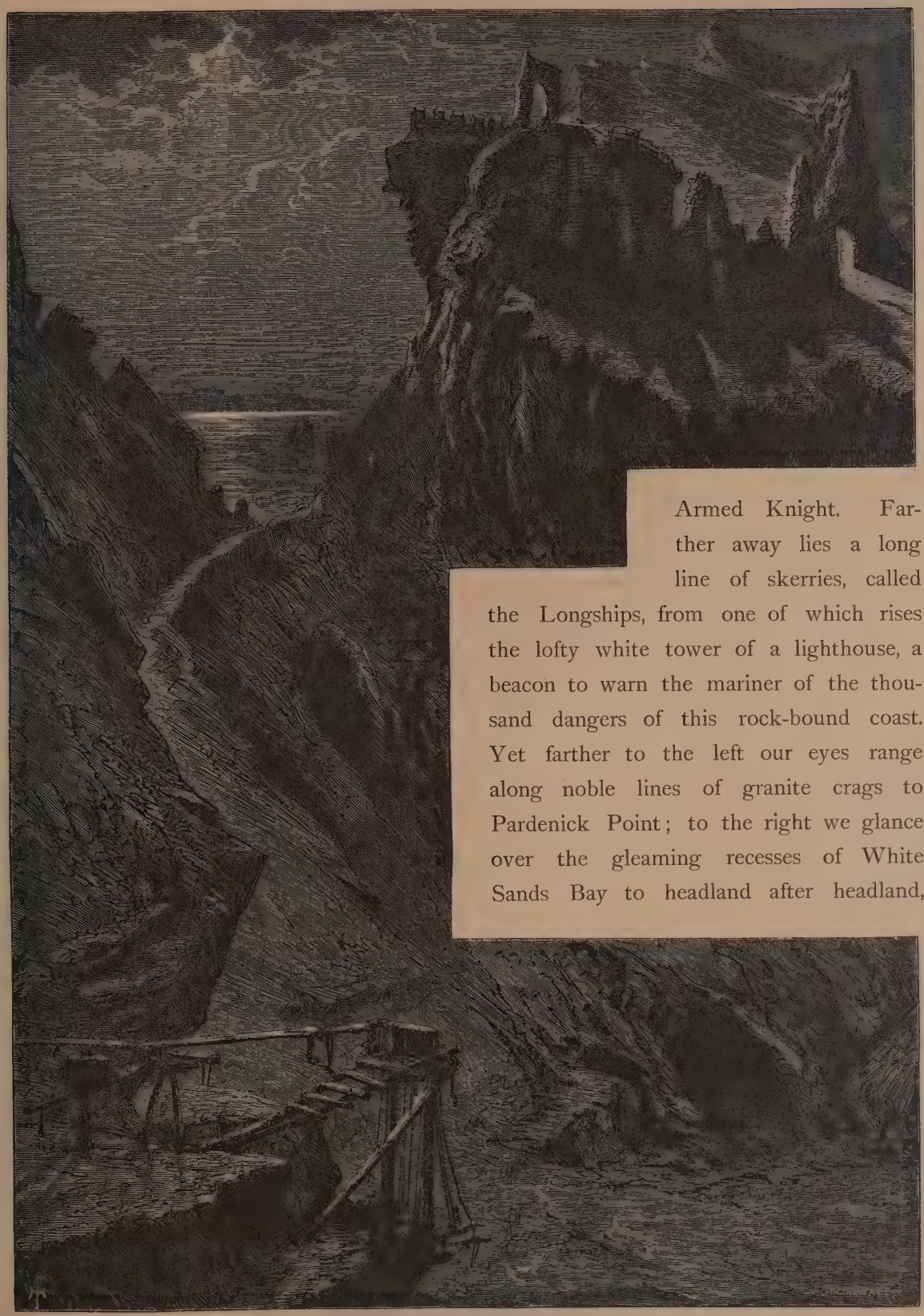
the work of the Druids. The fact, however, is, that it is a mere sport of Nature; only one of the great granite blocks mentioned above, which has been rounded by the hand of Time into a bowlder, and left poised rather more nicely than usual on its curved base. Similar blocks may be seen on almost any granite tor, but, of course, it is a rarer event to find them capable of being rocked by ordinary force. The story of the Logan's overthrow and replacement is too well known to need more than a passing mention.

Once more inland for a while, unless we prefer to follow the rough track along the margin of the cliffs, by the grand

crags of Pardenick Point, till the land slopes down seaward, and the last inclosure is passed, and the last house in England reached. We are now, indeed, at the Land's End, where for thousands of years the controversy between artillery and armor has been waged — the wind and waves of the Atlantic against the granite bulwarks of Britain. A wilder scene cannot easily be found; a bare, stony down shelves toward the crags—so bare that even heather and furze seem leveled with the ground, and the land appears to be kept close mown by the Atlantic blasts as with a scythe. From the end of the peninsula rugged cliffs of gray granite, even more like vast walls of masonry than those at the Logan, descend toward the sea, a hundred skerries shatter the Atlantic rollers into spray, and the boom of the bursting waves is scarcely silent even on the calmest day. Just below the point seemingly but a stone's-throw from the land, is a bold mass of crags, against whose sides the breakers leap and foam incessantly; a little way to the left is another ridge, named, from some fancied resemblance, the



Botallack Mine.



Armed Knight. Farther away lies a long line of skerries, called the Longships, from one of which rises the lofty white tower of a lighthouse, a beacon to warn the mariner of the thousand dangers of this rock-bound coast. Yet farther to the left our eyes range along noble lines of granite crags to Pardenick Point; to the right we glance over the gleaming recesses of White Sands Bay to headland after headland,

Tintagel.

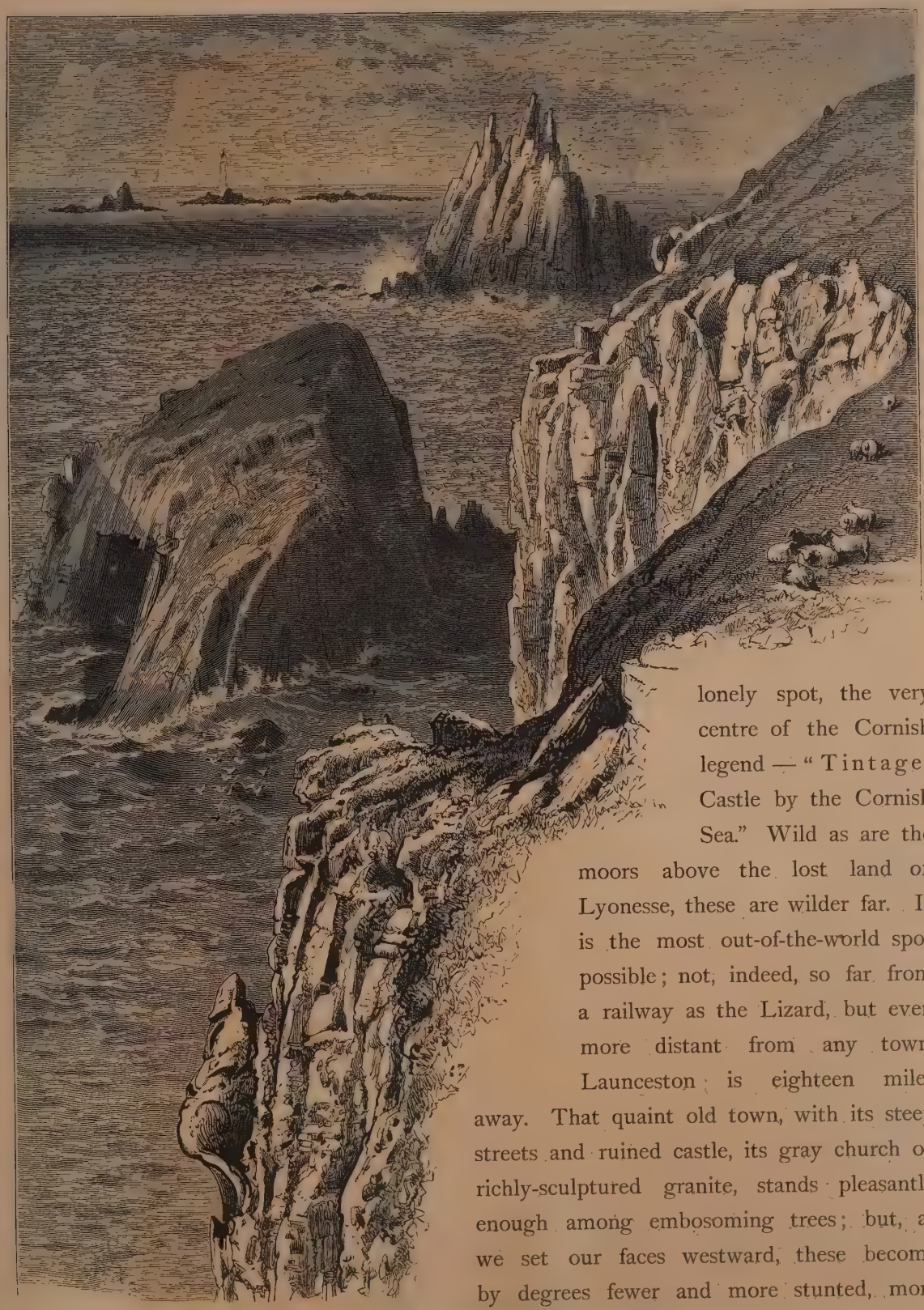
growing grayer and grayer in the distance as the coast bends away to the north; while almost all around the compass the eye rests at last on that glancing gray rim of ocean, the unbroken margin of the Atlantic. Unbroken? stay, that is scarcely correct. Down on the horizon to the southwest are some faint gray banks, now purpling as the sun sinks down toward the western wave. Clouds at first they seem, but a more attentive gaze shows them to be land—the last land in that direction for many a league—the Scilly Isles. Between them and us the ocean rolls over the lost land of Lyonesse, the realm of the unstained king who ruled over "the goodliest fellowship of famous knights whereof this world holds record . . . . and in many a dark and stormy day has been longingly expected" to come again to rule once more. One would gladly know what grains of truth underlie these legends of the Lyonesse and Arthur. It may be that in these stories of lost lands, so common along all the British coasts, whether of America, Cornwall, or Wales, there is nothing more than the regretful memory of the fair and fruitful plains from which the conquered race was driven by the lustier foes that pressed it up into these lonely corners of the earth, and that by a natural transition the lost lands of the East were transferred to the ocean of the West; or it may be that the tradition is really one of far more hoary antiquity, chronicling in legendary form, and transplanting to a later date, changes which we know have taken place in comparatively recent geological epochs, and, in all probability, since the first appearance of man upon the earth. Thus also the Arthurian legend may be but another form of the regretful memory of past prosperity, cheered by a hope of a future deliverer which, in the minds of a suffering nation, has so often shaped itself into some embodied ideal. We can only conjecture; but still these thoughts cast something of a glamour over the Cornish land, and in the air one seems to hear—

"The voice of days of old and days to be."

A little north of Cape Cornwall, a headland which extends so far westward as almost to rival the Land's End, is the Botallack tin-mine, one of the most famous in Cornwall, both for the richness of its ores and the singularity of its position. Deep into the heart of the earth, far below the level of the sea, descend the rude ladders which form the only means of communication between the outer air and the rich lodes below. The lowest point reached is more than a thousand feet vertically downward, and the adits extend in some cases nearly a quarter of a mile beneath the sea, the thunder of whose surge can be heard in the galleries, producing an effect during storms which is described as appalling. The sketch will give a good idea of the singular situation of this mine, and of the exceedingly primitive style of apparatus which is still used in most of the Cornish tin-workings.

We pass now to a spot far up the western coast, away from the granite crags to the dark slaty rocks which occupy so large a tract in the central district, to a wild,

St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.



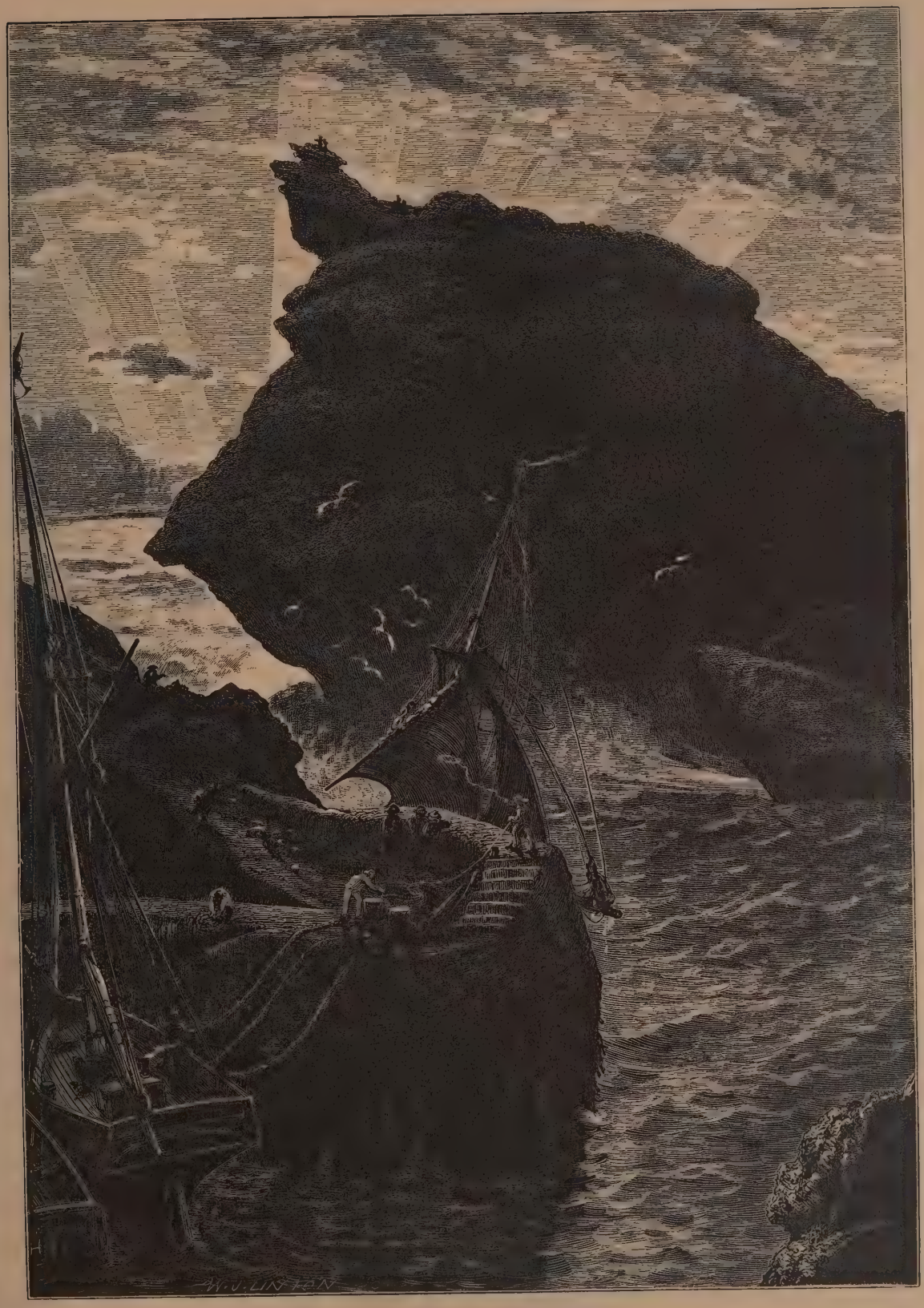
Land's End.

lonely spot, the very centre of the Cornish legend — "Tintagel Castle by the Cornish Sea." Wild as are the moors above the lost land of Lyonesse, these are wilder far. It is the most out-of-the-world spot possible; not, indeed, so far from a railway as the Lizard, but even more distant from any town. Launceston is eighteen miles away. That quaint old town, with its steep streets and ruined castle, its gray church of richly-sculptured granite, stands pleasantly enough among embosoming trees; but, as we set our faces westward, these become by degrees fewer and more stunted, more and more battered by the western gales,

more and more snake-like in their branches and gnarled in their growth, till at last trees, bushes, hedges, all die away, and there is nothing but the bare moor, here divided into fields by high banks of earth, there still unbroken by the ploughshare, and, as usual, thickly clad with stunted heath and furze; above which, to the south, rise up the rugged tors of Brown Willy and Rontor. Up and down goes the road, the monotony of the scene being here and there relieved by a few trees sheltering in a valley, or a tiny cluster of gray houses, or a rare church-tower. At last the sea begins to gleam in the west beyond the fringe of the land, and the dull gray houses of Tintagel village come in sight, on the same storm-beaten down. Apart from these, all alone, on a yet more exposed headland, stands the church. Parts of it appear of great antiquity, especially some singular narrow, round-headed slits of windows—more like those of a fortress than of a church, except that the great splays in the thick wall open inward instead of outward. Going to church must often be hard work here, even for strong men, and the roar of the gale must wellnigh drown the preacher's voice. What its force must be may be conjectured from the fact that many of the headstones in the churchyard are propped up by buttresses of masonry.

But we must pass on to the castle, which is some little distance from the village. A valley descends toward the sea, ending in a narrow cove. To the right is a headland of dark slate, its base worn by the waves into caverns, whose roofs are green with sea-spleenwort. To the left are the scanty ruins of Tintagel Castle. Here the land gradually contracts to a lofty promontory, which just at the top is almost cleft in twain by a narrow chasm or gateway. Beyond this the ground again rises and widens, so as to form an insulated mass guarded on all sides by inaccessible precipices of black slate. The ruins, such as they are, stand on each side of the above-named gap, and are said to have been once connected by a drawbridge, which, with its supports, has long since fallen away. A narrow path leads from the beach through the gap to the southern face of the headland, up which it winds to the level of the ruins; these are little more than battered and shapeless fragments of walls. The plan of a few chambers can be traced, one of which appears to have been a chapel, but their associations and their situation are their chief interest. Of architectural beauty there is none whatever. It is needless to add there is no trace of the castle of King Arthur, nor, indeed, of any building of very remote antiquity; the present remnants are said to date mostly from the thirteenth century, though a few parts may be rather older. In history, Tintagel Castle does not occupy any very notable position. It belonged to the Earls and Dukes of Cornwall, and during the reign of Richard II. was made a state-prison; but it appears to have begun to fall into decay even in the fourteenth century, and was probably a mere ruin before the Civil War.

What it lacks in history it supplies in legend, for it is the very centre of the Arthurian legend, the scene of the birth of the blameless king.



BOSCASTLE HARBOR, CORNWALL.

Here was Arthur born, and immediately "delivered at a secret postern-gate to Merlin," or, according to another legend on the shores of this cove, the mysterious babe was laid by the waves at the magician's feet; and not far away from here, upon the moors by Camelford, the last battle was fought, the king was stricken down hurt unto death, and thus the whole Round Table was dissolved.

The castle only occupied a very small portion of the peninsula, just the narrowed part of the neck; the rest was covered with herbage, and, so far as can be ascertained, unprotected by a wall. It stood, indeed, in little need of any artificial defenses; the tremendous precipices, falling sheer down to the water, are a sufficient bulwark. Few are the days on which a boat could be adventured against their base; still fewer the shelves where its crew could be landed, and fewest of all the ledges by which the most adventurous cragsman could win his way to the plateau above. The views obtained in making the circuit of this headland are of singular grandeur. Now from one, now from another projecting crag you can gain a sight of the stern precipices beneath your feet, and the wild skerries, whose rocks, ever wet with the wave and striped with runlets of creamy surge, look, by contrast, of an inky blackness. Toward the north the prospect is more limited, but southward the eye ranges far along dark lines of frowning cliffs, with here and there a small rocky island at their feet, a wild coast, harborless and hopeless, backed by bare and lonely downs.

Three miles from Tintagel is the little village of Boscastle, on the heights above the singular rocky nook of Boscastle Harbor. The latter may, in truth, be called a hole rather than a harbor, the rocky guard which fills the centre of the illustration being just sufficiently separated from the shore to allow ingress and shelter to a few fishing vessels and small coasting craft. The rude landing-place, built upon the natural rock, is seen in the foreground. It is another of the wild and picturesque nooks which abound along this coast, and offer their succession of surprises to the stranger. They are the natural homes of song and legend; but that of Boscastle seems to have been forgotten, overshadowed by the splendid traditions of Tintagel.

The Terrace, Haddon Hall.

OLD ENGLISH HOMES.

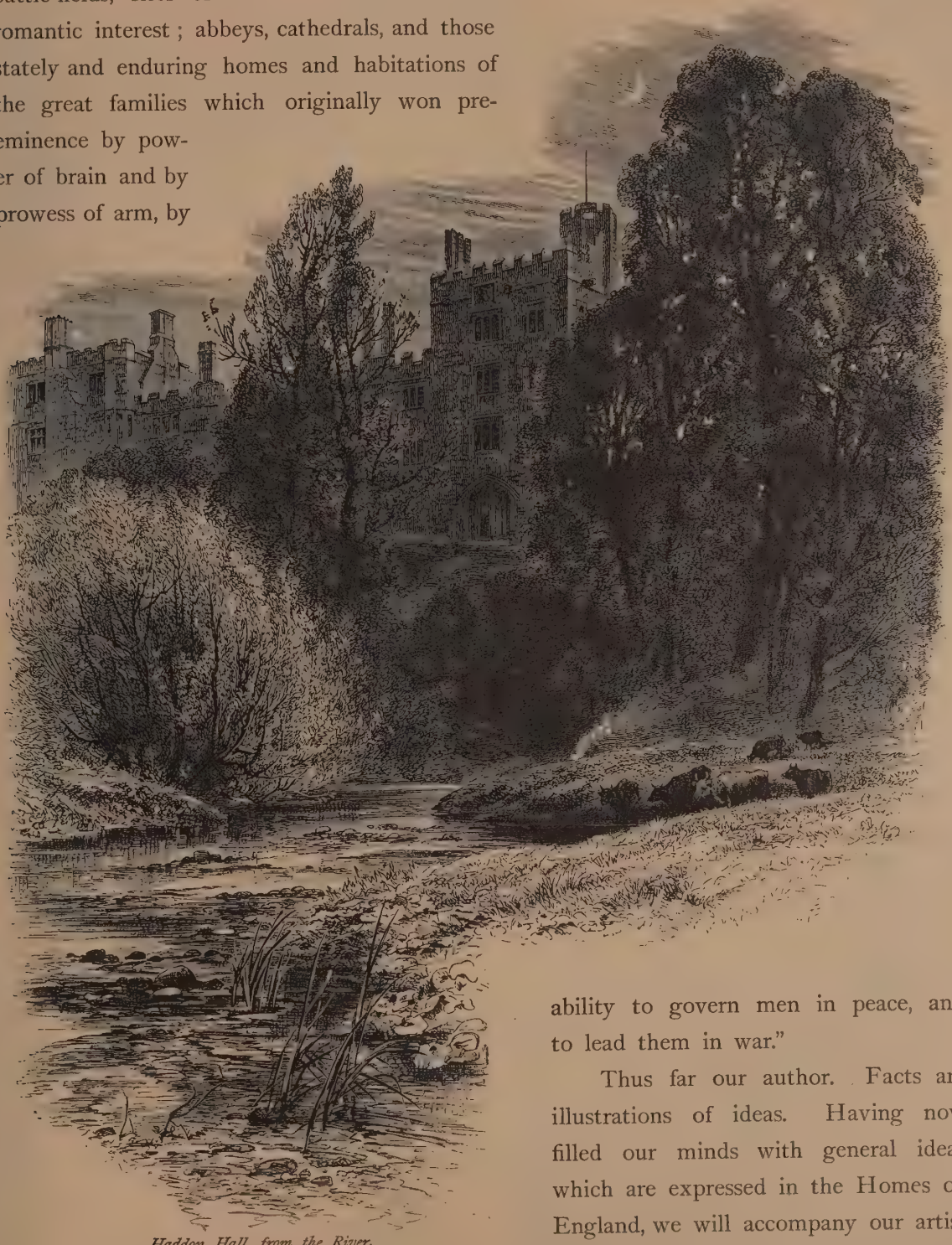
Haddon Hall, from the Terrace.

THE homes of England! How the very name stirs the imagination! What images of beauty, what associations of interest, are connected with the idea! In a country old and noble, with a long and storied past stretching away far behind a present which is still very vital, how the history, the poetry, the romance, of our dear old England are epitomized in those fair and stately homes which, from castle to cottage, from the Norman conquest to the day of Victoria, are types and em-

blems of the changing life of our great nation! The noble is always embodied in the beautiful; and we can read English history in English homes. At the basis of every human institution lies hidden an idea—an idea which is ever discernible to the "seeing eye;" and architecture expresses subtilely, through the buildings of every age, the needs, the habits, the ideas, of the day in which men built. We now, in our hurried, fevered, money-seeking, modern life, build chiefly for temporary renting and occupation; and our houses are consequently mean and trivial. In the olden time, the inner idea latent beneath building was permanence and continuity, framed in worthy stateliness and noble beauty. The great homes expressed the idea inherent in a noble feudalism; and buildings attempted to perpetuate the masterhood of power to govern and to serve the state through race. "And yet, in prizing justly the indispensable blessings of the new, let us not be unjust to the old. The old *was* true, if it no longer is." So says our Carlyle. The true ideal is ever based upon the real; and it is noteworthy how Tudor architecture seems to suit subtilely with the thoughts and the imaginings of our Shakespeare. Shakespeare does not much mention architecture, the reason being that the architecture of his day, and of the old time before him, was so good. We do think and speak much of architecture, the reason being that to us it is an art of the past, the architecture of our own day being, mainly, very poor, and mean, and unlovely; while the buildings which remain to us, as relics of our ancestors, are picturesque, poetical, instinct with noble and with true ideas.

In connection with the homes of England I here transcribe a passage, with which I wholly agree, from a novel which I recently read. The author says: "England is preëminently the country (compared with the rest of Europe) in which the monuments that embody historical associations, and link the present with a far-reaching past, are most thickly strewed over the whole of its area. The dukes and earls who held and ruled under the king, and the great families which, in virtue of the talents and the services of their founders, acquired territory and titles, were early spread over the comparatively confined space included within the four seas which surround the little island. The fortified castle gave place to the great mansion, as Plantagenet gave place to Tudor; the Conway Castle softened, with softening manners, into the Knole House. Each castle or hall was the seat and actual dwelling-place of a noble and powerful race, in which rank meant, originally at least, capacity for command; which usually derived its titles from its possessions; which lived from generation to generation in its ancestral seat; which took pleasure and pride in adding convenience and beauty to the permanent home and steadfast abiding-place of a line of nobles. The fair old land is closely studded with castle and with hall; while, as time mellowed and widened social institutions—for the onward tendency of society is to uplift lower strata into the higher—the grange of the franklin grew into life, and is, frequently, if less stately, yet as picturesque as are its more imposing rivals. The traveler in any English county

will be astonished alike at the number as at the beauty of these glorious types and relics of that past on which our present is securely built. Everywhere he will find battle-fields, sites or scenes of historic or of romantic interest; abbeys, cathedrals, and those stately and enduring homes and habitations of the great families which originally won pre-eminence by power of brain and by prowess of arm, by ability to govern men in peace, and to lead them in war."



Haddon Hall, from the River.

Thus far our author. Facts are illustrations of ideas. Having now filled our minds with general ideas which are expressed in the Homes of England, we will accompany our artist in his selection of certain of our old English halls, and castles, and houses; and we will begin with one of the notablest, with

one of the best known and most described, of the most picturesque and most often painted of our English mansions—Haddon Hall.

The Courtyard, Haddon Hall.

Soaring up from out an embowerment of stateliest trees rises the beautiful sky-line of Haddon, crested with the noble Eagle tower. The towers and turrets, standing

up above the full foliage of splendid summer, strike the imagination, before we enter or even fully see the building itself; and the beauty of the sky-line is, as we afterward find out, continued down to the very earth which the old Hall covers and adorns. You enter a courtyard, the quadrangle of a most magnificent castellated mansion of the sixteenth century. The most ancient portions of Haddon were erected before 1452, but the greater part and the latest additions date from about 1545. Our artist has represented this stately courtyard with the torches flaring below as the slowly-driving wrack above flares across the flying moon. In the so-called Chaplain's Room are still preserved some horsemen's boots of the time of the Civil Wars. They

The Banqueting Hall, Haddon Hall.

yet stir the fancy with images of the strife of Puritan and Cavalier; and one likes to picture to one's thought the nameless men, long past away, who, at the trumpet-call of "boot and saddle," mounted, perhaps in this very courtyard, and rode away to those noble wars. The Chapel and the Banqueting Hall belong to the oldest parts of the Hall, and the Dining-room to the latest. The Long Gallery, with its carved ceiling and vast bay-windows, is certainly the most stately feature of the interior; but the exterior, especially as seen from the Terrace, has that something which architecture at its highest flight presents of the mystery of loveliness which we see in Nature; embodies a touch of the rare delight which we feel when gazing at the tender vivid green of spring standing out against a keen blue sunny sky. The archi-

tect of Haddon—who was he? His name we know not, but his work shows that he—or they, for there has been more than one architect engaged here—built inspired by a nobly sweet idea, and devised for the permanent domicile of a great and powerful family.

Every great English home—as we shall find in our gradual progress—is chiefly memorable, is surpassingly dear to the imagination, for the sake of one person, or of

Dorothy Vernon's Postern.

some one romantic incident; and all Haddon is fragrant with the memory of one fair woman—Dorothy Vernon. You have *her* postern, *her* walk, *her* room, *her* terrace. Her beauty beautifies the whole beautiful place. Men love women, and women love Love; hence the charm and the romance of the fair heiress linger yet round every part of Haddon. She was the daughter of that Sir George Vernon, the "King of the

Peak," who died in 1565, the year in which Mary Queen of Scots married the ill-fated lout Darnley. In the fullness of time Dorothy loved, but her father did not approve. She determined to elope; and now we must fill, in fancy, the Long Gallery with the splendor of a revel and the stately joy of a great ball in the time of Elizabeth. In the midst of the noise and excitement the fair young daughter of the house steals unobserved away. She issues from *her* door, and her light feet fly with tremulous speed along the darkling Terrace, flecked with light from the blazing ballroom, till they reach a postern in the wall, which opens upon the void of night outside dancing Haddon. At that postern some one is waiting eagerly for her; waiting with swift horses. That some one is young Sir John Manners, second son of the house of Rutland, and her own true-love. The anxious lovers mount, and ride rapidly and silently away; and so Dorothy Vernon transfers Haddon to the owners of Belvoir; and the boar's head of Vernon becomes mingled, at Haddon, with the peacock of Manners. We fancy with sympathetic pleasure that night-ride, and the hurried marriage; and—forgetting that the thing happened "ages long agone"—we wish, with full hearts, all happiness to the dear and charming Dorothy! Of all the dwellers in Haddon it is not my hint to speak. Enough for us, and for the romance of the dear and quaint old Hall, is the romance of one fair woman. Haddon has long been uninhabited—because it passed to the lords of Belvoir—and, being uninhabited, our fancy is more strongly tempted to repeople its halls and gardens with the olden inhabitants, to see again the figures and faces of some of those who have so long ago returned to dust. Elizabeth was at Haddon. Then—

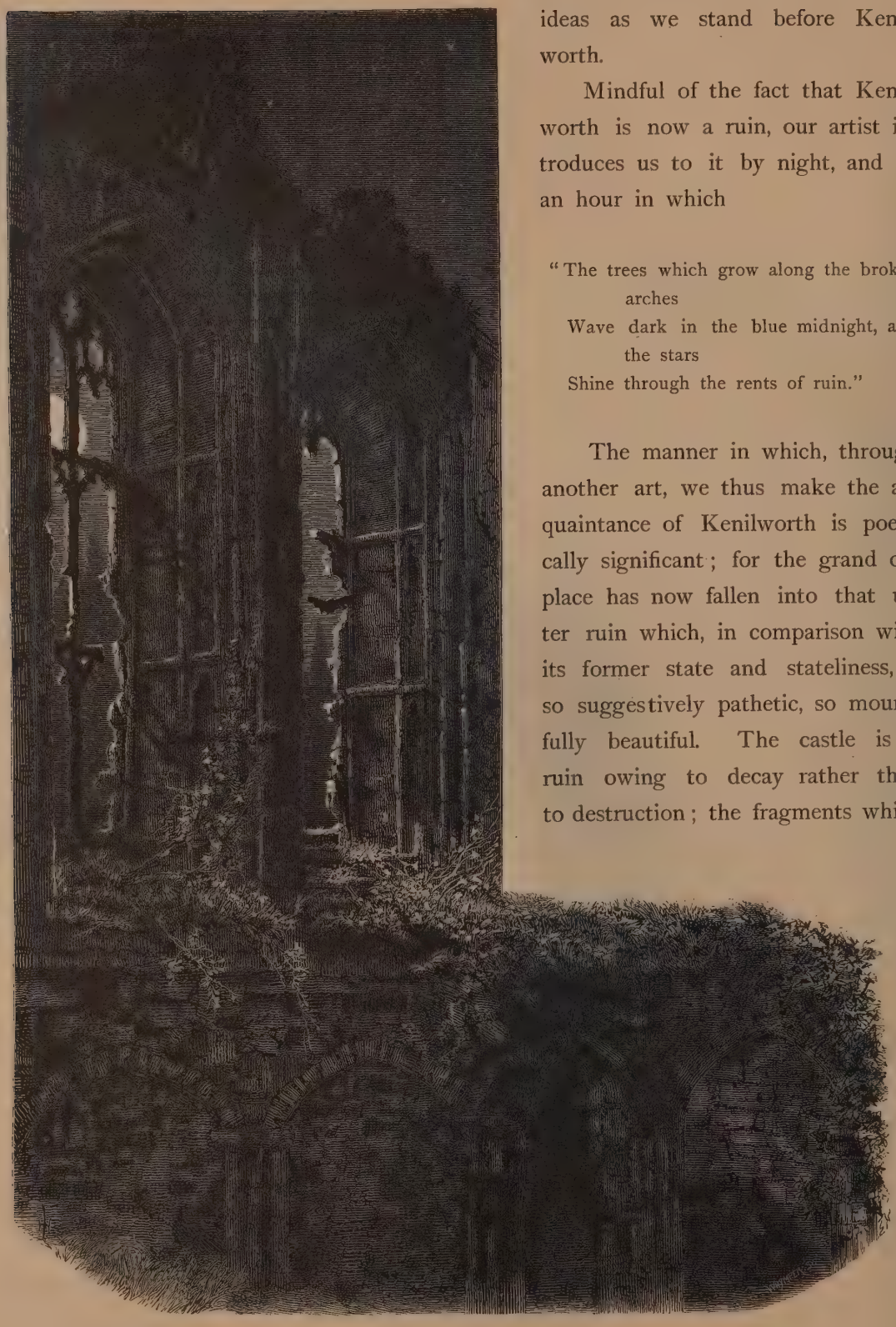
> "In the morning, horn of huntsman, hoof of steed, and laugh of rider,
> Spread out cheery from the courtyard till we lost them in the hills,"

as Bluff Harry's

> ". . . . man-minded offset rose,
> To chase the deer, at five,"

and Haddon was alive and glorious with a regal visit. In one room you are still shown the mirror which Elizabeth used; and it is a strange, eerie feeling, as you see your own face in the glass, to think that its unretentive surface has also reflected back to her the features of the Tudor monarch who was the Queen of Shakespeare.

Linger and look round, for we are about to leave Haddon. Gaze once again on the Terrace, and on the lovely stretch of building seen from the Terrace; snatch a look at *her* postern, and then let us begone. We leave the place, but carry with us the memories and the image of it. The fairy carpet of the "Arabian Nights" transports us instantaneously and noiselessly to the next place in our progress. We are there, and



Kenilworth Castle.

the mind opens to admit other ideas as we stand before Kenilworth.

Mindful of the fact that Kenilworth is now a ruin, our artist introduces us to it by night, and at an hour in which

> "The trees which grow along the broken arches
> Wave dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
> Shine through the rents of ruin."

The manner in which, through another art, we thus make the acquaintance of Kenilworth is poetically significant; for the grand old place has now fallen into that utter ruin which, in comparison with its former state and stateliness, is so suggestively pathetic, so mournfully beautiful. The castle is a ruin owing to decay rather than to destruction; the fragments which

survive to-day tell of time, and Time's slow, sad havoc rather than of the shattering wreck of sieges and of wars. Gazing upon the indications of its stately halls and chambers, framed for pleasure and for ease, we remember keenly and vividly that, in bygone times,

> ". . . . every room
> Hath blazed with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy;"

and then, looking round, we see that its

> ". . . . gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
> Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand."

The glass long gone and fallen away, the arches and the sashes of the nobly beautiful old windows are but ragged rents of ruin, dark against the silver moon riding slowly across the blue summer night; and many a moon has, in the course of long, long years, visited this stately memorial of a sumptuous past. Ivy holds in its tenacious grasp the walls which it eats away and yet holds together; and the first glimpse which the art-pictorial gives us of these jagged hints of olden beauty is typical of the castle as it remains to-day.

Its legendary, and even its historical antiquity, we may pass lightly by. Kenilworth is dear to the fancy chiefly through one figure and one event. It was the property of Leicester, and it was the castle in which he, while Amy Robsart pined in

> "The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall,"

received, and courtier-like courted, great Elizabeth.

One day, in the early years of the present century, a stranger visited the ruins of Kenilworth. He asked many and pertinent questions about the building, and then, as was noticed at the time, he stood in the ruins silent and alone for two hours.

That stranger was Walter Scott, and he went away to write the romance of "Kenilworth." "What a wonderful art! What an admirable gift of Nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people—speculate gravely upon their faults or excellences, prefer this one or that!" So exclaims Thackeray. He referred to Henry Fielding; but his words have a wider application. They are truest of the greatest; and, assuredly, they are true of the wizard poet-writer, dear old Sir Walter Scott. His genius seized instinctively upon the culminating period of the romantic life of Kenilworth; and, in the mere glimpse and glance which time and space allow to us at present, I will touch chiefly upon the splendid revel which formed the high-tide mark of glorious old Kenilworth.

It is, by-the-way, curious to note one anachronism into which Sir Walter has fallen. He was not likely to make mistakes from ignorance, and therefore I assume that he has reckoned upon the ignorance of readers, or has elected to be inaccurate with a view to general effect. In his "Kenilworth," writing of a date prior to Elizabeth's memorable visit in 1575, he makes Raleigh, and Elizabeth herself, quote passages

Covered Archway, Kenilworth Castle.

from Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" and "Troilus and Cressida;" and the poet is several times referred to as if he had been, at that date, a known and popular poet and dramatist. Now, Shakespeare was born in 1564, and was therefore, in 1575, in his twelfth year—a period of his life at which he had certainly written nothing, and at which he was known only to his family and the little world of Stratford-upon-Avon.

I have never seen allusion made to this singular anachronism on the part of Sir Walter Scott, and mention of it comes in fitly on the occasion of our present visit to Kenilworth. It seems to me probable in the highest degree that the nearly twelve-years-old boy, William Shakespeare, was present, as one of the general public, at the Kenilworth revels of 1575. Elizabeth loved the people, and Leicester loved popularity. The whole country-side flocked to the great earl's great castle.

The loyalty of Englishmen led them, in those days of difficult locomotion, to seize eagerly such an opportunity of looking upon their queen; and the shows at Kenilworth surpassed, probably, anything that could then be presented elsewhere in England. Stratford-upon-Avon is not far from Kenilworth, and the well-to-do burgess who wrote himself, phonetically, "John Shaxsper," would, doubtless, give leave to, and even find a horse for, his bright young son William. His mother, *née* Mary Arden, and others of the family, may have been of the party to see the splendid sights. It is certain that the imagination of such a lad as Shakespeare would be inflamed to the highest by the prospect of such attractions; and, if there were any family objections to the visit,* young Shakespeare, I will answer for it, was at the revels of Kenilworth in 1575 as a truant. The interest of the whole scene is heightened, to my fancy, by the conviction that the boy Shakespeare—father of the man Shakespeare—was present.

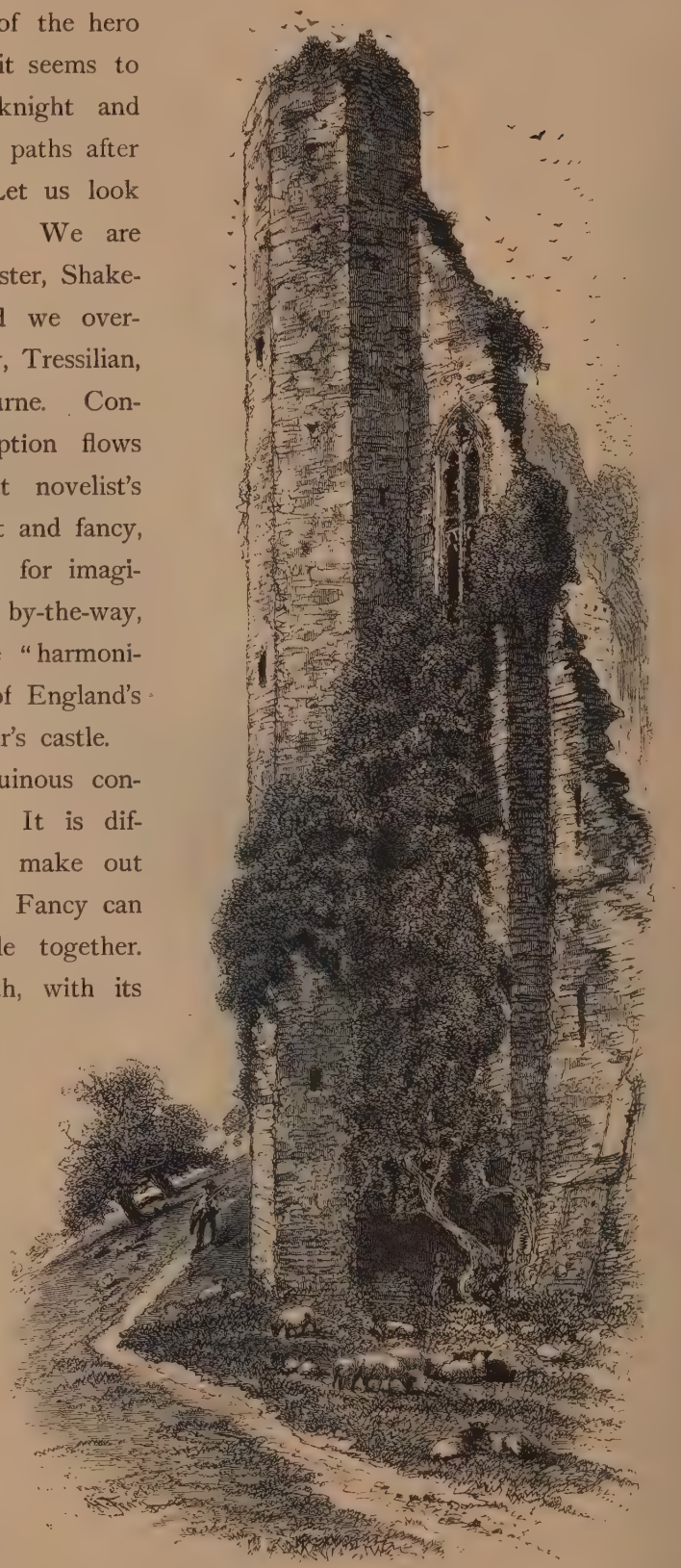
Not yet were, for him, the troubles of Charlecote, or the quarrel with Sir Thomas Lucy, or the flight to London, or the acquaintance with the play-house; but, at Kenilworth, the future dramatist would have his fancy touched for the first time in his life by contact with the drama; and he would see the Hock-tide representation, the rude masques, the "storial shows" of Gascoigne, and the allegory of the "Lady of the Lake." He would receive a distinct impression of the dramatic essence, and all this in addition to the tilting!

A page or two farther on we shall visit Sidney in his own home, and I therefore postpone further mention of him until we arrive at Penshurst; but I may just state here that Sidney, born in 1554, was ten years older than Shakespeare, and that they may well have seen each other at Kenilworth in 1575. Both were certainly there. It is highly improbable that there was ever any further contact between Sidney and Shakespeare during the knight's short life. Sidney died when he was thirty-one. Shakespeare would then be twenty-one. He would, at that age, have made no mark, and would scarcely have been known to Elizabeth's favorite courtier. In Sidney's "Defense of Poesie," the passages which relate to the drama could have been written only by a man unacquainted with Shakespeare's plays. "Hamlet" and "Othello," "Lear" and "Macbeth," were not as yet. It is likely that Shakespeare, with all

* Master Edward Arden, head of the house of Arden, and cousin of Shakespeare's mother, had incurred Leicester's high displeasure by refusing disdainfully to wear that nobleman's livery. Many of the county, of Arden's means and rank, thought Leicester's livery an honor to them, but Edward Arden thought and acted very differently.—(*Vide* Dugdale's "Warwickshire.")

London, saw the splendid funeral of the hero of Zutphen in old St. Paul's; but it seems to me wholly improbable that the knight and the player ever crossed each other's paths after the Kenilworth revels of 1575. Let us look on for a moment at those revels. We are in good company. Elizabeth, Leicester, Shakespeare, Sidney, are there; nor need we overlook Amy Robsart, Richard Varney, Tressilian, Wayland Smith, or Mike Lambourne. Concurrently with the historical reception flows on the undercurrent of the great novelist's story. *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, fact and fancy, work together to produce a delight for imagination, as the trumpeters—termed, by-the-way, by pedantic Master Laneham, the "harmonious blasters"—announce the entry of England's queen into the precincts of Leicester's castle.

The building, in its present ruinous condition, is somewhat unintelligible. It is difficult to understand the plan, or make out the different towers and chambers. Fancy can fill up gaps, and bring the whole together. During Elizabeth's stay, Kenilworth, with its hundreds of windows, was, by night, according to Laneham, lit up and blazing, "as it were, the Egyptian Pharos relucent unto all the Alexandrian coast." Fireworks, then great rarities, were lavishly displayed by magnificent Leicester; music stole over the water of the lake, and the ball-room rang with minstrelsy. By day, Hock-tide plays, bear-baitings, hunting the stag, and tilting, filled up every richly-occupied hour, and pleasure glowed



West Tower, Kenilworth Castle.

through princely splendor. Assuredly the boy Shakespeare had a good time of it! We think from Shakespeare to Scott, and then rises up darkly the image of Tony Fire-the-Fagot and Varney, and their hellish drawbridge staircase at Cumnor, contrived over an abyss, "as dark as pitch, and profoundly deep," at the bottom of which lies "a heap of white clothes, like a snow-drift;" and this deathly heap is the fair, young, murdered Amy, Countess of Leicester!

The vision of the revels passes away silently, like a dream, and leaves the place once more a ruin. Leicester bequeathed his castle to his brother, the Earl of Warwick, for his life; and after him to his (Leicester's) own son, Sir Robert Dudley. James I. tried to cheat this son, by means of Leicester's widow, out of Kenilworth; but gallant young Prince Henry sought to undo his father's wrong by an offer to purchase Kenilworth from Sir Robert, who was then abroad. At his death, Prince Henry had only paid a fifth of the purchase-money agreed upon, but his brother Charles, training himself for the life which led to death at Whitehall window, acted as he did toward Raleigh's unhappy son, and simply seized possession of Kenilworth. Charles I. was conquered and succeeded by a mightier than he; and Cromwell divided the place among his captains and counselors. Then came silence and disuse, paving the way for slow but sure decay. And now the birds wheel circling round its ruined shafts of towers, and the "silly sheep"—animals created silly, probably, in order that man may feel no remorse at converting so many of them into mutton—browse at the base of towers which once were the dwellings of nobles and of kings. Leicester's fugitive splendor is symbolized by Kenilworth; his better objects in building are embodied in the still active, quaint old "Leicester's Hospital." No single owner made greater additions to Kenilworth itself than did the sumptuous Earl of Leicester.

Our next "home" will be one of the shrines of English pilgrimage—Penshurst. Choosing fitly for our Kentish walk a fair summer noontide, let us visit now the home of Sidney. Its gray turrets rise from out the green setting of its stately park and noble oaks. These parks, coeval with the mansions they surround, form an integral part of these unspeakably lovely olden homes. The horse and the deer should be the two animals to support the shield of chivalry. Penshurst, to be viewed aright, should be visited in calm and brilliant English sunshine. An English fine day is, as I hold—and I have seen many lands—as fine a day as earth can produce; and on one such day we will see Penshurst.

Of the possessors of Penshurst before the Sidneys came to it, we will take no account. The old Pencester family, nay, even Shakespeare's "good Duke Humphrey," and the Duke of Bedford of Henry VI.'s time, shall not detain us now. A black-letter investigation is one thing, and an imaginative delight is another. It is the latter thing that we now want, and we will therefore pause before the gateway of the entrance-tower, to read the inscription there, which tells us that "the most religious

and renowned Prince, Edward VI., King of England, France, and Ireland, gave this house of Pencester, with its manors, lands, and appurtenances thereunto belonging, unto his trusty and well-beloved servant, Sir William Sidney, Knight Banneret, serving him from the time of his birth unto his Coronation in the offices of chamberlain and steward of his household. In commemoration of which most worthy and famous King,

The Court-yard, Penshurst.

Sir Henry Sidney, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Lord President of the Council established in the Marches of Wales, son and heir of the aforenamed Sir William, caused this tower to be builded, and that most excellent Prince's arms to be erected, A. D. 1585."

We thus connect the Sidneys with their Penshurst, and get a glimpse of those two worthies, the father and grandfather of the one graceful and noble figure that

dominates and informs the fair domain. Sidney's mother was Lady Mary Dudley, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, who perished on the scaffold, and sister of Leicester and the other Dudley brothers. On the 29th of November, 1554, Philip Sidney was born at Penshurst, and in the same year his uncle, Guilford Dudley, and his aunt by marriage, Lady Jane Grey, were beheaded, the one on Tower Hill, and the other on the Tower Green. Sidney's boyhood was passed in the days of "Bloody Mary," in which so many Protestant martyrs ascended, by the fiery death, to heaven. The strong father and the gentle mother knew then, no doubt, a troublous time, but the beautiful boy would feel no sadness that was not assuaged by life opening in Penshurst and its park.

It is pleasant to recall the events of Sidney's noble and lovely life. Oxford is curiously neglectful of the memories of its great students, and Christ Church preserves no tradition of the rooms in which Sidney there resided. Cambridge is more creditably careful in this matter. In 1572 Sidney first went abroad, and was sheltered in Paris in the embassador's hotel of Walsingham during the terrible days of that St. Bartholomew massacre in which the Roman Catholics butchered, at the lowest computation, one hundred and five thousand Protestants. He became intimate with the noble Huguenot, Hubert Languet, and was the friend of Henry of Navarre, of Du Plessis Mornay, of William the Silent, and of that Fulke Greville who was proud to have inscribed upon his tomb the fact that he had been "the friend of Sidney." William the Silent, no bad judge of men, said of Sidney that, "if he go on in the course he hath begun, he will be as famous and worthy a gentleman as ever England bred;" and Sidney did go on in that course, and became all that the great prince predicted.

Returning to England, Philip found that his sister Mary had married Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Between Sidney and his sister subsisted a life-long and most tender attachment. At Wilton, Sidney, to delight that dear sister, began the "Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia," which was afterward carried on at Penshurst. We all know Ben Jonson's lines by heart, but we all love to hear or to repeat them, so charming are they to the ear, so delightful to the sense. His epitaph on Mary runs—

> "Underneath this sable hearse,
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
> Death! ere thou hast slain another,
> Learned and fair, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

Sidney had three loves: the first was Anne Cecil, daughter of great Burghley, who married Edward de Vere, the brutal Earl of Oxford, with whom Sidney afterward nearly fought a duel. The second was Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl

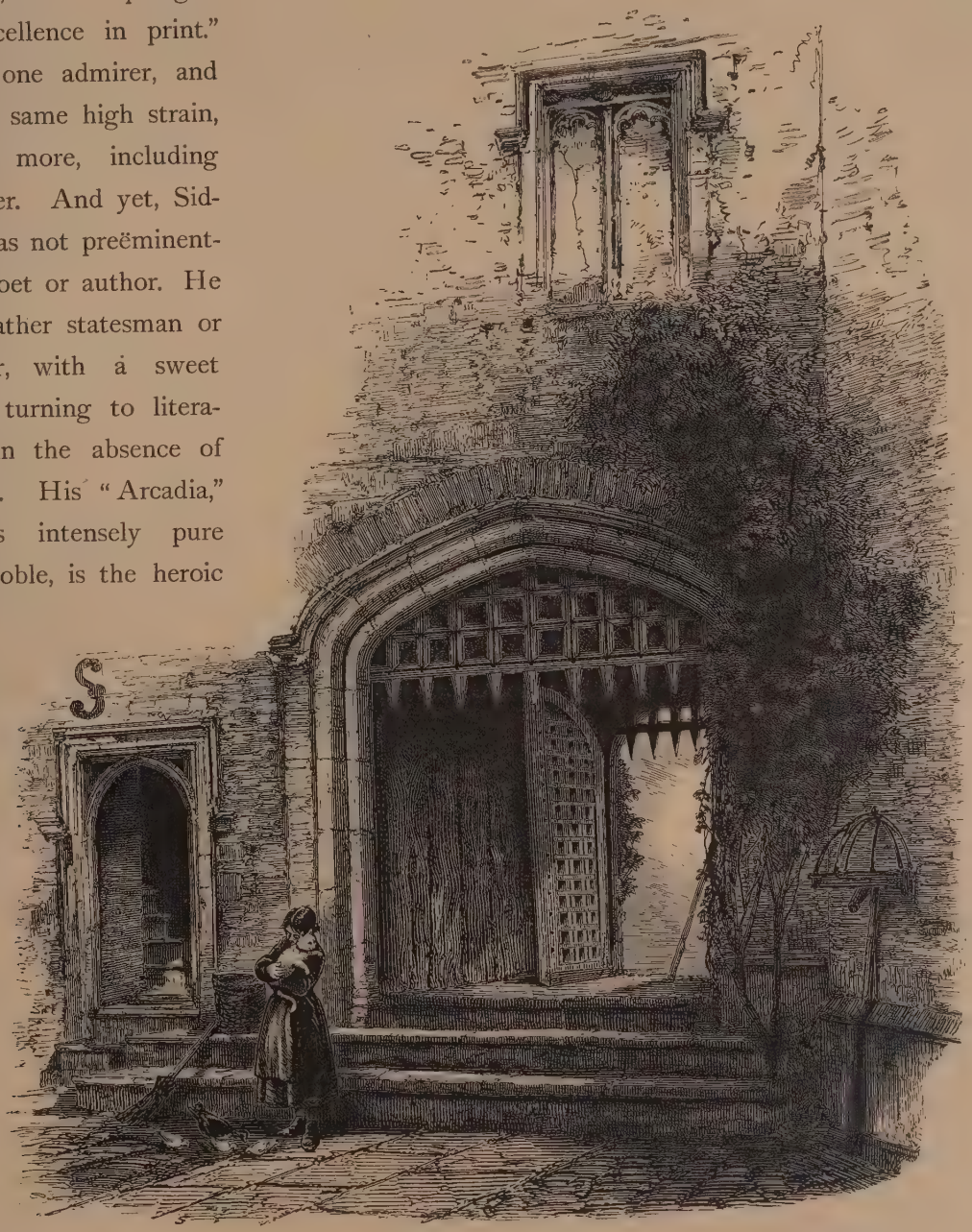
of Essex, who was forced unwillingly into a loveless and unsuitable union with Lord Robert Rich. Sidney loved Penelope passionately, both before and after her unhappy marriage, and she is the "Stella" whom he has celebrated in so many a sonnet. His third love, Frances Walsingham, daughter of the wise and honest statesman, became in 1583 (the year in which he was knighted by Elizabeth) Sidney's wife. She outlived him; and the widow of Sidney actually married two other husbands! His daughter Elizabeth followed Dorothy Vernon to Belvoir when, in her fifteenth year, she married Roger Manners, fifth Earl of Rutland. We all know how, in 1586, Sir Philip Sidney, then aged thirty-one, was killed at Zutphen. In a frantic heroism of chivalry, Sidney, seeing Pelham going into battle half-armed, took off his *cuisses*, and the fatal bullet entered where the armor should have been. We all know, too, that immortal answer which Sidney made when, faint and thirsty from loss of blood, the deeply-wounded, Christ-like hero took from his parched lips the welcome water and handed it to the poor soldier whose "necessity is yet greater than mine!"

And now, having run rapidly through a short *résumé* of the course of this brilliant life, let us, in that exquisite mixture of thought and dream which is the most delicious state of feeling in an imaginative mind, stroll about the park at Penshurst, and fancy Sir Philip, a book in his hand, a poem in his brain, sauntering by copse or shaw, and then reclining beneath a broad-armed, leafy beech. Is he devising the "Arcadia?" or composing a sonnet? or thinking out his "Defense of Poesie?" Has he in his hand John Lyly's "Euphues?" or the last poem of his friend Spenser? He stops, perhaps, to listen to "a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old." Looking up, he sees, through ancestral oaks, the turrets of his own dear home, which represents, to his idea, "a firm stateliness; truly a place for pleasantness not unfit to flatter solitariness." Is Mary Sidney with him? or is the Countess of Pembroke at Wilton? Sidney sees the oak planted when he was born; sees the places which shall be known when the place knows him no more, as Saccharissa's Walk, Barbara Gamage's Copse, and dreams meanwhile of noble fame, of courteous courage, and of loyal love. The rather tall, perfectly-proportioned, though somewhat slight figure is full of grace as strength, is suited equally to arts or arms, and there is something in his air that lends nobleness to nobility. "High thoughts seated in a heart of honor" speak through the thoughtful, loving eyes, and something in the whole physiognomy tells you that you are in the presence of one of earth's rare ideal men. Let us speak to him. Why not? Do not be afraid of him; you will soon find that

> "Manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

He is "a rare ornament of this age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form all their manners and life by." The writer of the

"Arcadia" was "the secretary of eloquence, the breath of the Muses, the honey-bee of the dayntiest flowers of witt and arte, the pith of moral and intellectual virtues, the arm of Bellona in the field, the tongue of Suada in the chamber, the spirit of practice in *esse*, and the paragon of excellence in print." Thus one admirer, and in the same high strain, many more, including Spenser. And yet, Sidney was not preëminently a poet or author. He was rather statesman or soldier, with a sweet fancy turning to literature in the absence of action. His "Arcadia," always intensely pure and noble, is the heroic



Gate-way, Hever Castle.

knightly romance of chivalry. It is not a work for all time, nor has it any vital hold upon the readers of to-day; but its high and tender fantasies will always charm the reader of culture who can turn backward in literature. In Sidney's day, action was comparatively simple. God and England had two dire enemies in Spain and Rome,

and no wise patriot could doubt of duty. But, if Sidney had lived through the Civil Wars, would he have seen his path clearly, or would he have been a mere Lucius Carey? His ambition was active as noble, and a "sad, high, longing discontent" came over his gentle spirit when excluded from action and engaged at the court of which he was the ornament and delight. He won everywhere, without effort, the friendship of man and the love of woman. Beauty of face and figure were matched by beauty of soul and character. He seems the very incarnate ideal of the "grand old name of gentleman;" brave and courteous, graceful and gifted, a poetic knight and a Christian paladin. We can say proudly that this was a gentle-man; and we English may challenge Europe with our paragon of arts and arms, with our sweet Elizabethan worthy, with our good and lovely Sir Philip Sidney, of Penshurst.

Almost did Sidney once join those knightly seamen of Elizabeth's great day of whom Raleigh is the noblest type. As Blake exchanged the saddle of the war-horse for the deck of the war-ship, so our old Devon worthies left the bower and the tilt-yard for the Spanish main and the Virginia voyage.

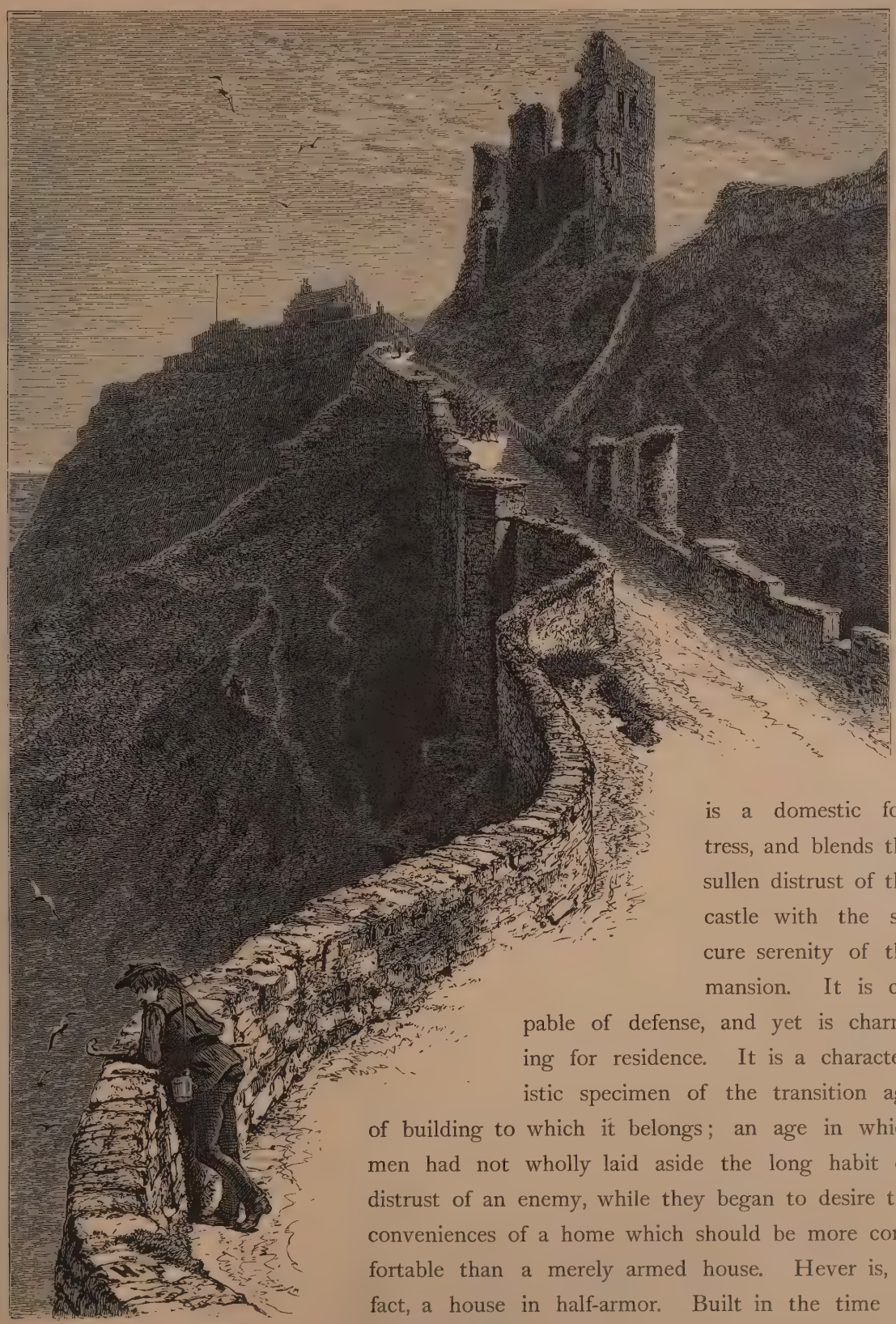
One glance inside the house before we part. Here are the old court-yard, the old hall hung with arms; and there is an objectionable, plate-glass windowed, modern portion of the old building. Little of the house is now shown. The portraits of the two Mary Sidneys, mother and daughter, are interesting; and that of Algernon Sidney bears, in the background, the significant addition of a block and axe. The portrait of Sidney is not worthy of him. Would that we could now recover that lost Italian portrait which Languet loved so well and praised so highly! I, among others, may have seen it in Italy, mischristened as the portrait of some Italian noble.

Queen Elizabeth, by-the-way, once visited fair Penshurst, which passed from the race of Sidney with the last Earl of Leicester. It came, by marriage, to the family of Shelley, of Fen Place, Sussex, to which the poet belonged; and Sir John Sidney, uncle of Shelley, claimed the barony of L'Isle, though his claim was rejected by the House of Lords.

Some of the buildings that we have visited in this, our royal progress, may be finer than Penshurst, but none other enshrines such a worthy. As the house itself is embowered in trees and surrounded by park, so Sidney stands out, an almost divine figure, with the noblest virtue or manly worth set off by every ideal grace and charm. He was gallant, but never a mere gallant. Assuredly we have not wasted our summer day at Penshurst, for has it not been full, to rapture, of sweet and noble dreams of the flower of his land and time—of high and matchless Sir Philip Sidney, of England?

Our next visit will not take us far away from Penshurst. We will see Hever.

The old gray house lies low, in a hollow, and small hills rise up gently all about it. The old moat still stretches sluggishly round the building, and is crossed by a drawbridge, leading to a gate-way, in which a portcullis yet grins frowningly. Hever



Scarborough Castle.

is a domestic fortress, and blends the sullen distrust of the castle with the secure serenity of the mansion. It is capable of defense, and yet is charming for residence. It is a characteristic specimen of the transition age of building to which it belongs; an age in which men had not wholly laid aside the long habit of distrust of an enemy, while they began to desire the conveniences of a home which should be more comfortable than a merely armed house. Hever is, in fact, a house in half-armor. Built in the time of Edward III.—a reign in which many similar struct-

ures were erected all over the country—Hever is a fine and quaint castellated mansion. Its original builders and owners were the Norman Hevers, but this family made but little mark in history, and died out without having so lived as to retain much place in record or in romance.

It is maintained by some that the house is represented, in modern times, by the large family of Cole Hevers, so well known in connection with the great industry of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but this rumor, spread about, no doubt, from interested motives, lacks historical evidence, and must be received by the critical reader with the greatest caution.

Hever, like Haddon, is linked to romance and endeared to the imagination by the image of a fair woman. Unlike as they are in character and in fortunes, Anne Boleyn is yet, to Hever, almost that which Dorothy Vernon is to Haddon. The fair and ill-fated Anne is the dominant figure, which always fills the mind's eye when we think of her dear old home. She was born in 1501 or 1507. Her mother was Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk; and her father was Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterward Earl of Wiltshire, who died, where his daughter was born, in Hever. The Bullens were an old Norfolk family, and Willam Bullen, great-grandfather of Anne, a silk-mercer, and Lord Mayor of London in 1459, bought Hever Castle. In the mansion, Anne of Cleves, another wife of Henry VIII., died, in 1556. In the quadrangular court-yard, which casts sharply-defined shadows across the sunlight, and in other parts of the building, you will see those Tudor windows which mark occupancy and additions in that day.

Hever contains some historical portraits of interest, and much quaint old furniture. Anne Boleyn's chamber is there, and the whole place is rife with the memories of that fair, bright mother of Elizabeth, whose fate was the block, while the question of her guilt or innocence still remains a problem.

But not in Hever need we think of block and sword, of the prison in the Martin Tower, of the "little neck" that was severed by the expert headsman of Calais on the Tower Green. Hever contained for Anne that time of courtship and of romance which preceded her fatal, royal marriage. Preëngaged to Henry, Lord Percy, whom she certainly loved, but with that amour broken off by Wolsey, who compelled Percy to marry Lady Mary Talbot, we may fancy Anne, in Hever, in the flower of her young beauty, full of gay life, of ambition, and of triumphant vanity. As we cross the drawbridge to quit Hever, let us look up to the window of Anne's bower, and fancy her waving her kerchief to her royal lover as the eager Henry spurs toward the home of his lovely love.

From Kent to Yorkshire; from an old quiet house lying low in a hollow, and washed by a stagnant moat, to a warlike castle perched high upon a rocky hill, round whose base chafes or thunders the great sea forever. From Hever Castle we pass to

E M. WIMPERIS . PINXT

R HINSHELWOOD SCULPT

Chepstow Castle.

Scarborough Castle. The change is great! This is no still, secluded home, but an iron fortress, seen on every side from the earth beneath and the heavens above, dominant over steadfast land and restless sea. Let us, with our artist, quit the cheerful town, the busy beach, the gay and lively Spa; let us climb up to the high-seated

Temple Street, Bristol.

ruin which speaks so eloquently of former pride and power. Light, flame-tufted clouds are spread thinly over the still and sunless sky. Birds, undreading a fall, whirl and wheel airily round the broken topmost tower. How very beautiful are the breakages of ruin! What can be lovelier than the present rent and jagged state of the lofty tower at Scarborough? Let us look below us and around. Beneath us stretches wide the open country, and the white, modern blocks of houses. To seaward we look over

many a mile of ocean-plain; there to the south is Flamborough Head; while, along the coast, to the northward, we see the Nab. The busy little harbor clusters masts and rigging directly down below; and bathing-machines dot whitely the expanse of golden sand. When "Humphrey Clinker" was written—say about 1767—bathing-machines were novelties, and were called "bathing-chariots." But this is by-the-way. Around us, as we stand upon the towering castle-hill, spreads wide the great sea of fresh, keen, Yorkshire coast air—another ocean!

Having attained to our airy altitude, and having had time to think, the question arises in the ingenuous mind, "What history has this old castle? What memories are suggested by its dismantled towers, by its crumbling walls?" I can give some answer. Harold Hardrarda, when, in 1055, he landed in England to receive from Harold, son of Godwin, at Stamford Bridge, those "seven feet of English earth" which were needed for a giant's grave, attacked Scarborough, and fired and plundered the town. His dark "horses of the sea" lay-to off the town, which then had no castle. The present ruin was built in the reign of Stephen, by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle and Lord of Holderness. William, while Stephen wore or fought for the crown, ruled the country north of Humber; but, when Henry II. ascended the throne, the new king compelled the great baron to yield up Scarborough to the crown. In 1312 Piers de Gaveston was besieged in Scarborough Castle by the Earl of Pembroke, and the unworthy favorite was led from Scarborough to Blacklow Hill and to the headsman. In 1377 (*temp.* Richard II.) one Mercer, a Scottish pirate, entered the harbor with certain Scotch, French, and Spanish ships, and carried off to sea the Scarborough shipping. Brave Alderman Philpot followed Mercer with a small fleet. He overtook and fought and beat the pirate, returning to Scarborough in triumph, with fifteen ships captured from the enemy. During Wyatt's rebellion (1553), Thomas Stafford seized the castle—a deed which led Thomas to the block in London. The fortunes of the castle fluctuated during the Civil Wars, but, after much fighting, victory remained with the Parliamentarians; and the Commons struck square-shaped silver medal-coins as trophies of success, bearing on one side a castle, and one the other the inscription, "Obsidium Scarborough, 1645." In 1665, George Fox, the great original Quaker, was confined in Scarborough. In 1745 the castle was strengthened with a view to resist Charles Edward and the Highlanders in their attempt upon the crown; and, after 1745, history has done with the castle, which began to sink slowly into ruin—a ruin presided over by one or two artillerymen, who will, I believe, be found to be to-day the whole garrison and sole inhabitants. The keep of Scarborough is of about the same date as that of Rochester. We can now leave Scarborough with some little knowledge of the part which its castle has played in time and history.

Bristol is our next goal. We have done, for the time, with mansions and with castles, and will walk along a street, called Temple Street, poor but picturesque, lined

ST. PETER'S HOSPITAL, BRISTOL.

with overhanging gabled old houses, and having ever in view the splendid tower of the richly-decorated Temple Church. This street presents us with a specimen of civic domestic architecture, and is very little changed from the aspect which it wore when Queen Elizabeth saw it. The Flemish cloth-weavers, who were brought to England by Edward III., resided in this Temple Street, which still gives the impression of busy

Gateway, Chepstow.

burgher life from day to day. "Base mechanicals" would be the term applied by the conceited and empty-headed scoffers and swash-bucklers of Shakespeare's day to the Flemish weavers; but the handicraftsmen throve until the changes of time transferred the cloth-manufacture from the west to the north of England. It is observable that, whenever sound and healthy national life produces good and picturesque architecture, the houses of all classes, of peasant as of peer, are beautiful. The castle and the man-

GATE AT CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

sion of the noble, the cottage of the peasant, the grange of the franklin, the house of the burgher, were alike—while architecture was yet a living art—convenient, suitable, and lovely. Honor to the great old poet-builders! Let us now, remaining in the capital of the west, stroll out with our artist by moonlight. Clouds are behind and around the waning moon, but her light shines, in the mystery of *chiaro-oscuro*, upon a block of most quaintly decorated and singularly picturesque old gabled houses, on which we can gaze with delight as we linger in the "mirk o' night." The building is St. Peter's Hospital. Thus much we know, and such knowledge shall be enough for us. Seeing the olden pile in the gloom and mystery of night, we will pierce into no details—we will be contented with the old houses as a picture and a charm.

Among the many fancies stirred by old houses like this hospital, is one that suggests a resemblance between their rich convoluted decorations of carving and the tattoo-marks of a New Zealand chief. Singular that a house and a man should be ornamented in a something similar way!

One more remove—the last but one—and we leave cities, and stand before the sun-bright, great gate of Chepstow Castle.

Here we are back again to the pure fortified, fierce castle. Seen from the Wye, the place looks like cliffs, crowned by a keep and defended by towers descending to the water's edge. The whole thing seems not to have been built, but to have grown. The hour for seeing Chepstow is, to my fancy, the sad, late afternoon, when calm, broad sunshine floods all the air and scene with peaceful if somewhat melancholy stillness, and the rich fullness of the mellow light when that light is about to fade out of the weary day. Each place has an hour, and a light, that suits it best. Afternoon, late afternoon, for me at Chepstow.

Over and around the small remains of a Norman castle, built by Fitz-Osbern, Earl of Hereford, in the eleventh century, the mass and bulk of Chepstow has been built in the times of the three Edwards. The castle passed from the Fitz-Osberns to the Clares; it then became the property of the Herberts, and eventually fell into the hands of the present owners—the Somersets. In one tower, on the left as you enter, Henry Marten was confined for twenty years. Marten was one of the regicides, and his name appears on the deathless "Death Warrant" which condemned to the block "Charles Steuart, King of England." Durance is hard, but is easy compared to the fate which befell other of the regicides under Charles II. The castle was taken, and retaken, in the Civil Wars; and Cromwell himself appeared before it in person; although the great Protector had to go to Pembroke, to quell the insurrection there, and left the siege to Colonel Ewer. Taken by assault in 1645, Chepstow was again besieged in 1648. It was ultimately bestowed by Parliament upon Cromwell, but was restored to the old family by Charles II. The grand old place is still highly picturesque, and its site is very lovely. Chepstow has comparatively little

GEORGE INN, GLASTONBURY.

"history" around its massive remains; but an artist may well select a place so striking and so old for pictorial illustration.

The Norman castle is the type of a stern time, in which even power could only feel secure when defended by iron force. The modern Norman castle is the dark and terrible iron-clad war-ship. As order spread, and as law superseded mere might, the grimly grand castle, with its thick walls and its small, jealous windows, softened into the noble and stately hall or mansion—the home which could exist without the constant dread of attack. The castle was commonly perched upon an inaccessible rock, while the hall often sleeps securely in the warm and sheltering hollow. Architecture marks the growth and development of human society, and in England the work of the master-builder presents a panoramic picture of social change and progress. It expresses the needs and the ideas of changeful centuries.

Our "last scene of all" is Glastonbury. Our artist has here selected for illustration the *George*, which, from an artist's point of view, is, perhaps, the finest hostelry in England. It is the site of the great old abbey, of the legend of Joseph of Arimathæa, of the Holy Thorn (cut down in the Civil Wars) which flowered in winter; and it was a shrine of pilgrimage. In the middle ages this house was the Home of the Pilgrims. It was built, probably, *temp.* Henry VII., and is very noticeable for the rich beauty of its highly-decorated façade. Where shall we find such another inn? The archway is surmounted by the arms of the abbey—suppressed by Henry VIII.—and by the arms of Edward IV., supported by the black bull of Clare, and by the white lion of Mortimer. Time alters strangely the uses of old buildings. The house of refuge for pilgrims has become the *George* Hotel, and is now the haunt of traveler and of tourist. You may stand opposite this inn for some time, and gaze, with ever-increasing pleasure, upon its picturesque and ornate front. Turning away, at last, we will exclaim, with Charles I., "Remember my George!"

IRELAND.

[Second Paper.]

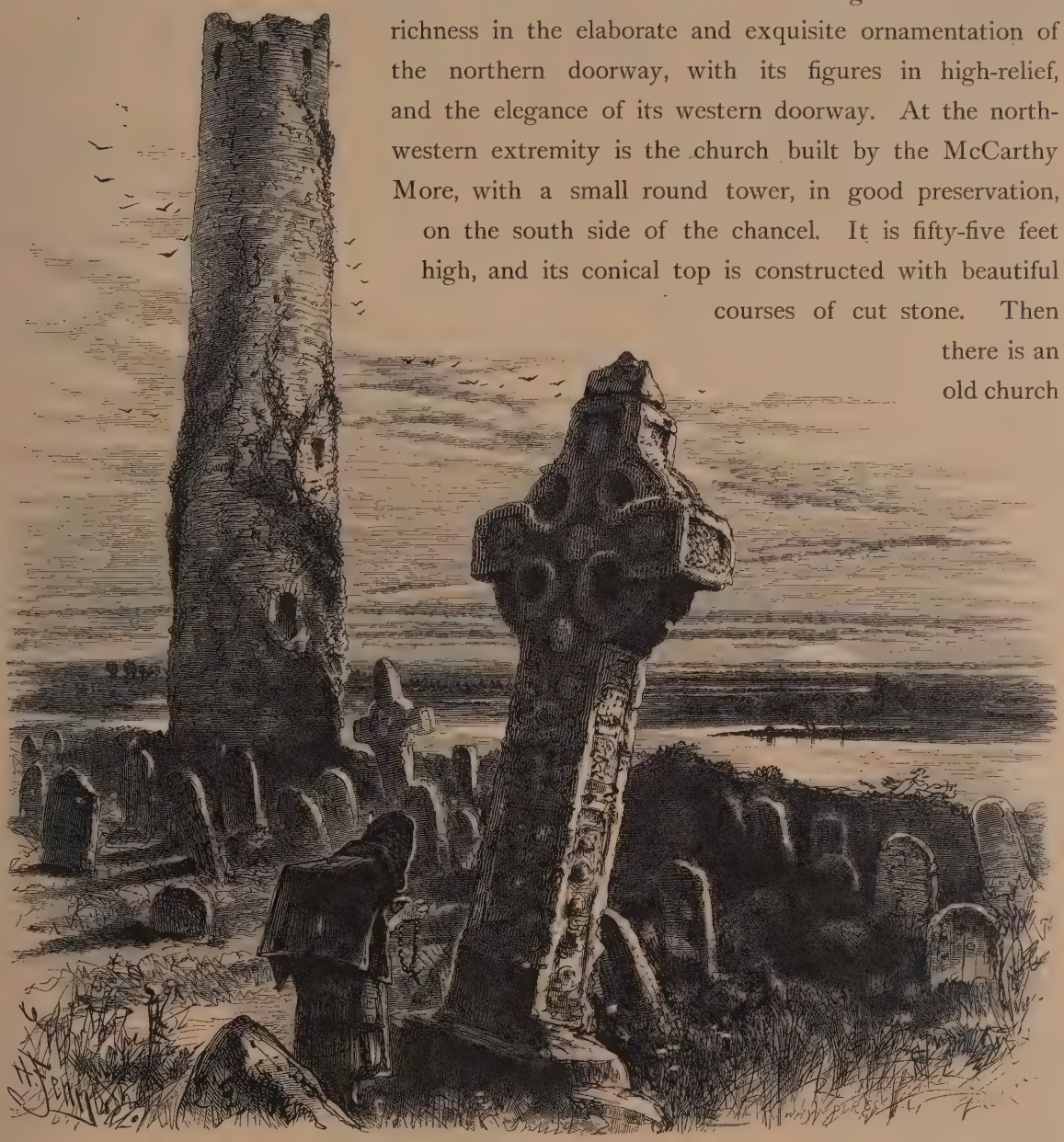
Clare Island, Clew Bay.

IRELAND is rich in ecclesiastical remains—abbeys, monasteries, churches; for, in the earlier ages of Christianity in the West, she was indeed the "Isle of Saints." Her schools of theology were famous; to them men resorted from Britain and the Continent, and from them went forth great scholars, to teach and to preach, whose names are still commemorated in France, and Switzerland, and Germany. Of these

we have already written—Glendalough and its seven churches. This mystical number of churches is found in other localities in Ireland, and among them at Clonmacnoise. Like most of these establishments, Clonmacnoise occupies a site lonely and desolate, significant of that spirit of asceticism which was wont to exclude the world and repel its busy life. The loneliness of Glendalough is that of the secluded valley; that of Clonmacnoise of the desolate flat in the midst of a wild moorland country, over which the bog of Allen stretches its almost interminable waste. "If ever," says Otway, "there was a picture of grim, hideous repose, it is the flow of the Shannon from Athlone to Clonmacnoise." Round a swampy flat of meadow the river winds in an amphitheatre, upon the southern curve of which the seven churches are erected. To obtain the best view of the group, one should ascend the green hill which rises at the northern extremity like an oasis in the desert. From this he will see the churches, the two round towers, the overhanging bastions of the old castle of O'Melaghlin, all rising, ruinous and desolate, as if out of the brown bog that stretches away southward. The name Clonmacnoise (corrupted from Cluan Mac Nois) means "The Recess of the Sons of the Nobles;" for here the chieftains of the neighboring districts sent their sons to be educated, and here, too, many of the kings and nobles were buried.

The founding of the abbey dates from the middle of the sixth century, by St. Kieran, and the locality is as rife with legends of this tutelary saint as is Glendalough of St. Kevin. It is recorded that "Diarmid, son of Cirvail, monarch of Ireland, having granted to St. Kieran Clonmacnoise and Innis Aingin, or the Island of All Saints, together with one hundred churches in Meath, he bestowed the church of Clonard on his master, St. Finian, and the island on St. Domnan. In the year 548 he founded an abbey for himself at Clonmacnoise, which afterward became a celebrated monastery." In the extensive churchyard most of the churches are situated, and the intervening spaces are crowded with tombs and graves ancient and modern—for it is still a favorite place of burial with the people—with inscriptions in the oldest form of Irish characters to the modern Roman and Italian letters. But perhaps the most remarkable and interesting objects are the numerous antique crosses, some of the most exquisite workmanship and richly carved with scriptural subjects. Whoever is curious about these matters will find them all pictured and described in Mr. O'Neill's beautiful volume on Irish Crosses. Preëminent among these is the splendid *Cros na Scrieptra*, or the Cross of the Scriptures, which is coeval with the founding of the cathedral. It is a single stone of siliceous sandstone, thirteen feet high, and four feet eight inches across the arms, richly sculptured on all its sides. Those on the west evidently relate to the history of the original foundation of the church by St. Kieran, and are clearly intended to be a memorial of its erection to his honor, while the sculptures on the other sides represent the principal events in the life of our Saviour—on the east side the last judgment, and on the west the crucifixion. A spot of peculiar sanctity is the small

Church of Oratory of St. Kieran. The walls have long since fallen in, and it is a heap of ruins presenting "a picture of desolation without grandeur." This was the largest of the churches, said to have been built by a McDermot, and amid its ruins there still remains evidence of its original architectural richness in the elaborate and exquisite ornamentation of the northern doorway, with its figures in high-relief, and the elegance of its western doorway. At the north-western extremity is the church built by the McCarthy More, with a small round tower, in good preservation, on the south side of the chancel. It is fifty-five feet high, and its conical top is constructed with beautiful courses of cut stone. Then there is an old church

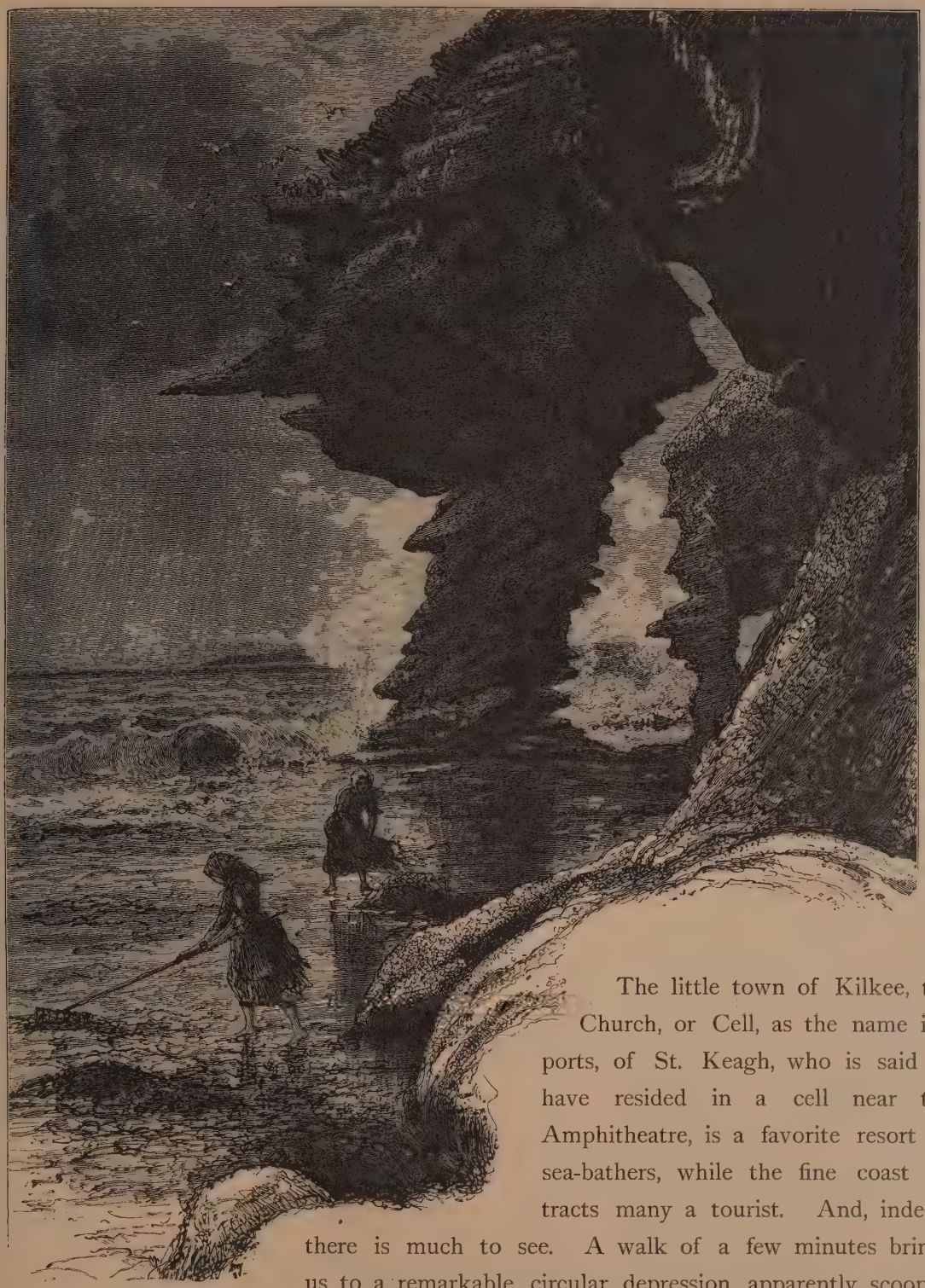


Clonmacnoise.

which has been kept in preservation, and serves as a Church of England place of worship. Beyond the churchyard, on the northern side, are the ruins of another church, which must have been a splendid structure if we may judge from the remnant that still exists—a beautiful arch, which stood between the nave and chancel, wrought in the most florid and ornate style of Gothic workmanship.

The most conspicuous object, however, at Clonmacnoise, is the fine round tower said to have been built by O'Rourke, Prince of Brefney. Antiquarians and topographers are loud in its praise. One says it is "the most beautiful round tower in existence," which may be questioned. It is certainly a fine specimen of those buildings, erected, as has been pleasantly said, "to puzzle posterity," but it owes some of its impressiveness to the elevated spot on which it stands and the contrast of the surrounding scenery. "Nothing," says the writer already quoted, "can equal the beautiful effect of this simple pillar-tower, cutting, as it does, on the horizon, and relieved by the sombre background of the bog on the other side of the Shannon, that spreads for miles, cold, flat, and desolate; and then the tower itself is so beautifully time-tinted, I think I never saw anything erected by human hands so painted by fortuitous vegetation." The Abbey and Monastery of Clonmacnoise, which belonged to the regular canons of St. Augustin, was held in peculiar sanctity and estimation, and munificently endowed by various kings and princes, and its landed possessions were so extensive, and the number of cells and monasteries subjected to it so numerous, that almost half of Ireland was said to have been within the bounds of its jurisdiction. Notwithstanding the sanctity of this "Iona" of Ireland, the annals are rife with records of the spoliation, burning, and destruction of the abbey and town, as well by kings and desperadoes as by English, Ostmen, Danes, and Irish, sparing neither men, buildings, books, vestments, nor other appendages of the sacred altars, belonging to these inoffensive men. Some of these annals are highly characteristic, thus: "A. D. 830. This year Felym McCriom, then King of Cashel, made a great slaughter of the clergy in this abbey, and destroyed by fire all Clonmacnoise, even to the door of the church.... 845. This year Turgesius, at the head of his Norwegians, again consumed the town to ashes.... 846. Felym plundered the tearmow lands and houses of St. Kieran, but the abbot laid his malediction on him, and prayed that his reign might speedily end. The prayer prevailed."

The western coast of the county of Clare, from the cliffs of Moher to Loop Head, presents a succession of grand and impressive scenery. A bold, precipitous shore, with intervening bays, and coves, and sandy beaches; giant cliffs rising sheer out of the Atlantic Ocean, whose billows roll with an unbroken swell from the coast of America till they break thundering on the rocks, flinging their spray high upon the headlands. One will not readily see in any country finer scenery of its kind. The incessant beat of the sea has undermined the rocks in many places, making overhanging cliffs and caverns, whose borings have been the work of ages, forming natural bridges of the most picturesque character, and deep, long tunnels, into which the waters rush and break up through fissures, tossing their foam into the air high over the cliffs above. He who loiters on this coast for a day will not spend his time unprofitably.



Rocks, Kilkee.

The little town of Kilkee, the Church, or Cell, as the name imports, of St. Keagh, who is said to have resided in a cell near the Amphitheatre, is a favorite resort of sea-bathers, while the fine coast attracts many a tourist. And, indeed, there is much to see. A walk of a few minutes brings us to a remarkable circular depression, apparently scooped out of the cliff, exposing the horizontal stratification of the rock, which bears a strong resemblance to the successive tiers of seats in the old Roman amphitheatres. At the bottom is an arched entrance thirty feet high, which leads to a beautiful cavern eighty feet long. The caves along the shore, about two

miles from the town, are highly interesting. They rise high out of the sea, whose waves incessantly break against them, and are figured into most fantastic forms; sometimes in detached masses, and sometimes connected by superjacent fragments stretching from cliff to cliff, beneath which the water rushes. One of these it takes no great stretch of imagination to fancy a Gothic archway, leading into a spacious chapel. If the day be calm, by all means enter it. Your guide will light up its dark recesses, and show its roof glittering with pendent stalactites, and his voice will awaken echoes that reverberate like thunder through the rocky vault. The natural bridges along the coast are striking features in the scenery. One near George's Head, one hundred feet above the sea, is very grand; and near it is another crossing a chasm forty feet wide. Some of the rocky headlands are wellnigh undermined by the action of the sea-waves, and one only knows the perilous footing upon which he has unconsciously stood, when he goes down to the shore beneath. The "puffing-hole" is an object of special admiration. A cavern in the rock, fifty feet beneath its surface, penetrates to a considerable distance. Midway a fissure thirty feet wide, either natural or formed by the action of the water, pierces up through the rock. "When, with the rising tide, a strong wind blows from the west, the waves, as they roll, shoot showers of spray through the aperture—producing, probably, as exquisite an effect as the Geysers in Iceland exhibit. Dashing up with a booming noise to a height of sixty or eighty feet, the jet seems to pause, and then slowly descends glistening and brilliant, as though a beam of light had dissolved into a shower of stars, and showing a superb iris in the sunshine."

The two principal lakes in the south of the county of Mayo, Lough Mask and Lough Corrib, are separated by an isthmus of about two and a half statute miles in width, forming the highway between the counties of Mayo and Galway. The waters of the former lake find their way into the latter through a subterraneous passage in the limestone-rocks. As the difference of level is considerable, the rush of this river is rapid, now appearing as it tumbles amid piles of stones, now disappearing through a multitude of holes and gullies, and then plunging finally down it is lost to view, to emerge at last through a singular cavern about a mile to the west of Cong, which, from the number of pigeons and wood-quests that used in former times to flock into it, is known as *Pole na g-columb*, or the Pigeon-Hole. At its mouth are dwarf oak, hazel, and holly. A flight of steps leads into the bowels of the earth, "between huge masses of lichen-covered rocks, draped with tendrils of ivy, every chink and crevice of which is festooned with ferns and mosses of the greenest hue." Within it is dark, deep, and dismal; and the rush of the sounding waters gives it an unearthly and Dantesque appearance. A lighted torch partially dispels the gloom, and flings its reflection on the stalactite roof above and the darkling waters beneath, while a shout or a pistol-shot will awaken the echoes from its cavernous walls.

Cong (*Cunga*, a neck) is an island surrounded by numerous streams. "There is," says that distinguished archæologist and charming writer, the late Sir William Wilde, "water everywhere, gliding by in the broad river; gushing from the surrounding rocks; boiling up in vast pools that supply several mills; oozing through the crevices

Subterranean Passage of the Mask.

of stones; rising in the interior of caverns; appearing and disappearing whenever its wayward nature wills." The little town was once a place of considerable importance, having been the residence of the Kings of Connaught. One of them founded the abbey in 624, of which St. Fechin was said to have been the first abbot. It was also the seat of a bishop, upon the removal of whom, the fine Monastery of Augustinians was established, a beautiful structure which was fast falling into decay, till restored by the pious munificence of the late Sir B. L.

Guinness. Here, too, for fifteen years before his death, in 1198, dwelt in peaceful seclusion Ireland's last monarch, Roderick O'Connor. The principal portions of those splendid ecclesiastical remains date from the twelfth or thirteenth century, and are in the Decorated Norman style. The finest specimen of its architecture is the entrance gate-way. But the great glory of Cong was the large processional cross, now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy: "one of the finest specimens of metal work, enamel, niello, and jewelry, of its age in the Western World." It has been figured

The Twelve Pins.

and accurately described by Wilde and Petrie. The whole district teems with historic memories and natural beauties. "Whether," says Sir Burke, "you consider its unbounded fertility, the varied beauties of its surface, or the historical events which invest every plain and every mountain with an interest peculiarly its own, it stands forth to the lover of the wild and the beautiful, to the antiquarian and the geologist, as unsurpassed by any portion of the British Empire. Barrenness and fertility, exquisite beauty and wild desolation, green valleys and rocky plains, lakes and rivers, and huge mountains, are so thrown together in wild confusion, that it would almost seem as if Nature had wandered here in one of her sportive moods, producing on every side such a marvellous contrast and variety."

That district of Galway which is known as Connemara, or "the Bays of the Sea," is as remarkable for the primitive character of its people—where, among its fastnesses of hill and valley, still lingers much of the habits, customs, and peculiarities of the ancient Irish—as for the scenes of wild beauty of its secluded lakes and valleys, and the stern grandeur of its highlands. The Lake of Kylemore is one of great loveliness; it is about two miles and a half in length. At one of its extremities Mr. Mitchell-Henry has built a handsome castellated mansion, and laid out extensive grounds with great taste. The road along the lake to Clifden brings under the eye of the traveler some of the wildest scenery that is to be met with, winding tortuously through the mountain valleys, and disclosing the Maane Ture Mountain, the Eagle Mountain, and other lofty hills, and skirting the base of the Twelve Pins of Bensbola with their peaks glittering in the sunshine, or hidden for a time by the clouds that sweep over them. The "Pins," a corruption from "Bens," are accounted by many persons to be the most extraordinary and beautiful assemblage of mountains in Ireland. This is a daring assertion, to which we must not be taken to subscribe. Be this, however, as it may, they are very striking and bold in their character, and seen from so many places, and in such different and varied aspects and forms, they constitute the grandest and most imposing scenery of the kind in Connemara. The highest of these, Bencorr, has an elevation of twenty-three hundred and thirty-six feet, and most of the others are not much lower. Few ascend any of them, which is much to be regretted, as they present from their summits magnificent views. A tourist, who visited this district many years ago, speaks of Connemara as equal to the finest parts of Wales or Scotland, and adds that "the traveler who ventures to enjoy its romantic, picturesque scenery, and who can relish the lone majesty of untamed Nature, may here have his feelings gratified to the full." Without concurring in his comparison altogether, we agree in the latter part of his observations, nor have we ever met one who expressed himself disappointed in the expectations he had formed of Connemara after he had thoroughly investigated its attractions.

There are few bays along the western coast of Ireland that surpass, in beauty and grandeur, Clew Bay, in the county of Mayo. At its inland extremities the town of Westport occupies the southwestern shore, while at the northwestern point its waters wash the town of Newport. Seen from the former, which is "set in its curve like a jewel in a tiara," the bay presents a sight of singular loveliness, especially on a summer evening, when the sun is sinking far away beyond Clare Island, lighting up the stretches of wide bright water, flowing round a multitude of islands, and falling on the ranges of mountains, covered with wild-flowers of countless variety of hue, that lock in its shores on the south and north, with the majestic Reek or Croagh Patrick, which rises from out the waters of the bay, and sweeps boldly upward from the landward on the opposite side—the ruins of Murrisk Abbey at its base. This mountain, which rises to the height

of twenty-five hundred and ten feet, terminates in a fine and sharply-defined peak, across which the clouds often sweep and hide it from the view. It is one of the most remarkable objects of the district, and is seen from numerous points of view, presenting various configurations. It is consecrated, as its name imports, to the great tutelary saint

Killala.

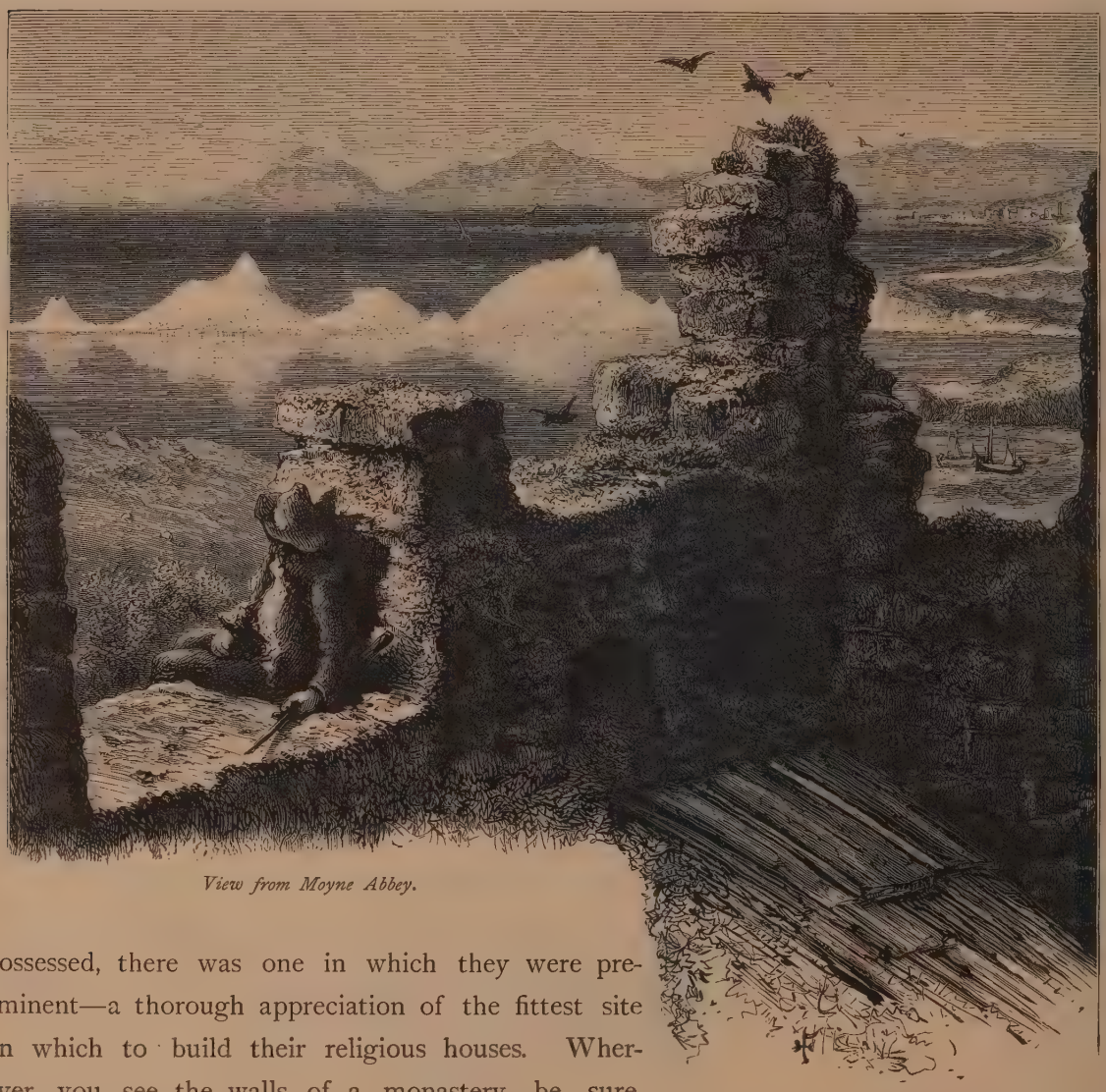
of Ireland, and thither a multitude of devotees and pilgrims resort at stated seasons of the year, and climb to the summit of the mountain, performing "stations" and saying prayers at certain points in the ascent. But, apart from devotional exercise, the hill is well worthy of an ascent, nor is the task by any means formidable, and from its summit

is obtained a magnificent view of Clew Bay, with all its fine environings, terminated at the extreme west by Clare Island. There is perhaps no island along the whole coast of Ireland, beautiful as many of them are, that surpasses upon the whole Clare Island. Seen from Westport, from which it is distant about seventeen miles, its outline is strikingly fine and bold. Its length is about four miles, and its breadth not more than one mile and a half. To the southeast it trends gently down to the sea, while on the northeast the steep and rocky acclivity of Knockmore rises almost perpendicularly to the height of fifteen hundred and twenty feet above the sea. The view from the top of this eminence embraces a range of mountains in every variety of outline, "extending, with only one break, round one hundred and ninety degrees of the horizon, while the beautifully-shaped islands of Cahir and Imsturk and the boundless ocean complete the circle. The island is entered on the eastern side, through a small harbor, the little pier of which stands immediately under the picturesquely-situated old square tower, now all that remains of the castle of the celebrated Gran O'Mealy, better known by her Irish name of Grana Uiale. The daughter of O'Maille, one of the great chieftains of the district, she assumed after his death, and notwithstanding the claims of her brother, the rulership of the wild sept, which she governed with a daring and courage that suited their piratical and warlike habits. The outlaws and adventurers of the neighboring islands gathered around her, and many are the deeds of daring and hardihood recorded as performed by her, siding now against and now with the English. She was twice married, but succumbed to the sway of neither husband. She visited the English court, on the invitation of Queen Elizabeth, and the details of her interview with the English sovereign at Hampton Court are as amusing as they are surprising. Otway has detailed the scene with his usual graphic and humorous power. Clare Island is extremely fertile, and, as Otway observes, "in skillful and tasteful hands it might be made a paradise."

Another of the bays of Mayo, that of Killala, on the northeastern extremity of the county, has much of interest connected with it. Here, in 1798, General Humbert appeared with three frigates, and made a descent on the little town of Killala, from which its garrison fled after an ineffectual resistance, leaving the French troops to advance to Ballina and thence to Castlebar, when they were driven back by Lord Cornwallis and finally routed at the battle of Killala. The town of Killala (Kill Aladh) is situated on the west bank of the river Moy, where it enters the bay, and was once the seat of a bishopric, the see having been founded by St. Patrick. It is embosomed inland amid green hills, with intervening flats of rich pasture and meadow land. As you walk up the street you catch glimpses of the bay, and reach one of those fine round towers of which so many are to be found in Ireland. The cathedral has little to recommend it in point of architecture, but it is venerable from

its great antiquity. The chief attractions of the neighborhood are the two fine abbeys on the road to Ballina, by the river Moy. Rosekirk Abbey, though the roofs of the buildings have fallen in, still displays, in the fine square tower and graceful gables, enough to show that it was a noble pile, and its situation is charmingly romantic.

The Abbey of Moyne is situate near the shores of the Bay of Killala, about two miles southeast of the town. Whatever other merits the good monks of old



View from Moyne Abbey.

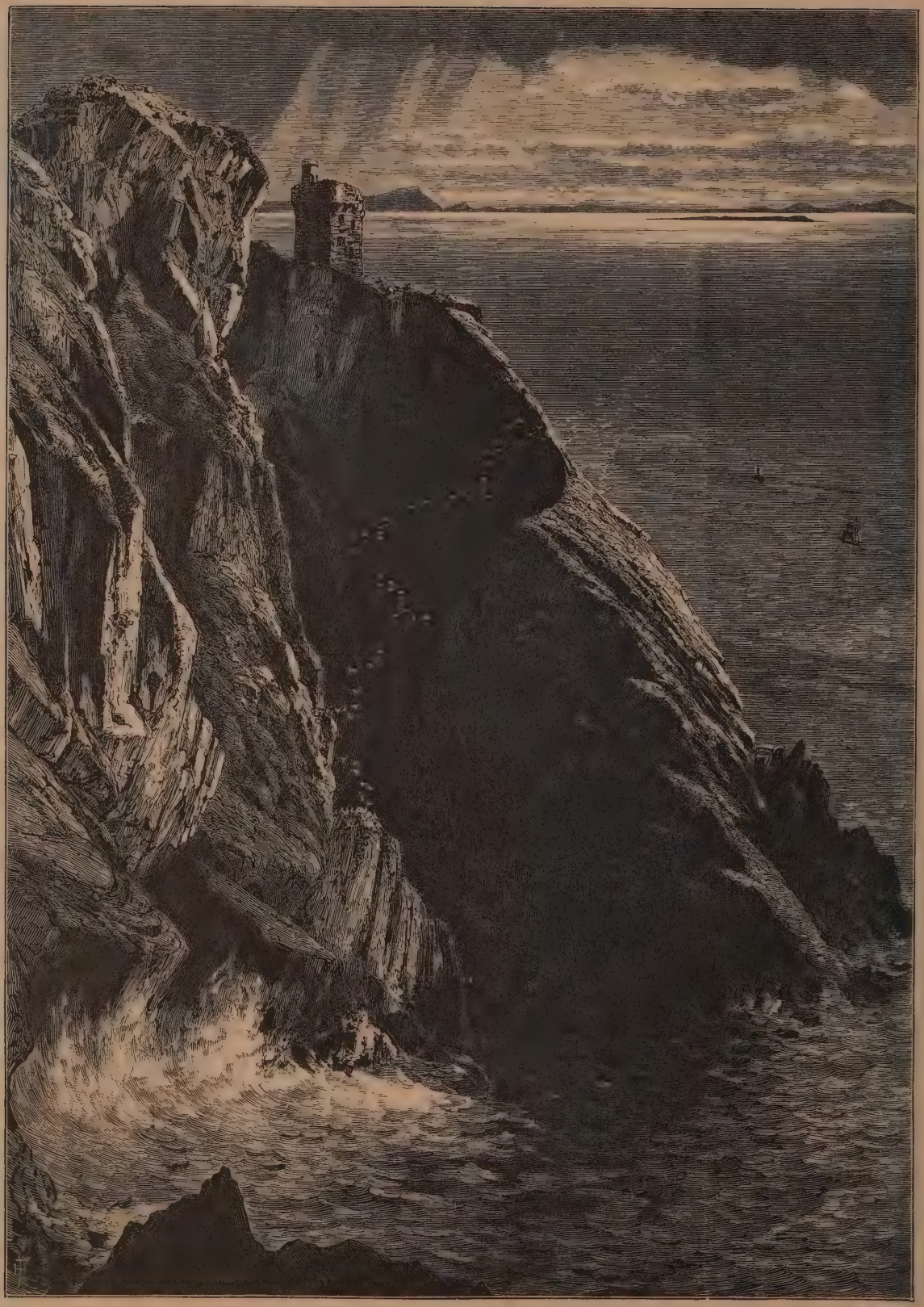
possessed, there was one in which they were pre-eminent—a thorough appreciation of the fittest site on which to build their religious houses. Wherever you see the walls of a monastery, be sure, in nine cases out of ten, you have lighted on rich, fat lands, well sheltered and picturesque, where the good things of the earth may be sought after as well as the better things of heaven. And this Abbey of Moyne is no exception: it is charmingly placed on a fertile slope of a sequestered pastoral district, that reaches down in all its rich verdure to the edge of the water. A small bright stream runs through the fields, and, dipping under the inclosure of the abbey, rises again beneath the church

in a well of pure water, and thence it runs into the bay, which here, "protected from all winds, offers a safe harbor for boats, where the monks in old times could unlade in perfect security the produce of their several granges, which they owned along the river Moy and the sea-coast." Truly there was "snug lying in the abbey," as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says—snug, not for the dead, but for the living, when these holy followers of St. Francis dwelt there; embosomed in the midst of its fertile parks, "its walls casting their massive shadows over the placid bay, its lofty and slender tower sending its solemn vesper summons over land and sea, it must have been a noble religious establishment when peace was within its walls and pensive contemplation within its cloisters."

The abbey was founded in 1460, by McWilliam Bourke, who established there the order of the Franciscans, and it long enjoyed a high reputation for the sanctity of its inmates, and was prosperous in this world's wealth and in the love and honor of the people. It was one of the last to be suppressed, and, even after its suppression, the poor monks could not abandon their beloved cloisters, while they to whom their rich and peaceful solitudes were transferred cared not to disturb them, but suffered them still to abide therein in peace. And, when at last they left it, its walls were looked upon as sanctified and turned to no secular uses. There is a legend which tells of one who sought to make the old abbey the dwelling-place for his family; but at night the moans and wails of those who lay in their graves within its holy precincts, and rose to resent the unhallowed intrusion, scared sleep from the eyes of the affrighted inmates, till at last the man went mad, and his family fled from the abbey. Though now a ruin, it is, as such, in fair preservation; strong and massive, with its ivy-mantled chimneys, its lofty slender tower, its lights and shadows, Moyne Abbey has few rivals in picturesque beauty.

You enter the abbey through the nave, from whose arches springs the square tower, ninety feet high, remarkable for its light and graceful elegance. As the abbey was built on low ground, the tower needed great elevation in order to command from its summit a wide prospect. Proceeding to the choir you see the confessional, a small closet constructed of smooth, closely-jointed stone, with a hole on each side, through which the penitents whispered their sins into the ear of the priest. A flight of steps leads to the top of the tower, and, as the ascent is neither dangerous nor difficult, it should be mounted, for from the summit a fine view is obtained, both of the mass of buildings themselves and of the country around—inland, the rich pasture-lands rising gently; and seaward, the white, low sand-hills stretching along the bay, beyond which lies the Island of Bartagh.

If the county of Donegal cannot boast of spots of lovely and sequestered beauty like that of Wicklow, or the civilization and culture of the county of Dublin, it is unsurpassed in the wild grandeur of its mountain scenery and the boldness of its sea-washed shore. At its southwestern seaboard, where the Atlantic rolls in to the Bay

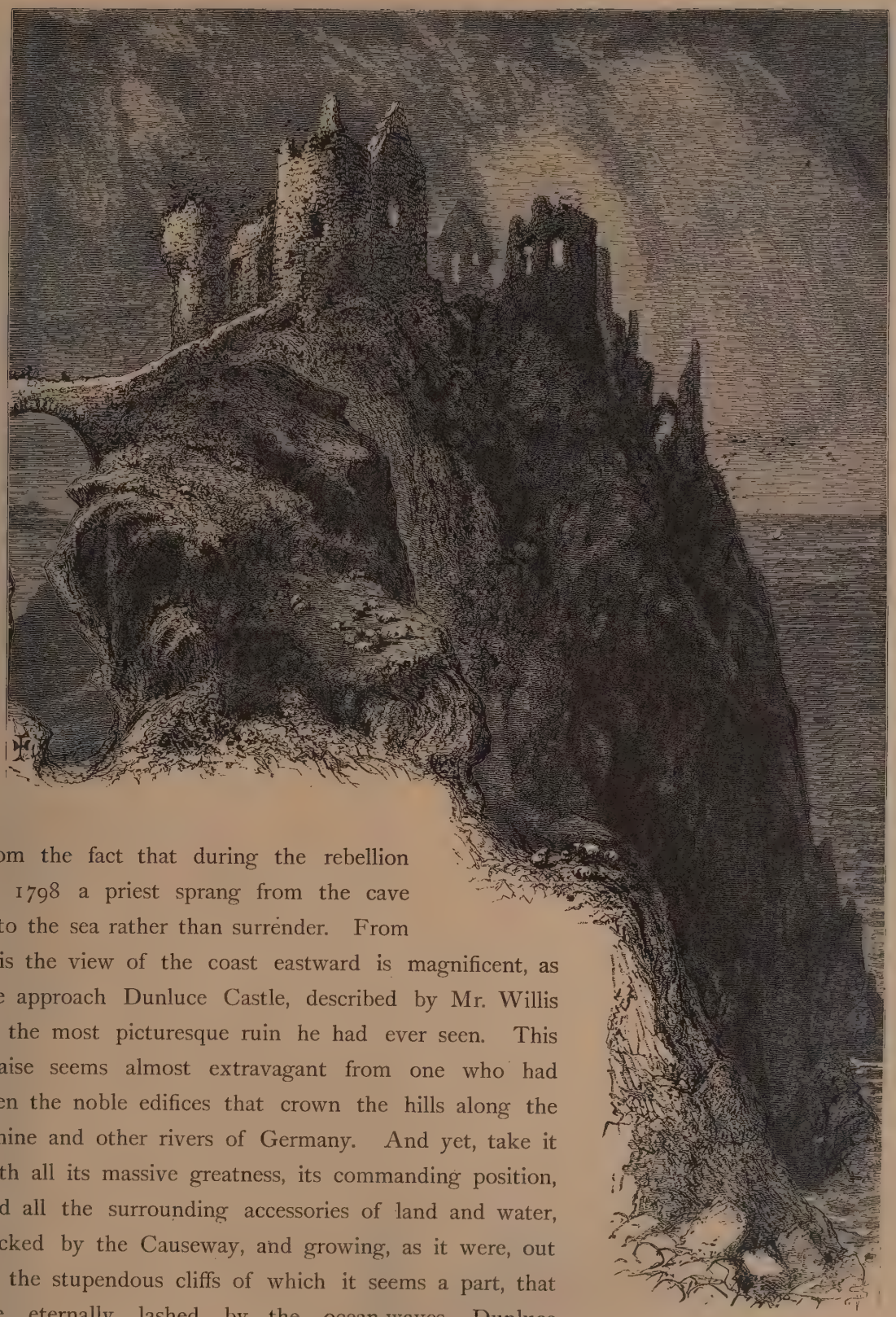


CARRIGAN HEAD.

of Donegal, the mountain scenery is extremely fine. Landward one does not, by any means, appreciate the grandeur of the lofty range of mountains that stretches from Carrigan Head to Slieve League. Carrigan Head terminates the southern end, and is a fine promontory rising like a wall out of the sea to the height of seven hundred and forty-five feet; thence the range rises gradually for two miles and a half, till it attains its greatest altitude of near two thousand feet at the summit of Slieve League. This is a stupendous object seen from the sea, out of which it rises like a mural precipice in a superb escarpment, and so steep that it looks almost perpendicular. To ascend this mountain from the sea-side of it is an exploit, if not of peril, certainly of daring, for the land ascent approaches so closely to that from the sea that the pathway becomes exceedingly narrow as well as steep, affording but very scant footway for the climber, a considerable portion of the rocky path being only two feet wide, and hence it has obtained the name of "One Man's Pass." We counsel no one to attempt it that has not a good head and a firm foot. There is a safer ascent from the land-side, which most people take, and many who do so are under the delusion that they have performed the feat of this difficult ascent. By one way or the other attain the summit of Slieve League, for, not only will you be amply repaid by the extensive view of the subjacent country, which you may sweep as in a panorama, from the coasts of Mayo and Sligo southward, till, looking inward, you see the clusters of mountains that seem like the billows of the sea stretching far away to the north of the county. Should the weather suit, too, you get a sight not easily equaled, "with glorious colors that are grouped in masses on its face; stains of metals—green, amber, gold, yellow, white, red, and every variety of shade—are observed, particularly when seen under a bright sun, contrasting, in a wonderful manner, with the blue waters beneath."

The county of Antrim presents a considerable range of coast to the Northern Ocean and the Irish Channel. The most striking features are its mountains, which are highest along the sea-coast, and disclose to view, in their steep sections, the different strata of which they are composed. Its mineralogical components are limestone and basalt. The latter pervades the coast, and is highly interesting from the extraordinary and stupendous irregularity it has assumed, from the borders of Londonderry on the west to Fairhead on the east. Taking this route from Portrush eastward, we traverse a vast stratum of white limestone, about two hundred feet in thickness, and considerably above the level of the sea, which has obtained the name of "The White Rocks," and forms one of the finest and most interesting views on the coast. The configuration which these rocks have assumed, partly from Nature and partly by the depredations of the ocean, it is very difficult to describe. The water has in many places burrowed into the rocks, till they present the appearance of gigantic rabbit-warrens with wild and picturesque caves, the largest and finest of which is known as "The Priest's Hole,"

ONE MAN'S PASS.



Dunluce Castle.

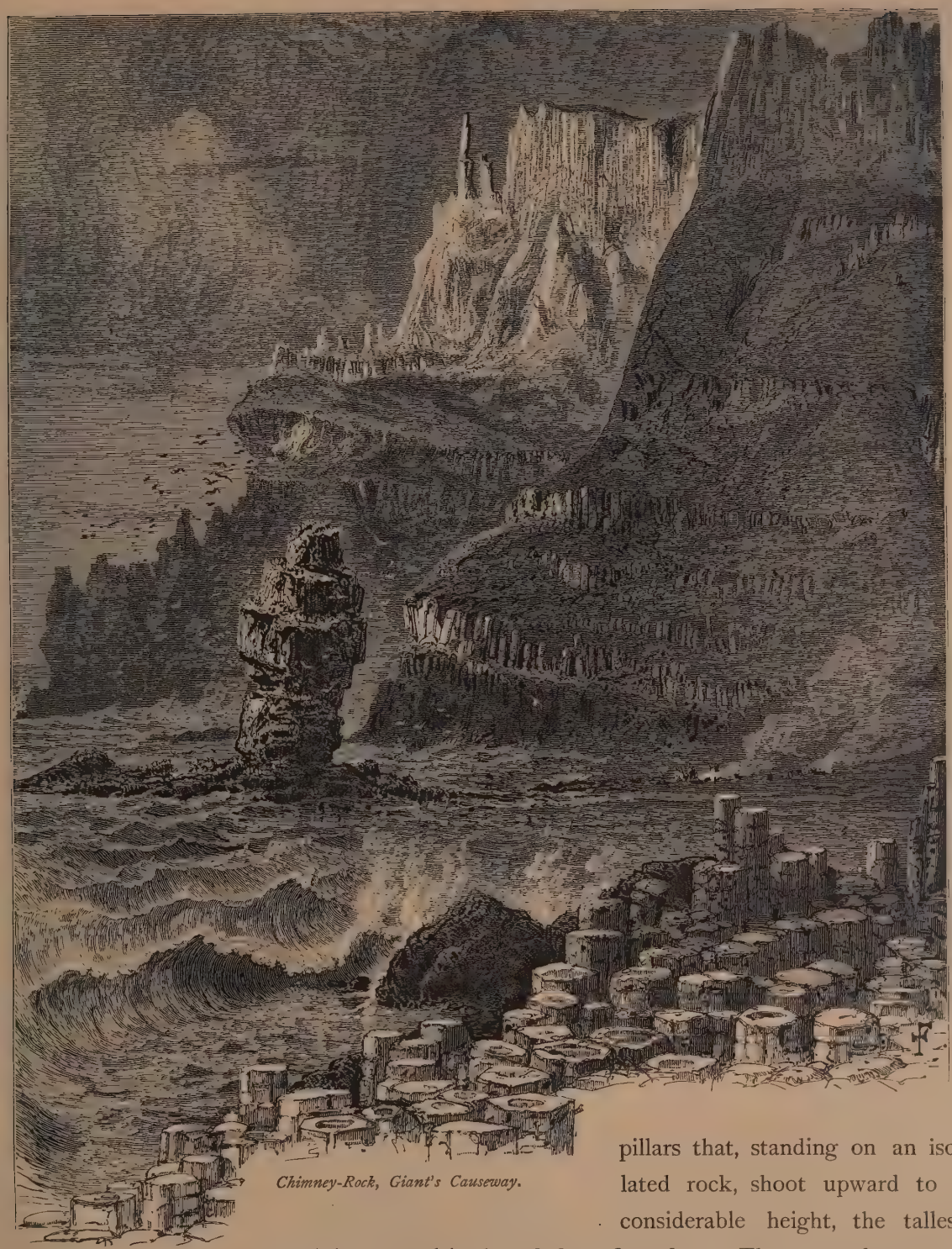
from the fact that during the rebellion of 1798 a priest sprang from the cave into the sea rather than surrender. From this the view of the coast eastward is magnificent, as we approach Dunluce Castle, described by Mr. Willis as the most picturesque ruin he had ever seen. This praise seems almost extravagant from one who had seen the noble edifices that crown the hills along the Rhine and other rivers of Germany. And yet, take it with all its massive greatness, its commanding position, and all the surrounding accessories of land and water, backed by the Causeway, and growing, as it were, out of the stupendous cliffs of which it seems a part, that are eternally lashed by the ocean-waves, Dunluce Castle may claim to be as fine a specimen of baronial

grandeur as any land can boast of. "It broke upon us," says the same author, "like an apparition on the road." It stands on the summit of a rock over a hundred feet above the sea, cut off from the mainland, and covers the whole of its surface with a mass of buildings of great extent and solidity—round towers toppling over the cliffs that have partially fallen away from beneath them, bastions and gables, and chimneys shooting upward in configurations and outlines the most picturesque and imposing. A strong wall connects the base of the cliff with the mainland, and the arch still remains over which the drawbridge used to be lowered. "See," says Otway, "how this wall is perforated; and, without any support from beneath, how it hangs there, bearing time and tempest, and still needing no power of arch, simply by the power of its own cemented material. It is about eighteen inches broad, just the path of a man; do not fear to cross it." Well, Otway crossed it, and so did I; but many a one declines, and not without reason. Such a stronghold as Dunluce could not be without a history, and it is rife with stirring events. By whom or when it was founded is not ascertained; indeed, it is attributed to one of the De Conweys in the twelfth century. At all events, we find it, in 1580, in the possession of the McQuillans, from whom it passed into the hands of the Scottish family of Macdonalds, whose descendants, the Earls of Antrim, still retain it.

Passing on our way eastward to the Causeway is a very fine cave (Portcoon), forty-five feet high, and penetrating the rock to the depth of three hundred and fifty feet. It can be entered either from the sea or the land, and is well worth inspection. And so is the still finer Cave of Duncorry, seven hundred feet in length and sixty feet in height. And now we come to the "Giant's Causeway." And let us confess to a feeling of disappointment which we experienced at the first sight of this singular and far-famed place. We expect that the name suggests vastness of proportions and grandeur bordering on the terrific. Yet in these qualities the Causeway is surpassed by the basaltic pillars on the Island of Staffa, and far more so many miles of vast perpendicular precipices of basalt columns in parallel ranges which line this coast as far as Fair Head, rising even to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, and unrivaled for magnificence in any part of the world. How, then, is it that the Causeway became specially famous, and still maintains its reputation? It is attributable to two facts: first, it was the first of those formations that attracted the notice of travelers or geologists, Dr. Hamilton having, in 1784, described it in his "Letters concerning the Coast of Antrim;" and, secondly, that it is the most perfect group of these formations yet discovered. The Causeway has all the appearance of a mole, or a quay, made with giant pavement projecting from the base of a steep promontory some hundred feet into the sea, and is formed by perpendicular pillars of basalt, which stand in contact with each other, presenting a sort of polygonal pavement, somewhat resembling in appearance a solid honey-comb. The pillars are irregular prisms of

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

from three to six sides, but the six-sided are as numerous as all the others taken together. Each pillar is separable into several joints, whose articulation is wonderfully neat and compact. The sides of each column are unequal among themselves, but the contiguous sides of adjoining columns are always of equal dimensions, so as to touch in all their parts. Though the angles be of various magnitudes, yet the sum of the contiguous angles of adjoining pillars always makes up four right angles, so that there are no void spaces. When one inspects and understands all these surprising adaptations, the sentiment of wonder and admiration grows upon him, which may well make up for the want of that vastness which the name would suggest. Nor is the name altogether unsuited, nor the tradition unfitting, which ascribes its construction to the great historic warrior, Finn McCoul, magnified, like many another hero, into grotesque proportions when seen through the mists of antiquity. The legend goes that Finn laid it as a highway from his own country to the neighboring shore of Scotland, for the giants of both countries to pass to and fro. When the race disappeared in the soberer light of true history, the Causeway was no longer a needful fiction, and so it was said to have sunk mid-channel, leaving but the ends at Staffa and Antrim above water. The Causeway consists of three divisions, which have been named the Little, the Middle, and the Great Causeways. A distinguished traveler likens the whole to a mountain of hewed stones—"frustra of noble remnants of vast porticoes cast down from a height into the sea. The upright and regular pillars in the face of the cliff give you an impression that there is a city overwhelmed and buried behind them." The principal, or Great Causeway, is composed of many hundred thousand columns. It is approached from the east by the Giant's Gateway, which resembles somewhat a flight of steps. Indeed, most of the objects in the vicinity of what is properly denominated the Causeway are connected with the giants. We have the Giant's Organ immediately above, a singular colonnade of magnificent pillars one hundred and twenty feet high, bearing no small resemblance to the pipes of an organ. Then there is the Giant's Loom, the Giant's Pulpit, the Giant's Ball-Alley, and last, but most remarkable of all, the Giant's Amphitheatre, which Kohl unhesitatingly pronounces "the most beautiful amphitheatre in the world." This praise is well merited, for this work of Nature one could almost believe to have been the production of art. Let us quote his description: "The form of it is so exactly half a circle that no architect could have possibly made it more so, and the cliff slopes at precisely the same angle all round to the centre. Round the upper part runs a row of columns eighty feet high; then comes a broad, rounded projection, like an immense bench; then, again, a row of pillars sixty feet high; and then, again, a gigantic bench, and so down to the bottom, where the water is inclosed by a circle of black bowlder-stones like the limits of the arena." Everywhere through this singular district the rocks present strange configurations, which suggest resemblances to artificial objects. Thus, near Port na Spania, is a remarkable group of three



Chimney-Rock, Giant's Causeway.

pillars that, standing on an isolated rock, shoot upward to a considerable height, the tallest attaining an altitude of forty-five feet. These are known as the "Chimney-Tops," and it is said that in the darkness of the night one of the vessels of the Armada, mistaking them for the chimneys of Dunluce Castle, actually cannonaded them. To see all to the best advantage one should, if the weather permit, go along the coast in a boat, and also ascend the cliffs,

Pleaskin Head.

and walk along them eastward from the Causeway to Pleaskin. The magnificent headlands amply compensate in their grandeur for any deficiency in that respect in the Causeway itself. And chief of these is the Pleaskin. A noble promontory it truly is, rising in bold grandeur of outline and variety of stratification to a height of nearly four hundred feet to its summit, crowned with verdure of various tints. Dr. Hamilton, in his learned and accurate account of the coast of Antrim, has minutely detailed the various stratifications and the characteristics of its formation. If

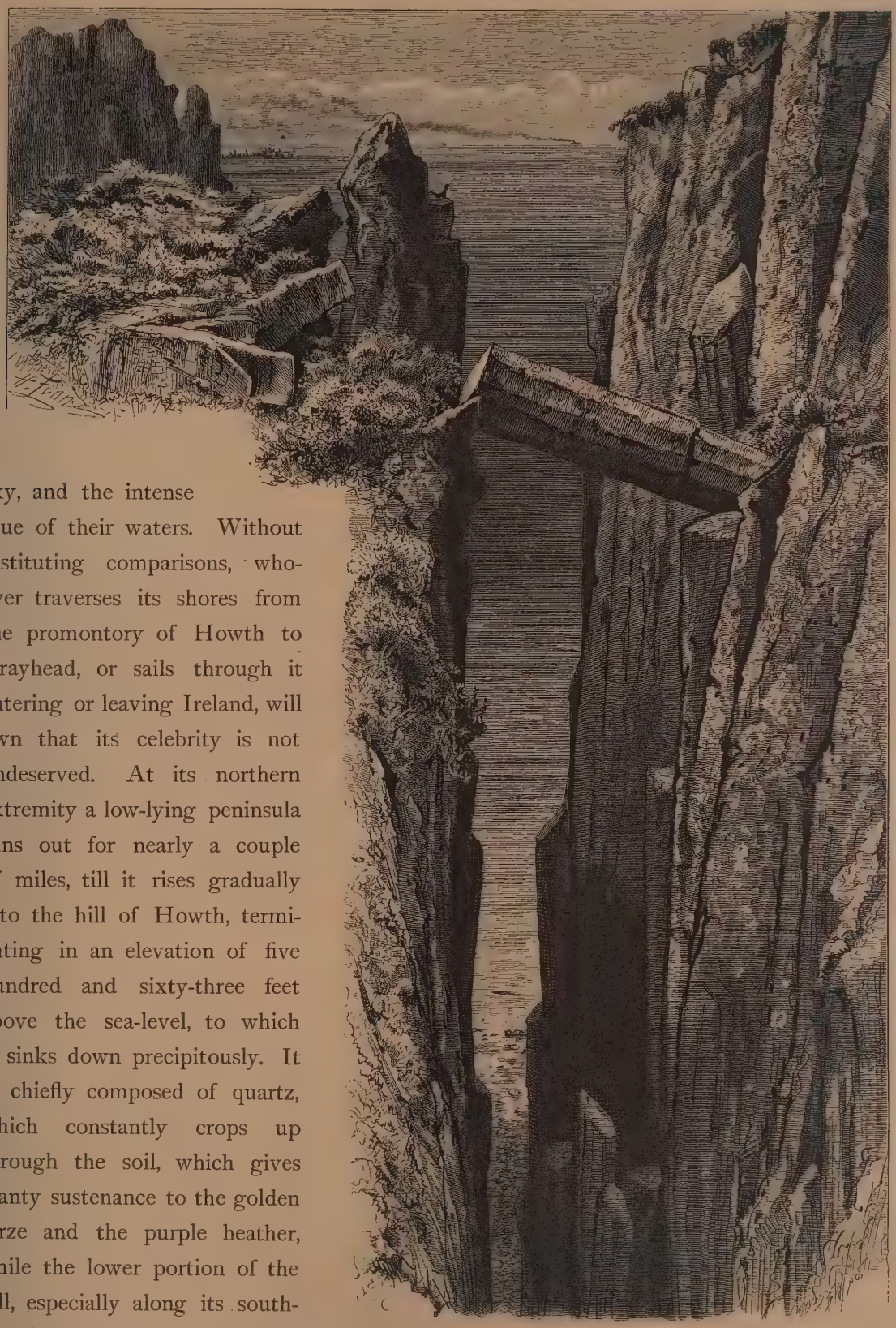
you are a geologist, by all means study it. If you are content to be an admirer of Nature only, we can refer you to no happier description than that of S. C. Hall: "Seat yourself in Hamilton's seat and look down upon the galleries, the colonnades, the black irregular rocks, the strata of many colors, and the *débris* of a sloping bank that meets the waves, and is clothed here and there with verdure of all hues and qualities." Moving still eastward along the coast, by the ruins of the Castle of Dun Leverick, perched high on the summit of an enormous basaltic rock that stands out insulated from the mainland, we come to Carrick a Rede — "Carrig a Ramaath"—the "Rock in the Road." A wild, dark, steep rock it is, of basalt, that shoots up, rough and irregular of outline, to over eighty feet from the sea. A chasm of sixty feet insulates it from the shore of the mainland, from which it is accessible by a bridge of ropes—a perilous and unstable footing it seems to afford to him who is adventurous enough to tread it, yet the peasantry and fishermen traverse it fearlessly and safely during the season for the salmon-fishery, after which it is removed during the winter. All along this coast the sea has cleft its way between the rocks, leaving deep fissures which separate the cliffs. One of the most singular of these is on the west of Fair Head, known by the name of "The Gray Man's Path." It is a deep, wild chasm, which strikes one with a feeling of awe almost amounting to horror, dividing the headland sheer down over two hundred feet. Down the side of this chasm is a path, by which, if adventurous enough, you may descend to the base of the cliff. One of those massive basalt pillars, broken from one side at a considerable height from the sea, in ages too remote for memory or tradition, fell across to the other, and there rests by a hold so slender that it enhances the frightful character of the place, seeming almost ready to fall down; while, looking up from below, it forms, as it were, the huge lintel of a giant door-case. Now comes, perhaps, the grandest of all the headlands of Antrim—Benmore, or Fair Head, which lifts in one point to the height of six hundred and thirty-six feet above the sea-level, from which it rises almost perpendicularly. The promontory is formed of a number of colossal pillars of basalt, similar in formation, but many of them far surpassing in size those to be seen near the Causeway. The largest of them is a quadrangular prism, over two hundred feet in length, and thirty-three feet by thirty-six on the sides. One must stand upon the summit of these pillars to appreciate its grandeur, which wellnigh appalls any who has the nerve to look down seaward. By all means ascend, for the ascent landward is not difficult, as it slopes upward with a gentle rise through rich pasture to a fertile table-land. From the water, too, the appearance is magnificent, and the masses of disjointed columns look like the *débris* of some ruined city.

The Bay of Dublin ranks among the most beautiful bays in the world. It is often compared to those of Naples and Navarino; and, indeed, possesses many of the charms of these latter; though assuredly it wants the fine accessories of climate and

CARRICK A REDE.

The Bent Cliff

...st Coast of Ireland



Gray Man's Path.

sky, and the intense blue of their waters. Without instituting comparisons, whoever traverses its shores from the promontory of Howth to Brayhead, or sails through it entering or leaving Ireland, will own that its celebrity is not undeserved. At its northern extremity a low-lying peninsula runs out for nearly a couple of miles, till it rises gradually into the hill of Howth, terminating in an elevation of five hundred and sixty-three feet above the sea-level, to which it sinks down precipitously. It is chiefly composed of quartz, which constantly crops up through the soil, which gives scanty sustenance to the golden furze and the purple heather, while the lower portion of the hill, especially along its southern side, consists of rich arable

HOWTH.

land. Its chief attraction is its ever-varying aspect—now in dark shadow, now blooming with the tints of many-hued vegetation, and gleaming with the white villas that are scattered along its base and rise midway along its sides. The town, which stretches a short way along the western side of the hill, will not invite attention save for the ruins of the old abbey in the centre, "half temple, half fortress," as its strong walls overhang the sea. It is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and dates from 1235, and has some good sculptured tombs, especially one in the chancel. The castle occupies the north side of the hill near the town, and was erected in the twelfth century by Sir Armony Tristram, the ancestor of the noble family of Howth, in whose possession it has ever since uninterruptedly remained. At various periods additions were made to it, especially in the sixteenth century, when it was largely reëdified. It is approached by a flight of steps leading to a terrace, and thence into a hall which extends along the whole length of the building. The structure is, upon the whole, imposing, consisting of a long range crowned with battlements, and terminated at either end by square flanking towers. There are many historic memories connected with the castle, one of which tells how Grace O'Malley, of whom we have already spoken, was refused the hospitality which she sought from the earl, on her landing at Howth after her visit to the court of Elizabeth. She took a characteristic vengeance by making away with the young heir, whom she detained till his father promised that thenceforth the castle-gates should never be closed during dinner. The truth of this narrative is attested by two facts: one, that until a recent period the gates were so kept open; the other, by a painting representing the incident of the capture, which is still to be seen in the castle. At the eastern extremity of the hill is the headland known as the Baily, on which stands a lighthouse, and beyond are the Islands of Lambay and Ireland's Eye, evidently a corruption of Ireland's Hy, or Island, as Anglesey is of England's Hy. The remains of a round tower and the Church of St. Nessan are still to be seen on it. At one period the harbor of Howth was of considerable importance, having been constructed in the commencement of the present century, as the packet-station for the English mail-boats. The substitution of Kingstown for the service has left the harbor of Howth comparatively unused, save by fishing-vessels, and it is gradually filling up with sand.

BORDER CASTLES AND COUNTIES.

Branksome Tower.

FROM that remote time when the great wall of Severus formed the boundary between the Roman province in Britain and Caledonia, until the union of the crowns in 1603, the Borders were the arena whereon were fought many of the most memorable battles in our history; and well may the fields and pastures be green in Westmoreland and old Northumbria, in the Merse and Teviotdale, since every rood of these has been soaked again and again in the best blood of two gallant nations.

After passing the ancient bridge of Berwick—that quaint old Border town which is so pleasantly situated on a green declivity, and overlooks the estuary of the silver Tweed, and so strongly attracts the attention of the traveler by its harbor, shipping,

and crumbling walls that whilom bristled with cannon; its square cliffs of sandstone, massive houses, massive quays and piers, its portly old-soldier-like aspect—we find beyond it, on the north, the three divisions of the great shire of which it was once the capital. These are the Merse, Lauderdale, and the pastoral Lammermoor; each possessing distinct natural features, and all studded with ruined fortresses and solitary towers that have been stormed and sacked, given to the flames, repaired and regarrisoned to be stormed again and again, in the wild wars that were waged for ages between England and Scotland, and by the Border clans in their fierce domestic feuds. Hence the whole district is preëminently the region of romantic and legendary lore, of music and ballad poetry—the land of battle and of song.

The Merse, long famous for the richness of its harvests and of its scenery, and for the industry of its population, gives the tourist, on first entering Scotland, a most favorable impression of her frontier denizens; while Lauderdale, though less productive, has scenery that is more bold, attractive, and varied, rising in gentle acclivities from the banks of the Leader, till it reaches the heights of the Lammermoor, a vast sheep-walk, which presents a variegated surface of purple heath, morass, and furze, striped here and there by emerald green, where the tracks of the summer tourists have grooved the upland slopes.

The Borders were long governed by laws peculiarly their own, styled the *Leges Marchiorum;* but, when James assumed the title of King of Great Britain, he ordained —but in vain—that the term "Borders" should be discontinued, and that the distinctive names of Scotland and England should no longer be employed in public acts; that the frontier strongholds should be deprived of their outworks, and the garrisons be withdrawn from Berwick and Carlisle. The lesser strengths were the towers or *faels*, each the abode of a more or less powerful chief; and these are still the most remarkable features in a Border landscape. With walls and turrets of enormous strength, they are usually built on the verge of some steep precipice, on the bank of a foaming torrent, or some isolated rock, surrounded by woods and morasses, all positions which plainly indicated the pursuits, character, and apprehension of their occupants. Of these castles, Lochwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones of that ilk, and Branksome, the cradle of the house of Buccleugh, are considered good examples, though the latter has been modernized since those days of which the "Last Minstrel" sung in his lay, and is now a comfortable family residence, a portion of which is the original tower once occupied by that Sir Walter Scott who made himself so obnoxious to Elizabeth by his incessant forays into England, and his faithful attachment to Queen Mary, long after her country had abandoned her.

It stands three miles from busy Hawick, on a steep bank north of the Teviot, flanked by a deep ravine and precipitous brook, amid rich plantations that have replaced the ancient woods. Though often found in song and story, but little remains now of

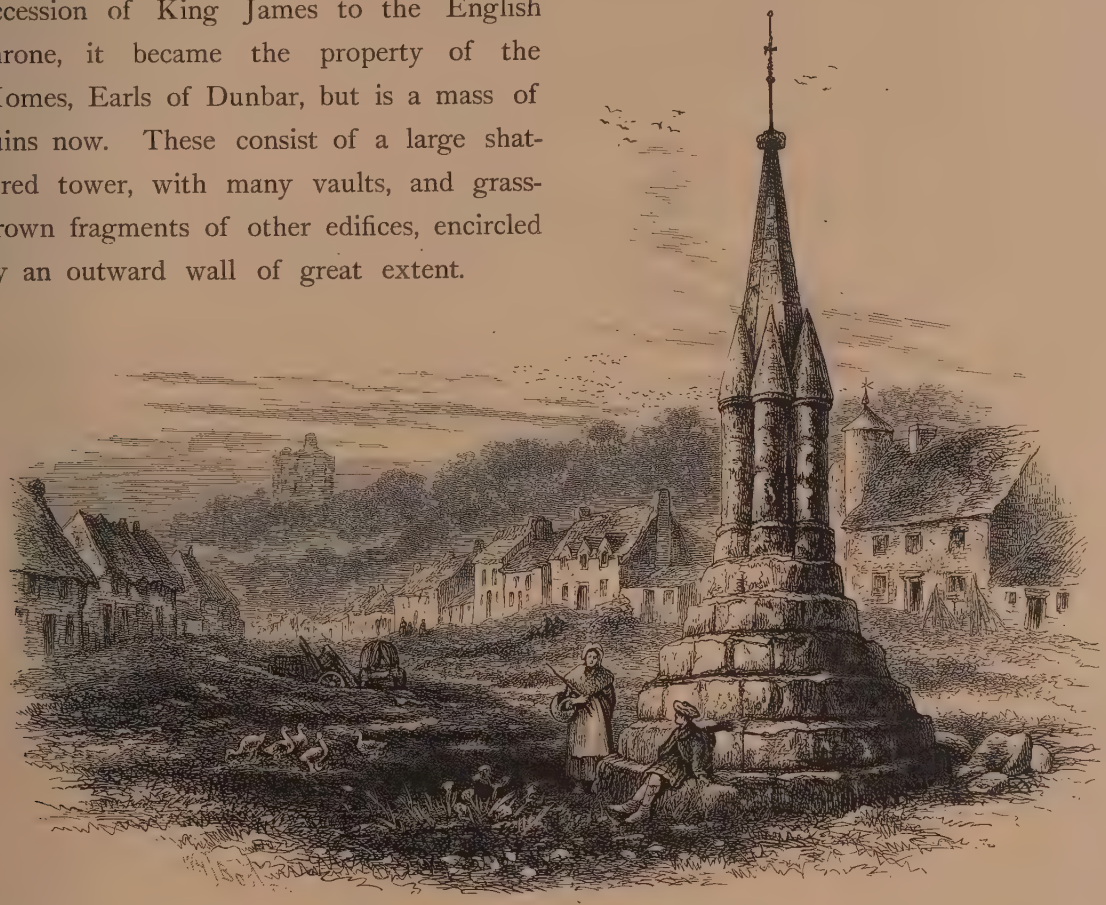
Berwick Bridge.

the hall in which the "nine-and-twenty knights of fame" hung their shields on the night that William of Deloraine rode for the magic book to Melrose; and, though ever the principal seat of the Buccleugh family while security was any object in the choice of a mansion, it is now usually the abode of the ducal chamberlain.

On the English side of the Border the most celebrated fortress is that of Norham, situated six miles southwest of Berwick, and anciently called Ribbanford, a quaint, old, and decayed town, consisting chiefly of thatched houses, but in the grass-grown market-place of which there still stands its cross, around which a fair is held in April, yearly, and whence, on looking north, we can see, looming above the woodlands, the square mass of the great stronghold which has been so repeatedly taken and retaken in the wars between the two countries.

Built in that detached district of the country called Norhamshire, which lies between Northumberland and the Tweed, from the summit of a richly-wooded bank it immediately overlooks the latter and the open country beyond. It was erected by Ralph Flambard,

Bishop of Durham, in 1121, who had in view the repression of the Scottish raiders; but it was stormed and dismantled by David I., before the battle of Northallerton. Repeated sieges rendered repairs of the castle so necessary that it was nearly rebuilt by Hugh, Bishop of Durham, in 1164; and after the time of Henry II. it was taken from the prelates of that see, and, being garrisoned by the English crown, was henceforward considered a royal fortress, of which the Greys of Chillingham were most frequently the castellans. After the accession of King James to the English throne, it became the property of the Homes, Earls of Dunbar, but is a mass of ruins now. These consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and grass-grown fragments of other edifices, encircled by an outward wall of great extent.



Cross at Norham.

Proceeding through the Merse, about fourteen miles westward of Berwick, we come upon the quiet little town of Coldstream (anciently called Lennel), on the north bank of the Tweed, with its two bridges, a modern one of five arches, and an ancient one, consisting of a high single arch, from the time-worn parapets of which a fine view can be had up and down the steep and woody banks of the limpid river. The whole scenery here is sweetly sylvan. The town anciently derived its chief importance from its ford over the river, being the first of any consequence above Berwick. By this passage Edward I. invaded Scotland in 1296, and many other Scottish and English armies have made their way, before the union of the crowns, to ravage the

countries of their respective enemies; and it was last used by the Scots, under General Leslie, in 1640, when the Earl of Montrose led the way by plunging into the stream at the head of his regiment.

Here it was that, in December, 1659, General Monk's regiment was disbanded as soldiers of the Commonwealth, and reëmbodied as the Coldstream Guards, when the famous march began for London, to effect the Restoration. During the nine years it had been in Scotland, it had been chiefly recruited among the Puritans of that country, and it is said that the men of Coldstream who have a predilection for a military life usually join that regiment. In the market-place, where there are some very luxuriant old gardens, and a secluded burying-ground, but little used, stood the ancient Cistercian nunnery, of which not a vestige remains. The fatal field of Flodden is little more than six miles from Coldstream, and the tall stone which marks where James IV. fell, only half that distance, the battle having terminated about three miles from the spot where it commenced; and we are told that the Cistercian abbess sent carts for the conveyance of the Scottish dead, that were of rank, to Coldstream for interment.

In ascending the course of the Tweed in a westerly direction, we come to the confluence of the Teviot with it near Kelso, in the county of Roxburgh. The Tweed approaches it on the west, making large curves for two miles till it passes the town, and then goes away for more than a mile to the eastward. The Teviot, after tracing for three-quarters of a mile the western boundary of Kelso, comes into it after a winding beauty of course, amid scenery of the greatest richness and fertility—its banks all tufted with copsewood and willows, and in some places overhung by bosky and beetling crags—and few Scottish rivers are more celebrated in poetry and song than this:

"Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves since Time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn."

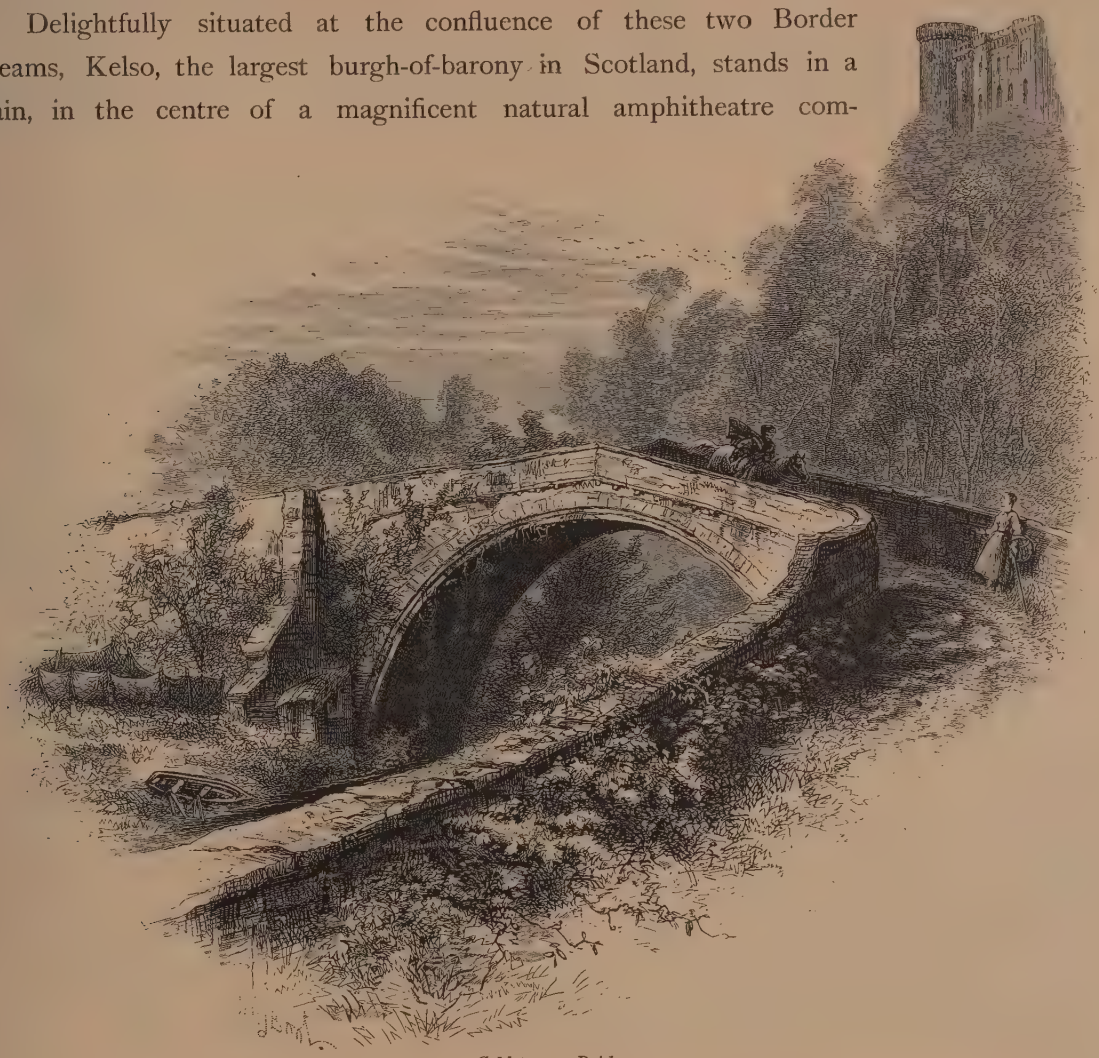
But the two rivers are sometimes simultaneously flooded, and run together in headlong and riotous confluence, introducing into the usually tranquil and sylvan landscape the elements of terror and sublimity; for the Tweed averages four hundred and fifty yards in width, and the Teviot two hundred.

Around Kelso, the whole district is surpassingly rich in those rural features which constitute the strictly beautiful in a landscape, unmixed with the grand or startling, or—

Norham Castle.

save in a few instances—with the romantic; and Scott, who often reveled amid it in the years of his boyhood, ascribes to its influence upon his mind the awakening within him of that "insatiable love of natural scenery, more especially when combined with ruins or remains of our fathers' piety and splendor," which characterized and distinguished him as a writer.

Delightfully situated at the confluence of these two Border streams, Kelso, the largest burgh-of-barony in Scotland, stands in a plain, in the centre of a magnificent natural amphitheatre com-



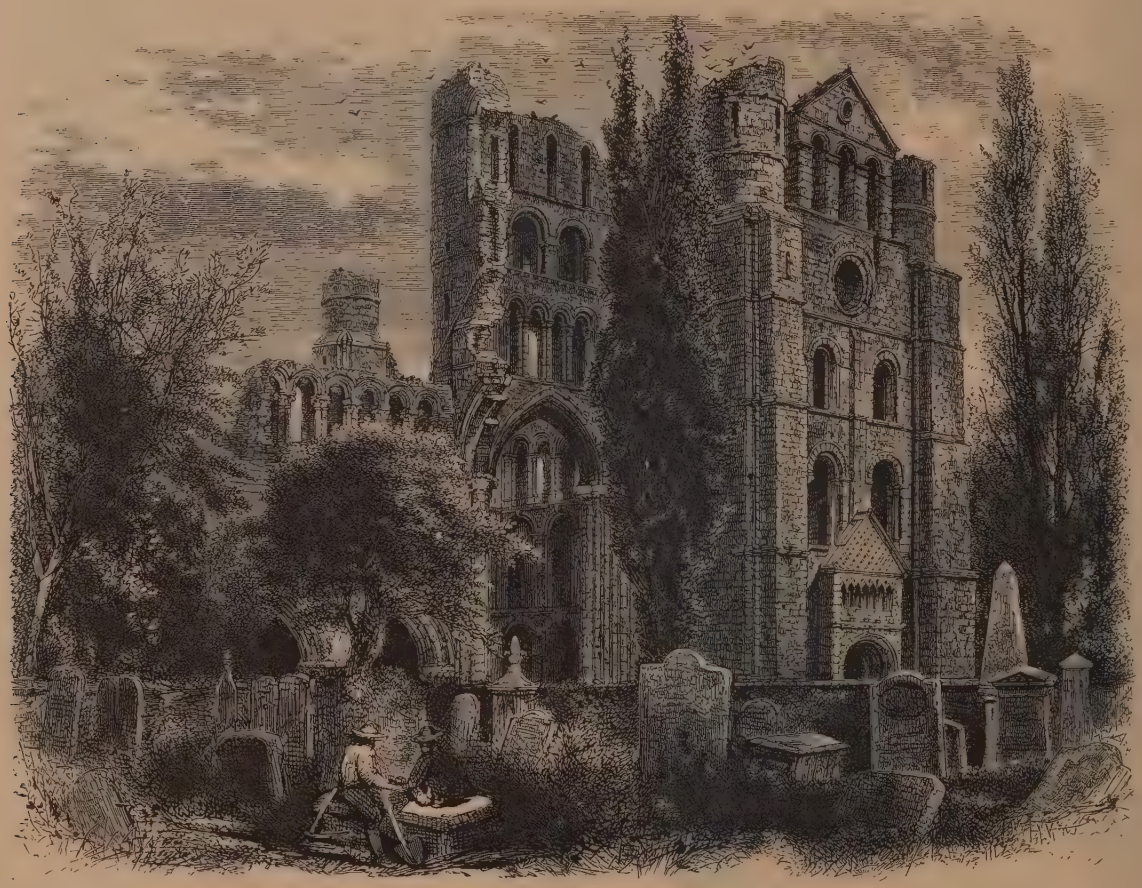
Coldstream Bridge.

manding, from every vista of its ancient streets, views of exquisitely lovely scenery, "and constituting, in the tracery of its own burghal landscape, an object of high interest in the midst of its beautiful environs."

The magnificent architecture and enormous masses of its venerable abbey-church, which is partly Norman in style and partly of the earlier pointed Gothic, the air of pretension worn by its public buildings, the light-colored stone and blue roofs of its dwelling-houses, together with the graceful sweep with which the village winds along its bordering river, impress upon it a city-like character, and combine with the surrounding

landscape to vindicate, in a great degree, the enthusiasm of the inhabitants, who are wont to exhaust their stock of superlatives in its favor.

Viewed either as a single object, or as a feature in the general landscape, the unique, lofty, and massive pile of the abbey presents an aspect too imposing and too interesting to be described. Though built about the same time as the abbeys of Melrose and Jedburgh, and by the same pious monarch, David I., it differs from them in character and form, being in the shape of a Greek cross; and, after all the perils and outrages it has undergone, it is marvelous that so much of it still remains; and



Kelso Abbey.

there must have been sound judgment in the old Scottish architect, who surrounded its Tironensian brothers with such carnal means of defense. By David I. it was dedicated "to the Blind Virgin and St. John," with special reference to the text, St. John xix. 26, 27.

In the conflict with the see of York for metropolitan supremacy in Scotland, the Prior of Kelso was joined with the Bishop of Glasgow in delegation to resist the foreign claims; and when Pope Alexander decided in favor of the total independence of the Scottish Church, the honor of a mitre was conferred on the Abbot of Kelso.

Many of these abbots were men of note in their day, and some have attained the scarcely higher dignity of the episcopal mitre. Their authority over the town of Kelso was of a highly feudal character. During the long war that followed the wanton aggressions of Edward I., an abbey so rich and so close upon the Borders could not escape peril. Troops of lawless men, professing to seek rest and food, frequently pillaged the brotherhood, and more than once left the building in flames; and they were compelled, at one time, to wander over Scotland, begging for food and clothing at other religious houses.

During the savage and relentless inroad made by the Earl of Hertford in 1545, the abbey was attacked by the Spaniards in the English service with cannon and arquebuses. Led by twelve monks, a hundred Scotsmen contrived to repel their attack, till the walls were breached by heavy guns, on which the little garrison retreated to the steeple, where they defended themselves to the last, and all were slain save twelve, who effected their escape. The mischief done by the Anglo-Spaniards was more fully completed, a few years after, by the iconoclasts of Knox; and since, St. David's beautiful fane, after serving as a parish church and then being degraded to a jail, has been left the open and shattered ruin we find it.

In the northwestern portion of the same county we come upon the little village of Smalholm, on the old post-road between Edinburgh and Kelso. The country here is undulating and finely wooded; but the ground is nowhere higher than five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Not far from the village is the farm of Sandyknown, which was the property of the paternal grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, and the scene of many of the musings of his boyhood. Smalholm Tower, which is situated among a cluster of rugged rocks on an eminence in the farm, engaged much of his attention, and has acquired celebrity from having afforded such suggestions and imagery as materially conduced to form his peculiar style of poetry. It anciently belonged to the Princess of Whytbank, and is now the property of Lord Palwarth.

It is a large, square Border keep, to the apartments of which a circular stair gives access, and prior to the fame given it by Scott, who in celebration of it wrote "The Eve of St. John," it was simply conspicuous as a landmark to direct vessels to Berwick. The building is surrounded by a barbican-wall; is accessible only by a steep and rocky path on the west; and on three sides is defended by precipices and morass. In "Marmion" Scott tells us how, in boyhood, he

> ". . . thought that shattered tower
> The mightiest work of human power;
> And marveled as the aged hind
> With some strange tale bewitched my mind;
> Of foragers who with headlong force
> Down from that strength had spurred their horse,

SMALHOLM TOWER.

Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And home-returning filled the hall
With revel, wassail-rout, and brawl."

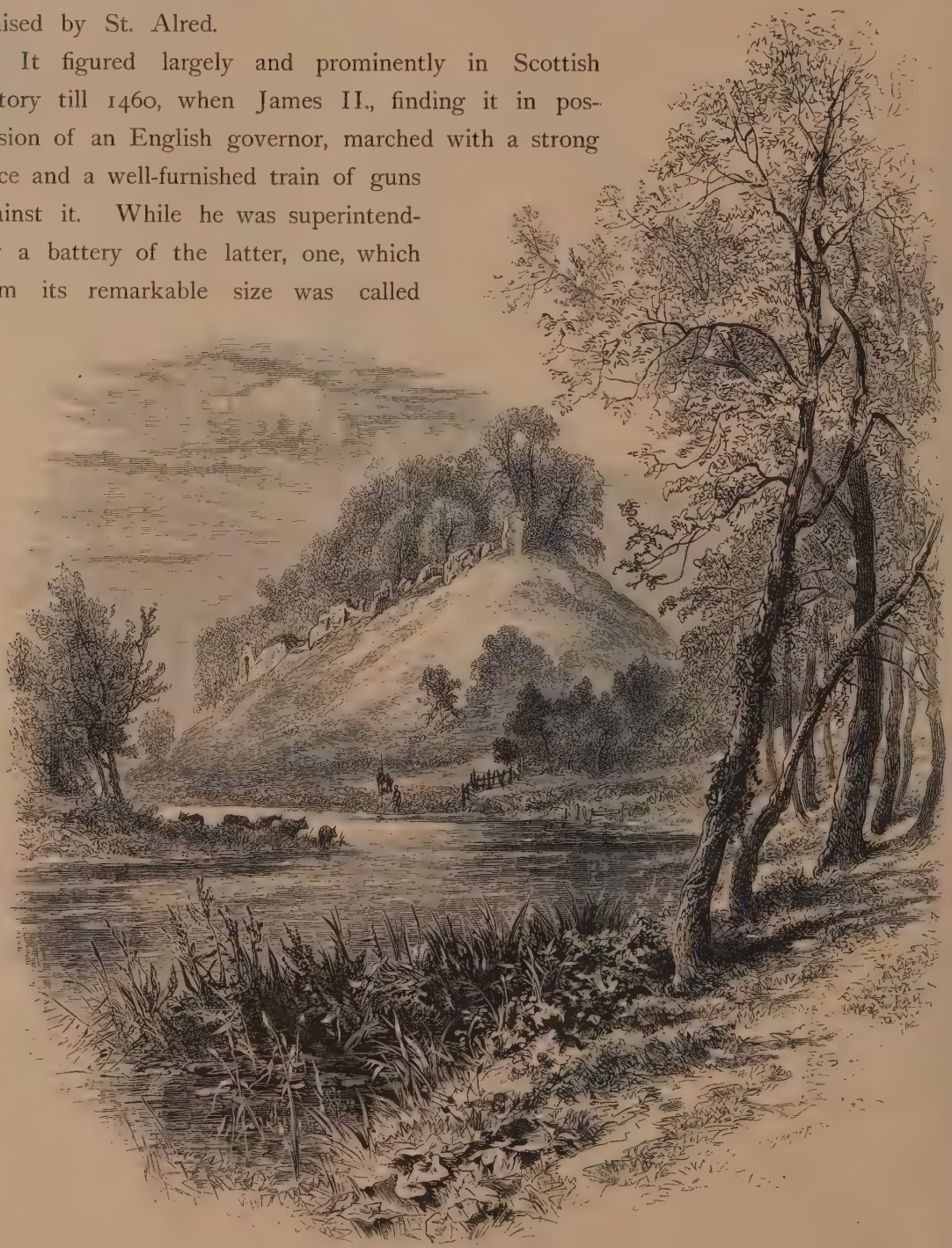
No tourist would willingly leave the Merse without visiting the site of its ancient capital, old Roxburgh, now, save a few fragments of wall, quite extinct. When traveling eastward along the highway, a little to the west of these fragments, we move along the summit of a precipice, bordered by trees; below, on the left, through vistas of the wood, the majestic Tweed can be seen rolling far down, dark, deep, and turbid, and, at a little distance on the right, the calm and pellucid Teviot, girding a rocky, wooded bank, and meandering like a silver thread through a green velvet plain. On advancing a little farther, we lose sight of both, and are involved among dark and shady copsewood in a hollow of the way. On suddenly emerging from the leafy gloom, one of the most brilliant landscapes in Europe suddenly opens to the eye —the splendid mansion and embellished grounds of Springwood Park, the demesne of Fleurs, with its noble ducal castle and stately terraces; the two beautiful rivers of Teviotdale, each spanned by a magnificent bridge; Kelso with its vast ruins, and the green, tufted knoll, where once stood the great Border castle of Roxburgh, a bulwark against England, and the key of the Merse. On one hand, the eye can look along a valley ten miles in length, covered with the finest timber, and, on the other, an open and diversified prospect for double that distance, away to the summits of Carter-Fell and other mountains. Looking over all this, from the height of Dunse Law, where the army of the Covenant unfurled the standard in 1639, the eye commands a prospect so extensive, rich, and varied, so abounding in all the sweetest elements of rural landscape, including their great castles, renowned in ancient wars, and a peep at the German Ocean, as to defy a succinct description.

The town of Roxburgh, which was a place of great note in the twelfth century, and in the days of David I. had an encincturing wall and ditch, with schools that flourished under the abbots of Kelso, which was the seat of a mint, where coins of William I. and James II. were struck, and in the time of the former had a weekly market, and in the fourteenth century enjoyed the reputation of being the fourth town in Scotland, has so completely passed away that not a stone of it remains. It stood over against Kelso, on a rising ground, at the western end of a fertile plain, insulated by the confluence of the Tweed and the Teviot.

The remains of its castle still appear on a steep and wooded knoll on the margin of the Teviot, about forty feet above the plain, and indicate it to have been a place of vast extent and strength. To this castle came, in 1136, Thurstin, the aged Archbishop of York, to persuade David I. to consent to a truce with Stephen of England, when the former was about to invade Northumberland, which he claimed in the name

of his son, Prince Henry; and here the good old king was residing in 1152, when his nobles came to condole with him on the loss he had sustained by the death of that amiable and excellent prince whose virtues were so praised by St. Alred.

It figured largely and prominently in Scottish history till 1460, when James II., finding it in possession of an English governor, marched with a strong force and a well-furnished train of guns against it. While he was superintending a battery of the latter, one, which from its remarkable size was called



Roxburgh Castle.

"The Lion," burst, and killed him, at a spot now marked by a large holly. His brave queen, Mary of Gueldres, inspired by grief and rage, held up her infant son, James III.,

then in his seventh year, in view of the troops, who assaulted the place with such fury that the enemy under Lord Falconburg surrendered, and the castle was razed to the ground.

In the rich, picturesque, and pleasant vale through which the howling Jed, between rocky eminences, flows joyously to meet the Teviot, stands the Augustinian abbey of Jedburgh, built by David on the site of one erected in 1118, when the throne was occupied by Alexander I. The old Border tower of the same name, so famous in warlike history for its battle-axes, with its steep streets and ancient houses, is wonderfully quaint and picturesque, and, as the centre of an eminently rich agricultural district, has a character alike bustling and thriving. The eastern bank of the river at Jedburgh is remarkably beautiful, having a richly-wooded background of an undulating and hilly character; while the western, or left bank, has been compared to a stupendous wedge with its hither edge rounded off, this being a spire or projection of the vast and beautiful hill named Dunian. So well is the whole district wooded that in some parts, particularly at Stewart Field, there are trees which, in age, size, and density, might vie with any of the greatest of American forests.

From the circumstance of the great round arches which support the Rood Tower being exposed, few ruined churches present so shapeless and unsymmetrical an aspect as that of Jedburgh Abbey; yet the specimens of architecture possessed by it are exquisitely delicate. In the chancel we find the short, round pillars and heavy arches of the Saxon type, though the main features are Norman or Romanesque—the work, it is supposed, of some wandering Italian architect. In a small chapel off the chancel, the style called Second-pointed has been engrafted on the thick round pillars of an earlier age, probably in some repairs effected after the devastating that ended so signally at Bannockburn.

The canons regular, for whom it was endowed by King David, were brought originally from the abbey of St. Quintin at Beauvais, by advice of the Bishop of Glasgow; but it was not until 1174 that Prior Jocelyn was made the first abbot. When Alexander III. was married to the beautiful Joslande, daughter of the Count of Dreux, in 1285, the ceremony, afterward deemed an event of evil omen, was celebrated with the greatest splendor at Jedburgh, for Scotland was never more prosperous in ancient times than when under that monarch, the last of the old McAlpine line. Soon after he fell from his horse and was killed, at Kinghone, an event which led to the miseries of the long war of aggression with England. Superstitious associations connected themselves with a royal bridal, and Fordun records that in a dancing procession of choristers a supernatural figure, like a skeleton, after gliding about among the revelers, vanished before their eyes.

The abbey of Jedburgh suffered so much during the war with Edward I. that the condition of its monks excited, incredible as it may seem, the compassion of that

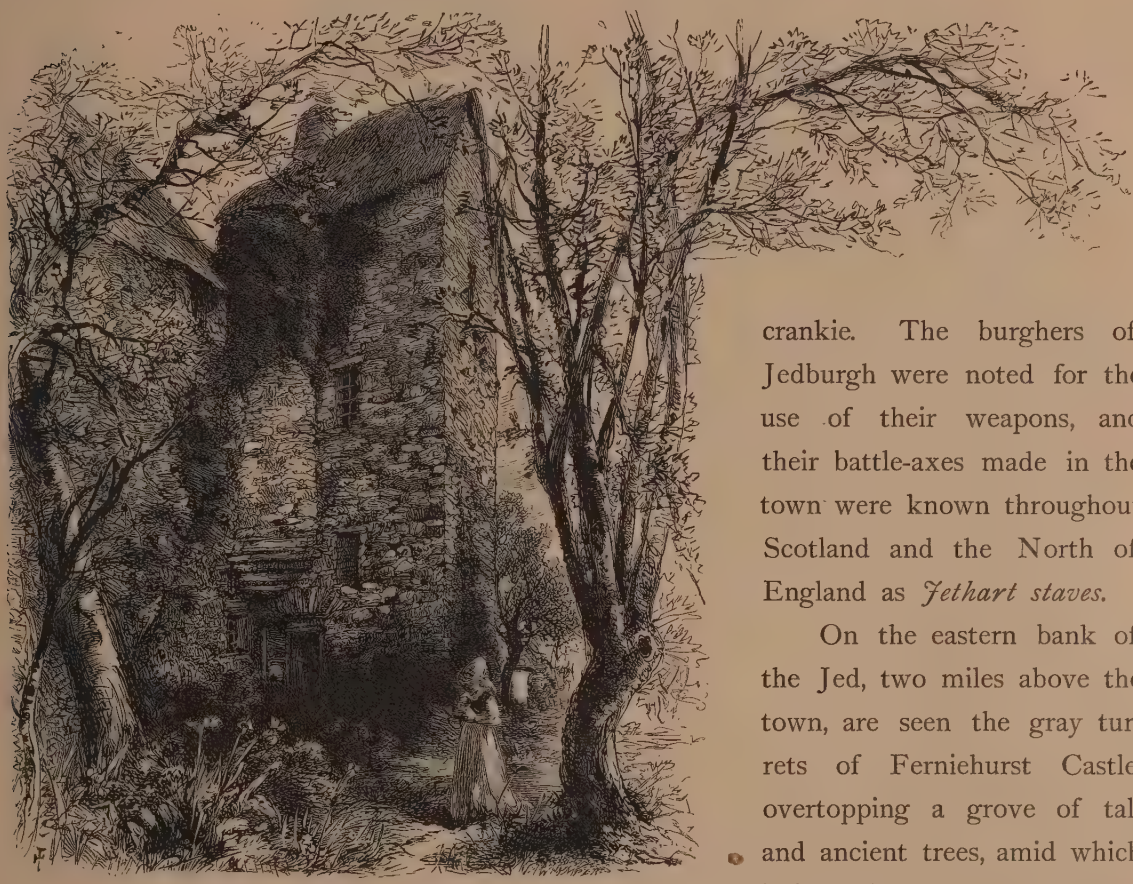
monarch; and he gave directions that they should be spared, and sheltered in the monastic houses of their order in England. In 1554 it was garrisoned by a corps of Spaniards in the English service, and besieged by a body of French who served the Regent of Scotland; and the building never recovered from the ruin which these adverse military operations brought upon it; and its walls still retain traces of the flames amid which it was ultimately destroyed.

Jedburgh Abbey.

The town had six hostel-houses, which are mentioned by Surrey in a dispatch to Henry VIII.; in one of these Queen Mary lodged when she returned from her ill-fated expedition to visit Bothwell, when lying wounded in the Castle of Hermitage; but the house in which she resided during her perilous illness is still entire in a back street.

It is a large building, with small grated windows, and walls of enormous thickness. A broad stone stair leads to the second story, and a narrow circular stair, or turret, corbeled out in the angle of the edifice, leads to the third, and the chamber occupied by the queen, a small room with two windows. Some of the tapestry which then adorned it is still preserved. In the records of the Scottish Privy Council this edifice is oddly styled "the House of the Lord Compositor."

In the orchard which adjoins it is a group of pear-trees, sprung from the branches of a large pear-tree which was blown down by a storm on the night when James VI. entered England, on his accession to the throne of that country. In all the old Border wars the men of Jedburgh were ever famous for being among the foremost in the strife, and were usually known as the foresters of Jed, and they still possess three remarkable trophies—one taken from the English at Bannockburn; another taken from them at Newburnford, in 1640; and one from the Highlanders at Killiecrankie. The burghers of Jedburgh were noted for the use of their weapons, and their battle-axes made in the town were known throughout Scotland and the North of England as *Jethart staves.*



Queen Mary's House, Jedburgh.

On the eastern bank of the Jed, two miles above the town, are seen the gray turrets of Ferniehurst Castle, overtopping a grove of tall and ancient trees, amid which it is embosomed. The present edifice, which is still one of the principal seats of the Marquises of Lothian, was engrafted in the Scoto-French style of architecture peculiar to the reign of James VI., in 1598, on remains of its predecessor, which had been stormed by the Earl of Surrey in 1523. In 1549 it was retaken by the Scots, after a ferocious struggle, in conjunction with some of the French troops of Mary of Lorraine, under the Chevalier de la Mothe Rouge. The arquebusiers of the latter drove the English archers from the barbican into the keep, where they defended themselves with the greatest bravery, till its walls were breached by mining, on which the commander came forth and surrendered himself to the chevalier; but a Scottish marchman, recognizing in him the captor of his wife, struck

off his head by a single blow; and then the whole garrison were mercilessly massacred by the Scots. "When their own prisoners were slain," says the "Border Minstrelsy," "the Scots, with an inextinguishable thirst for blood, purchased those of the French, parting willingly with their very arms in exchange for an English captain."

Ferniehurst Castle.

The whole of this district was anciently densely wooded with what is known in history as Jed Forest. Little more than a hundred years ago, a large expanse of this old Caledonian forest spread its umbrageous shadows over the valley; but since then

it has been remorselessly cut down. A few patches of it still exist, chiefly around Ferniehurst, and these are birch-trees of great size and age. Two venerable representatives of it, called "The King of the Border," and the "Capon-Tree," still arrest

Newark Castle.

attention lower down that lovely valley, about a mile from the ancient burgh. One of these—the royal one—has a retinue of younger and less noble trees, and rises to the height of a hundred feet, with a girth near the ground of fourteen feet. Solitary and alone, in a grassy trough, the other abounds in the number, the fantastic twistings, and far-stretching length of its

boughs, and has a girth near the ground of twenty-one feet. But, though the old forest has so generally fallen beneath the axe, trees which have sprung from the ancient roots, and others which have been raised by planting, are sufficiently numerous to give the district a rich, picturesque, and sheltered appearance.

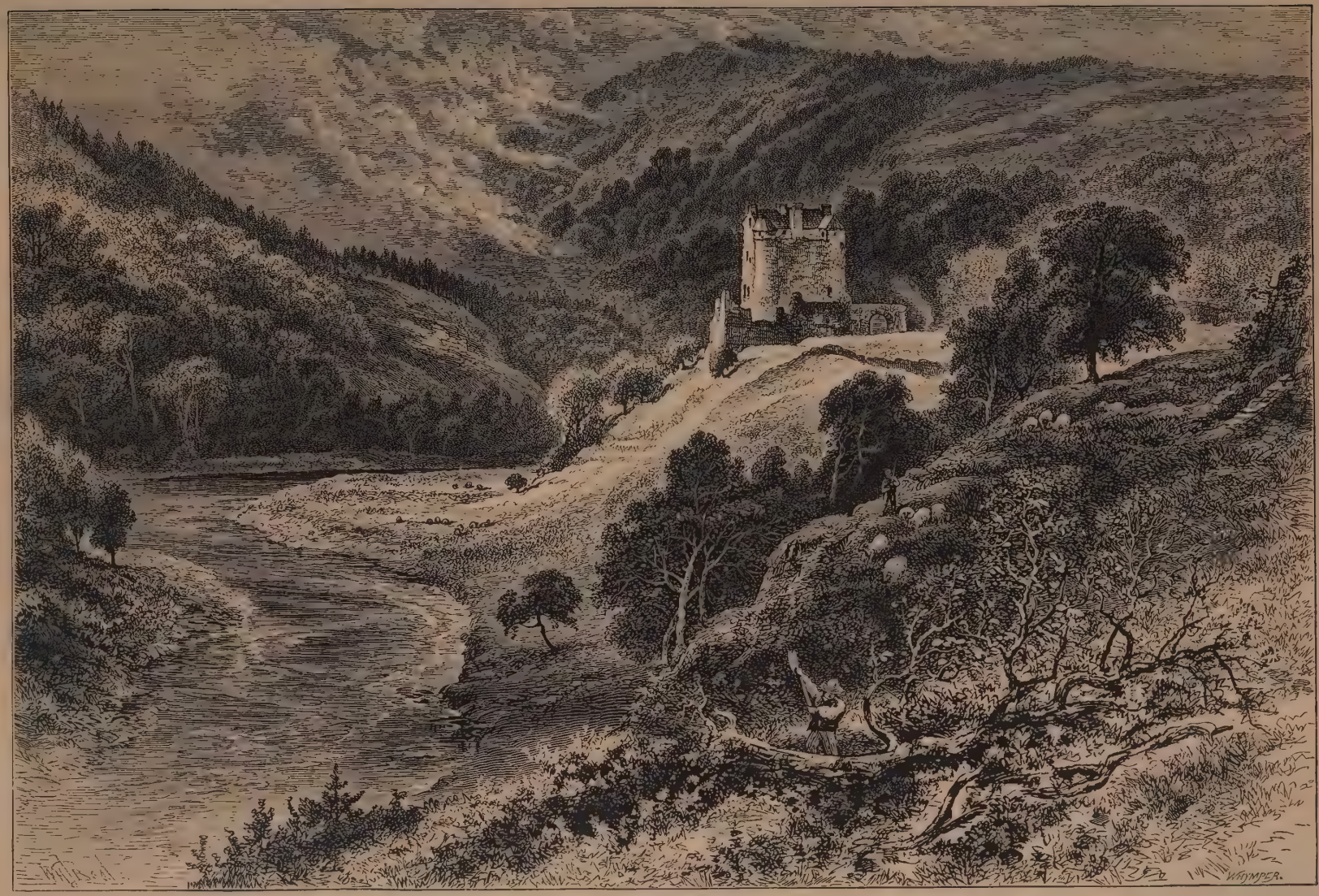
The two veterans of the forest are decaying fast, but they must have been in all their leafy glory when King James marched to Flodden; when mass and lauds were chanted in the now roofless abbey; when the Jedburghers kept watch and ward in their hostel-houses with axe and bow; they may have echoed to the bugle of belted Will Howard, or that of Bothwell, when, as Warden of the Scottish Marches, he swept them at the head of his moss-troopers, in the cause of the fair White Queen.

In ascending the Yarrow—the saddest and loveliest river-scenery in Scotland, the theme of innumerable songs and wild traditions, and the scene of the beautiful ballad of "the outlaw Murray"—we come upon the birthplace of Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow," a venerable ruin on the right bank of the river. It occupies a peninsula, cut out, in the process of ages, by the encircling stream, and a fantastically wild landscape of grandeur and verdant beauty; and, though in a tolerable state of preservation, this old tower, which belongs to the Duke of Buccleugh, whose princely abode at Bowhill stands a little lower down the Yarrow, is now inhabited only by the blinking owl, the black gled, and the chattering crow.

In the years of her widowhood, it was the residence of Anne Scott, Duchess of Buccleugh and Monmouth, whose husband was beheaded for insurrection, after the battle of Sedgemoor; and in its courtyard all the Cavalier prisoners taken by General Leslie's Covenanting troops after the conflict at Philipburgh were destroyed by platoons of carbines. Newark is the well-known scene where "The Last Minstrel" is made to sing his lay to the sad-hearted duchess:

"He paused where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower;
The Minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal arch he passed,
Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war;
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor."

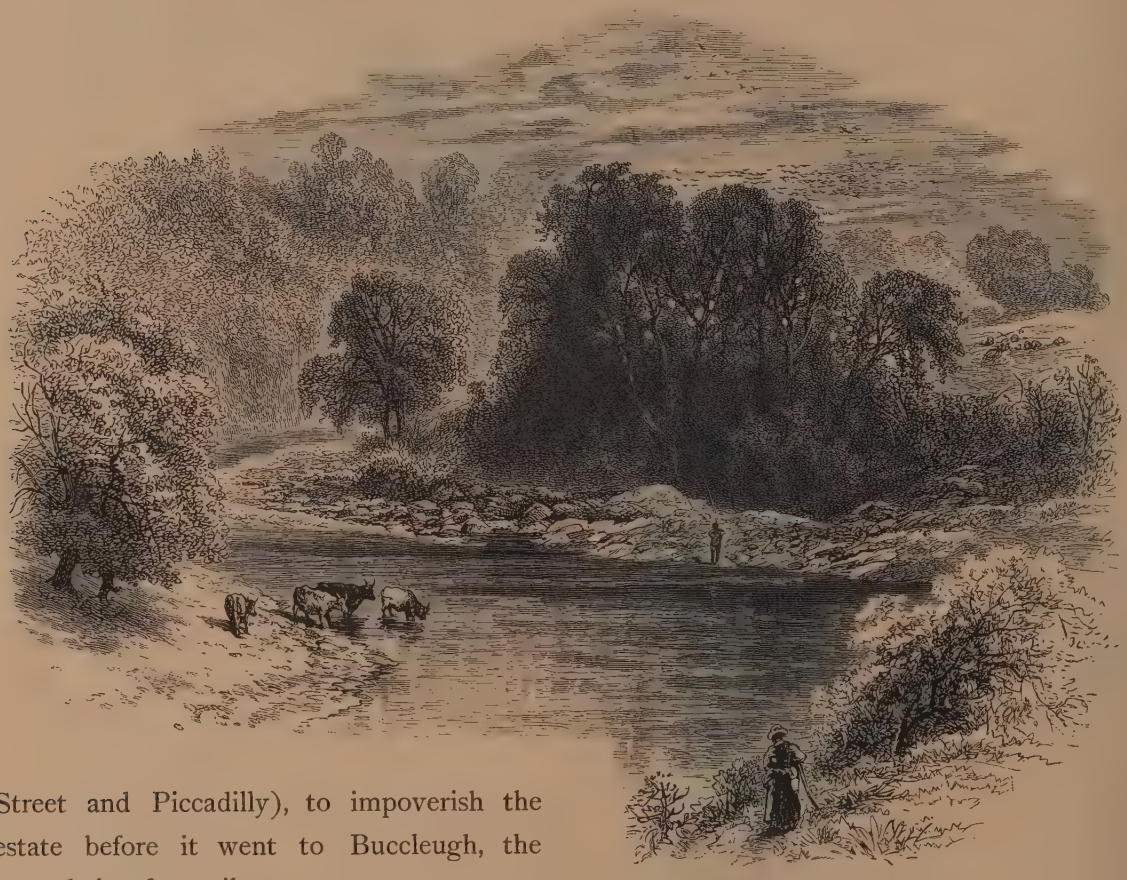
Proceeding farther into the Lowlands, the tourist who wanders from Peebles along the northern bank of the Tweed will come upon the Castle of Neidpath, about a mile westward of the ancient town. Occupying a rock that overhangs the sweeping river, it is the strongest and most massive of the many feudal fortalices which stud the district.



NEIDPATH CASTLE.

The walls are eleven feet in thickness; its site is at the lower end of a wide, semicircular bend of the Tweed. The concave bank on which it stands is steep, and of considerable height, and fifty years ago wood covered all the slope. The convex bank commences with a little plain half circled by the river, and, rising into a bold and beautiful headland, seems to stand as sentinel over the bend.

The wood which once embowered this castle—the old abode of Sir Simon Fraser, who won the battle of Roslin, and was afterward put to death in London—was avariciously destroyed by the last Duke of Queensbury (the old Queensbury of Bond Street and Piccadilly), to impoverish the estate before it went to Buccleugh, the next heir of entail.



The Esk, near Gilnockie.

But, of all the minor Border castles, few are more renowned in song and story than the Tower of Johnnie Armstrong, the Laird of Gilnockie, who, Pitscottie tells us, "was the most redoubted chieftain that had been for a long time on the Borders, either of Scotland or England. He ever rode with four-and-twenty able gentlemen, well-horsed, yet he never molested any Scottish man;" and it is said that from the Borders to Newcastle "every Englishman, of whatever state, paid him tribute," i. e., black-mail, which seems barely possible. His tower is called the Hale House, is oblong, sixty feet in length, forty-six wide, and seventy high, furnished with a cape-house and turrets. It occupies a steep rock, on

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG'S TOWER.

the small promontory of Gilnockie, washed on three sides by the Esk in Dumfriesshire, and protected on the fourth by a deep ditch. During the reign of James V. he committed such ravages, and excited such terror by his forays into Westmoreland and Cumberland, that his band of moss-troopers became so great as to hazard a defiance of the crown. Hence the king marched against him, with numerous forces, in person, and halted at Evesdale, a pastoral district of Dumfriesshire, whence he sent a herald to summon the attendance of the Laird of Gilnockie and his chief followers, under a promise, it is said, of security.

He is known to have yielded a ready attendance, and, in token of his peaceful intentions toward his sovereign, he and thirty-six gentlemen, his adherents, ran their horses at a gallop, and broke all their lances on Langholm-holm. But the king looked upon him sternly; and, notwithstanding many loyal promises by Armstrong, ordered him and his followers to instant execution. Armstrong, seeing no hope of favor, said to the king, very proudly: "It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face; had I known this, I should have lived on the Borders despite you and King Harry too, though I know that he would weigh down my best horse with gold to learn that I am to die this day."

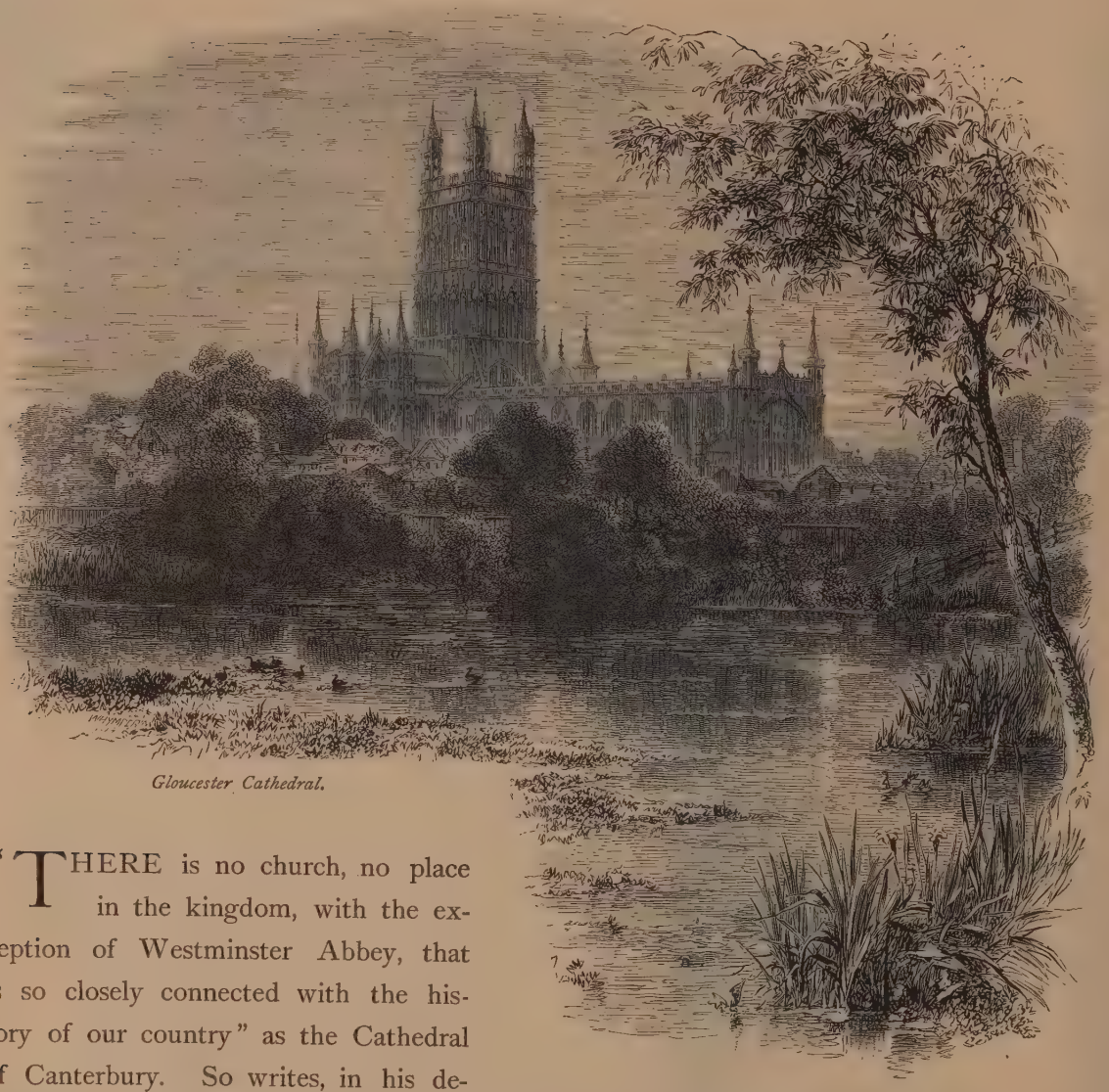
They were interred in a desert churchyard, where their graves are still pointed out by the peasantry, who hold the memory of John of Gilnockie in high estimation, and still affirm that the fresh young growing trees on which the Armstrongs were hanged withered away, as a manifest sign of the injustice of the execution.

We include, among the border fortresses, the important and ancient Bamborough Castle, situated near Bedford, in the county of Northumberland, upon an almost perpendicular rock a hundred and fifty feet high, and overlooking the sea. A view of this castle is given, engraved upon steel. It is one of the oldest fortified dwellings in the country, dating as far back as 547. In that year, it is said, the English Ida landed at the promontory called Flamborough Head, with forty vessels, all manned with chosen warriors. Urien, the hero of the bards, opposed a strenuous resistance; but the Angles had strengthened themselves on the coast. Fresh reënforcements poured in; and Ida, the "Bearer of Flame," as he was termed by the Britons, became the master and sovereign of the land which he had assailed. Ida erected a tower, or fortress, which was at once his castle and his palace; and so deeply were the Britons humiliated by this token of his power, that they gave the name of the *Shame of Bernicia* to the structure which he had raised. Ida afterward bestowed this building upon his queen, Bebba, from whom it was, or rather is, denominated *Bebban Burgh*, the Burgh of the Fortress of Bebba, commonly abbreviated into *Bamborough*. Its history has been a varied one. It was besieged in 642 by Penda, the pagan King of Mercia; in 705 Osred, son of Alfred the Great, shut himself up within its walls when pursued by the rebel Edulph; it suffered from the fury of the Danes in 933; William II. besieged

and subdued it in person when Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, took refuge there after his treasonable acts; and it was taken and retaken several times in the Wars of the Roses, when great damage was done to it. In 1720 it was purchased by Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, and converted to charitable purposes. The ruins have been partially restored, and fitted up as a benevolent school; and from its tower constant watch is kept for vessels in distress on this dangerous coast. Various signals are made use of to warn vessels in thick and stormy weather, while life-boats and implements useful in saving crews are always in readiness.

The King of the Border (near Ferniehurst).

CATHEDRAL CITIES.



Gloucester Cathedral.

"THERE is no church, no place in the kingdom, with the exception of Westminster Abbey, that is so closely connected with the history of our country" as the Cathedral of Canterbury. So writes, in his delightful "Historical Memorials," the present Dean of Westminster, to which book we must refer our readers who would study at length the chronicle of the more important events of which our metropolitan cathedral has been the scene. Though the outward glories of Canterbury be faded, though the shrine of St. Thomas gleams no longer with gold and gems, though no pilgrims crowd the precincts, and mount the long ascent to the Trinity Chapel; though its archbishops be no longer "popes of a second world," yet it is still the visible centre of a spiritual force no less potent, we hope, than in the days when they cowed monarchs by their anathema, and tamed them with the discipline of the monastery—for it is the mother-church of the Church of

England, the chief cathedral of an episcopate that has its members in every quarter of the globe. Though the archiepiscopal throne has, doubtless, its trials and its difficulties now, and no man, after the warning of a neighboring country, can venture to say what ending may not be in store for its occupants, yet the former days were more stirring than the present, for no less than five archbishops have died a violent death.

Canterbury Cathedral is a shrine worthy of such memories. It is one of the largest, almost the longest, and in many respects the most impressive among our cathedrals. Its coronet of towers is almost unequaled; the choir, with its long ascents and converging walls, is unique in Britain. Its architectural history extends over a long period; and the present building contains work from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, and even some of a much more recent date. The cathedral stands on the site of the ancient Roman or British church, granted by Ethelbert to Augustin, "the earliest monument of the English union of Church and state." That, after various vicissitudes, was destroyed by fire at the time of the Norman Conquest, and not a trace of it now remains. Lanfranc rebuilt it, and his successors, Anselm and Conrad, reconstructed the eastern part of his church on a far more magnificent scale. Four years after the murder of Becket, this "glorious choir of Conrad," as it was called, was wholly burnt down, amid the wild wailings of the people. The work of rebuilding went on from 1174 to 1184, when the choir and eastern part of the cathedral were completed, the nave of Lanfranc yet remaining intact. This was taken down and rebuilt, 1378–1410, the great central tower being completed about eighty years later. The cathedral thus "exhibits specimens of nearly all the classes of pointed architecture, the principal being Transitional Norman and Perpendicular."

The grandeur of Canterbury Cathedral cannot be appreciated unless it be studied from a considerable distance; for its great size, and the unusually intricate plan, make the task of apprehending it a difficult one from any near point of view, so that we unconsciously compare only part, not the whole, with surrounding objects. But when the building is seen in all its grandeur, rising far above the trees and houses of the town—almost like a mountain of carved stone—dwarfing all surrounding objects, we realize that it is indeed worthy to be a mother-church of a great country. The cathedral is, indeed, most fortunate in its surroundings. The old gray walls and circular towers, which still inclose part of the town, the narrow streets with their picturesque houses, and occasional fragments of ancient buildings, chief among which is the noble gateway of St. Augustin's Abbey, tell of a peaceful present and an unbroken continuity with the past, and fitly introduce us to the Precinct, or Christ Church Gate, an extremely rich and beautiful work of the early part of the sixteenth century. We pass through this into the close, and at once obtain one of the most striking general views of the cathedral. A grassy lawn, bordered with trees, runs all along the southern side, allowing of a much more uninterrupted view than is possible from any other quarter.

THE BAPTISTERY, CANTERBURY.

The central tower rises grandly above the nave, its firm, simple, yet graceful lines contrasting well with the more florid and less satisfactory outlines of those at the western end, the northern of which is quite a modern work replacing an old Norman

Precinct Gate, Canterbury.

tower pulled down some forty years since. Immediately in front of us is the fine southern porch, from the earliest times the principal entrance to the cathedral. Passing along by the side of the nave we come to the transepts with their extensive remains

of late twelfth-century work; simple and massive, yet very beautiful. We cannot fail to notice the windows of the crypt, so unusual a feature. This, at Canterbury, is rather a second church than a crypt proper. It was allotted by Queen Elizabeth to French and Flemish Protestant refugees, and a service in French is still carried on there. At the extreme east of the cathedral rises that perplexing appendage, commonly called Becket's Crown. It is circular in plan, and is attached to the eastern apse. The upper part is unfinished; it was obviously intended to be carried up at least a stage higher; and from the size of the buttresses, one would infer that it was to be covered by a dome or conical roof. Mr. Ferguson thinks that it occupies the site of the Saxon Baptistery, in which the earlier archbishops were buried. I have occasionally seen somewhat similar terminations to Continental churches, the nearest resemblance being the Cathedral of Trondhjem, in Norway. Passing round to the north side we are involved in a wilderness of buildings, the remains of the ancient Benedictine Monastery. Many beautiful fragments still exist, either standing in ruins or incorporated into dwelling-houses. Before reaching the cloisters we come to a most picturesque building, the exterior of what is now called the Baptistery. The Norman portion of this dates from about the middle of the twelfth century, and is really a lavatory. The upper structure, obviously of much later date, now contains the font. It would be difficult to find a "nook" more characteristic than this of the architecture of the cathedral and of the picturesque detail in which this northern side is so wonderfully—I had almost said bewilderingly—rich. Beyond the Baptistery lies the cloister with its quiet "Paradise." From the northwest angle of this is a grand view of Bell Harry Tower, only surpassed by that from the Deanery garden, which is in a nearly similar situation toward the northeast. Far above the ruined fragments of the once sumptuous monastery—beautiful still in their shroud of vegetation—Nature's last honor to departed grandeur; far above the great window of the chapter-house, a grand work of the last part of the fifteenth century, far above the gables and pinnacles of the double transepts, rises that noble mass of masonry, its fine vertical lines, like sheaves of spears, giving the idea of almost immeasurable height, yet cunningly wrought together and relieved by the deep arches of the windows and the rich tracery of the wall panelings. The name "Bell Harry Tower" is derived from a small bell hung at the top. This tower was the last great work before the Reformation; it replaced an older one, more familiar to the eyes of pilgrims, which went by the name of the "Angel Steeple," because it was crowned by the gilt figure of an angel.

We have lingered long outside, but one more fragment of the monastery cannot be left unnoticed—the Norman staircase in the outer court—a unique relic. This now leads to the hall of the Grammar-School, which stands on the site of an older hall, believed to have been intended for the accommodation of guests of the more humble

BELL HARRY TOWER, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

classes. The architecture, as the sketch shows, is remarkably rich. This alone would repay one for a long pilgrimage to Canterbury.

But the most interesting localities are within the cathedral. The northern transept was the scene of an event which was at once the glory of Canterbury and a great national disaster—the glory of Canterbury, because it brought wealth untold to the Abbey of Augustin; a national disaster, because it enabled astute ecclesiastics to inflict a lasting humiliation on the state, and gave rise to a host of superstitious abuses. The tale of the murder has been so graphically told by Dean Stanley, that no excuse need be offered for borrowing from his narrative. During the afternoon of Tuesday, the 29th of December, a stormy interview took place between the four knights and Becket in his palace, which ended in a violent quarrel. The knights ran out to summon their men; the archbishop, yielding to the entreaties of his attendant monks, withdrew to the sanctuary of the cathedral. He had passed along the cloister, he had entered the northern transept, and was slowly mounting the steps which led to the choir, when the knights rushed in by the same door. The deepening gloom of a winter evening, and probably the central pillar of the transept, hid for a moment the archbishop and his few remaining followers—for most of them had now fled. The knights sprang round the pillar, and called, "Where is the archbishop?" Becket turned and descended "from the fourth step, which he had reached in his ascent, again into the transept, suddenly confronting his assailants. Startled by his sudden appearance, the nearest of them sprang back two or three paces, and Becket, passing by him, took up his station between the central pillar and the massive wall, which still forms the southwest corner of what was then the Chapel of St. Benedict. Another brief altercation took place, during which they tried to drag the archbishop out of the church, but he resisted violently, setting his back against the pillar, and even flung one of the four knights on the ground. All the five were now infuriated with the struggle. First one, and then another, struck him with their swords; and in a few moments the archbishop's lifeless body lay on the pavement of his own cathedral." The transept has been rebuilt, but part of the old wall against which he fell still remains; and a slab in the pavement, marked by a singular square insertion, is probably one of those which were stained with his blood. The body was first buried in a new marble sarcophagus, "in the ancient crypt, at the back of the shrine of the Virgin, between the altars of St. Augustin and St. John the Baptist." From this resting-place the relics were transferred, with great solemnity, early in the reign of Henry III., to a sumptuous shrine east of the Patriarchal Chair, in the choir above.

But before that event the cathedral witnessed a scene happily since unparalleled in English history—the humiliation of Henry II. himself, an humiliation as complete as that of his German namesake at Canossa, or Barbarossa at St. Mark's, Venice. The king's submission at Avranches had not sufficed; the Scots were across the border;

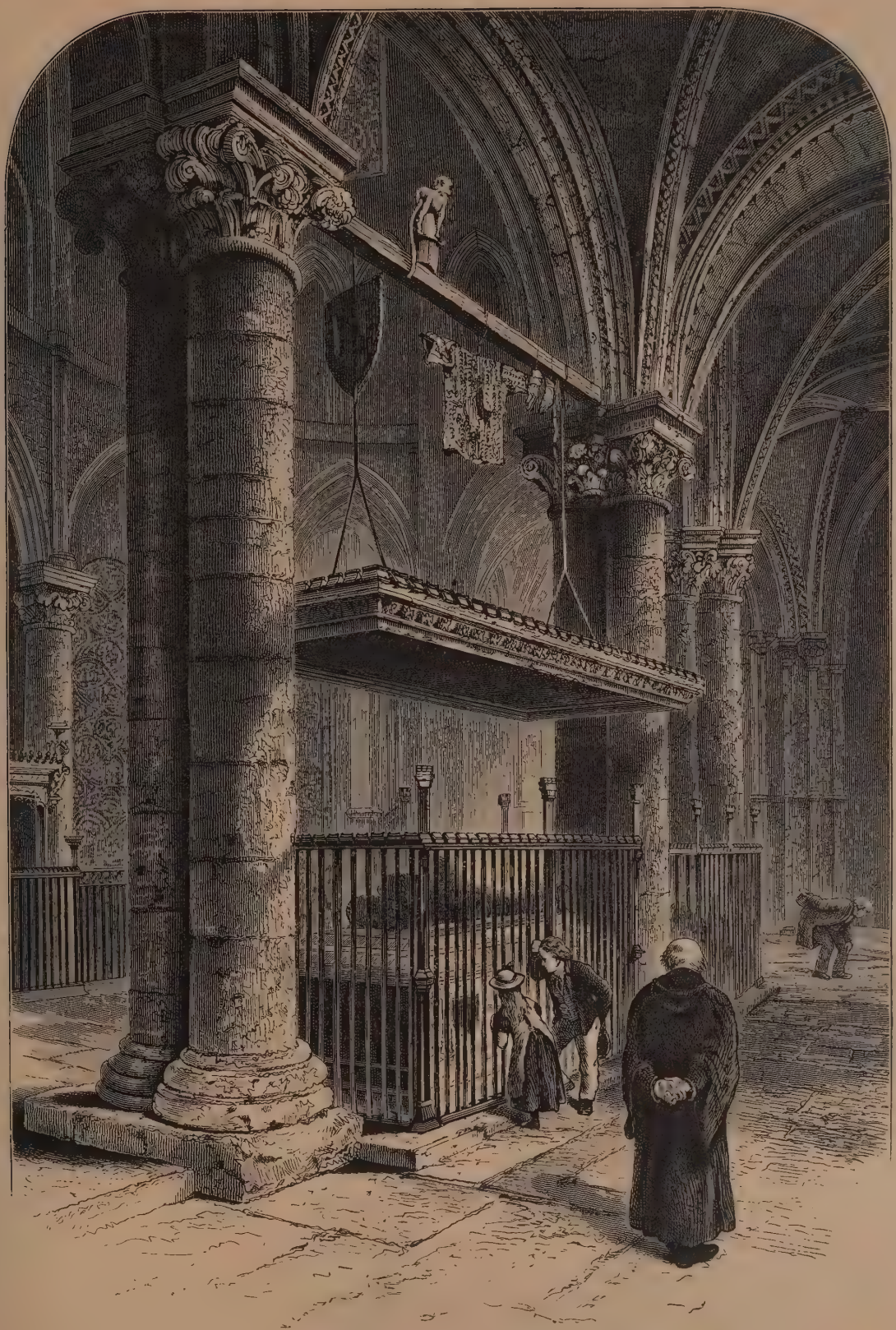
half England was in revolt; the blood of the martyr was supposed to still cry for vengeance. Undeterred by a gale, the king crossed the Channel, landed at Southampton, and entered Canterbury as a penitent, "barefoot, with no other covering than a woolen shirt and a cloak to keep off the rain." The stones of the street stained

The Porch.

with his bleeding feet, he entered the cathedral, did reverence at the slab where the archbishop had fallen, and was solemnly scourged by the bishops and monks before the tomb, at which, after receiving absolution, he passed the night fasting, "resting against one of the rude Norman pillars, on the bare ground, with bare feet still unwashed from the muddy streets."

So, for centuries after, jewels gathered on the shrine, and offerings flowed into the abbey chest, as crowd after crowd of pilgrims, like those whom Chaucer has described, thronged the streets of Canterbury and the holy place of St. Thomas. Then, almost suddenly, came the crash. The position of Becket as champion of the papacy against the crown caused the hand of Henry VIII. to fall with peculiar weight on all connected with his memory. To point the moral more effectually, it is said that the saint was solemnly cited to appear within thirty days, to answer a charge of "treason, contumacy, and rebellion." It need hardly be stated that the summons was not answered, even in the person of a medium: so sentence was pronounced, the shrine was broken up, and its jewels sent to the royal treasury; the archbishop's bones were burnt or secretly buried, and his memory, as far as possible, was obliterated from the cathedral. The site, however, may still be traced in the floor of the Trinity Chapel, where a magnificent piece of mosaic pavement still remains, similar to those so common at Rome, and, doubtless, wrought from the spoils of some Italian structure of imperial times.

Another tomb, however, remains, to which, though no pilgrim throng has ever sought it, most Englishmen at the present day will turn with far more sympathetic interest—that of the Black Prince. It now stands in the Trinity Chapel, between the first two piers on the south side. Whether it was originally placed there, or was removed thither in the reign of Henry IV., is a matter of some doubt, for the prince in his will expressly commanded that his body should be interred near that of the "vray martir monseignour Seint Thomas," in the middle of the crypt. "There he lies; no other memorial of him exists in the world so authentic. There he lies, as he had directed, in full armor, his head resting on his helmet, his feet with the likeness of the spurs he won at Cressy, his hands joined as in that last prayer which he had offered up on his death-bed. There you can see his fine face, with the Plantagenet features, the flat cheeks, and the well-chiseled nose, to be traced, perhaps, in the effigy of his father in Westminster Abbey, and his grandfather in Gloucester Cathedral. On his armor you can still see the marks of the bright gilding with which the figure was covered from head to foot, so as to make it look like an image of pure gold. High above are suspended the brazen gauntlets, the helmet, with what was once its gilded leopard crest, and the wooden shield; the velvet coat, also, embroidered with the arms of France and England, now tattered and colorless, but then blazing with blue and scarlet. There, too, hangs the empty scabbard of the sword wielded, perchance, at his three great battles, and which Oliver Cromwell, it is said, carried away. On the canopy over the tomb there is the faded representation—painted after the strange fashion of those times—of the Persons of the Holy Trinity, according to the peculiar devotion which he had entertained. In the pillars you can see the hooks to which was fastened the black tapestry, with its crimson border and curious embroidery,

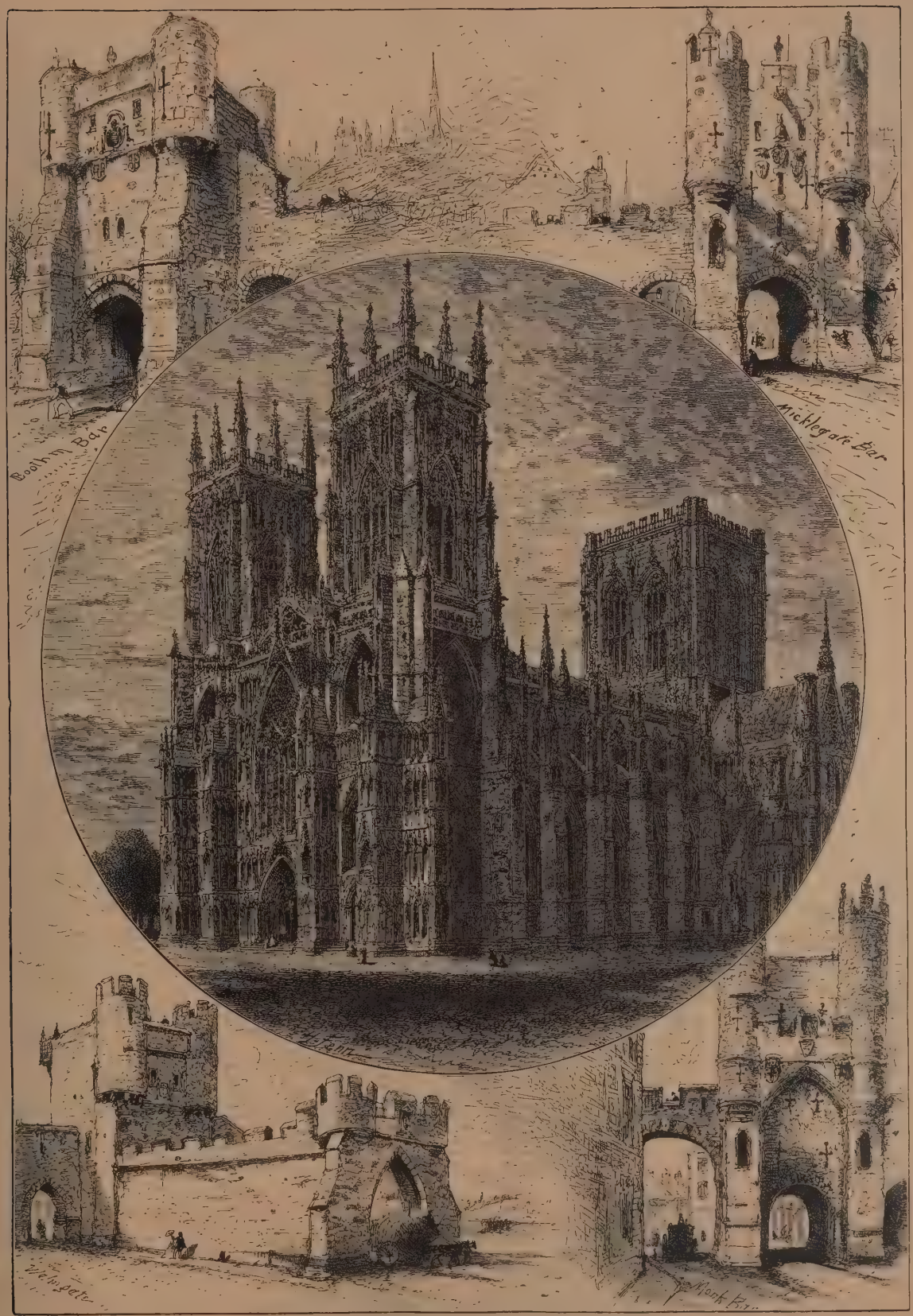


TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

which he directed in his will should be hung round his tomb and the shrine of Becket. Round about the tomb, too, you will see the ostrich-feathers which, according to the old, but, I am afraid, doubtful tradition, we are told he won at Cressy from the blind king of Bohemia, who perished in the thick of the fight, and interwoven with them the famous motto with which he used to sign his name, 'Houmout,' 'Ich diene.'"

We turn now to the cathedral city of the northern province—York, the sister and once the rival of Canterbury. The chief town of the Brigantes, formerly one of the strongest tribes in Britain, it became, under the name of Eboracum, an important Roman colony, and two emperors died within its walls. Thus it was among the first cities to claim the missionary efforts of Augustin, and Paulinus, one of his companions, was sent thither. His preaching converted the king of the country, Eadwin by name, and the foundation of the cathedral dates from his baptism, on Easter-day, A. D. 627. To give due solemnity to that rite, a wooden chapel had been erected, as time did not allow of a more convenient building. About this the king afterward commenced building a church of stone, in which the wooden chapel could stand, as the Sacred Tomb now does beneath the rotunda of the Holy Sepulchre Church at Jerusalem; and, though he died before the work was completed, yet his design was afterward carried into effect. The little baptistery, with the ancient church, has, of course, long perished, for the whole was destroyed by fire nearly a century and a half after Eadwin's baptism. The church, however, was soon rebuilt, only to perish in the same way shortly after the Norman Conquest. To this latter structure a fragment of a wall in one of the crypts is believed to belong. The present cathedral is not even the immediate successor of this, for that which replaced it was only allowed to stand about sixty or seventy years. Indeed, the choir has been twice rebuilt since the Conquest, and the present structure mainly dates from the latter part of the fourteenth century. The transepts are older, as they belong to the first half of the thirteenth, and the nave to the end of the same. The towers are the latest parts of the building, as they were not completed till about the year 1470. Thus the present cathedral occupied about a hundred and fifty years in its rearing, and represents the richest period of English art. Less striking in situation than Durham or Lincoln, with which its noble group of high towers most aptly suggests comparison; less full of historic interest than Canterbury or Westminster, it is conspicuous among English cathedrals for the extent of ground which it covers, and the width of its nave and choir. In these matters it excels all; in the height of its roof it is only surpassed by Westminster.

As a rule, there is something prosaic in the outline of all cathedrals with three towers, and York is no exception to this. At the same time its design is full of dignity and grandeur; and, while falling short of the exquisite grace of Wells, is redeemed by its richness from a cold severity. The western front is, in our opinion,



THE MINSTER AND THE GATES OF YORK.

the most striking part of the cathedral; the great window, with its intricate tracery, in which the outline of a heart appears, being certainly one of the finest in England; and the chapter-house, with its conical roof, breaks most pleasingly the lines on the northern side of the building.

The interior of the cathedral, notwithstanding its richness in stained glass, in many cases of ancient date, is rather cold and unattractive, exhibiting too often that merely mechanical execution which, after the first bursting into bloom of the Decorated Style, not seldom replaced the massive grandeur of the Romanesque, or the exquisite, though never effeminate, delicacy of the Early Pointed. The east window is remarkable mainly for its size, since it is the largest glazed opening in England, if not in the world, and by great good fortune has preserved its original stained glass, which dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century; still, as a composition, it is far inferior to that at the western end. But the lover of simple beauty will pause longest before the far-famed Five Sisters, in the northern transept. These five beautiful lancets, of equal size, still retain their original rich diaper glass, the legend of whose origin may be found in no less an authority than the biography of the illustrious Pickwick. The chapter-house, with its noble windows, must not be left unvisited, of which it has been well said, "It is still fully entitled to the distinction implied in the ancient verse painted on the left side of the entrance, 'Ut rosa flos florum, sic est domus ista domorum.'" The town of York contains many picturesque remains of ancient times, not the least notable being those of St. Mary's Abbey. It also, like Chester, has retained its old walls nearly intact, and, more fortunate than that, still possesses some of its ancient gates.

"Durham alone, among English cities, with its highest point crowned not only by the minster, but by the vast castle of the prince-bishop, recalls to mind those cities of the empire, Lausanne, or Chur, or Sitten, where the priest, who bore alike the sword and the pastoral staff, looked down from his fortified height on a flock which he had to guard no less against worldly than against ghostly foes." So writes Dr. Freeman, in his work on the Norman Conquest, indicating most truly the distinctive feature of Durham among the cathedrals of Britain. So far, indeed, as its site is concerned, he might have found even closer analogies. Almost exactly as at Durham, the cathedral and papal palace at Avignon look from the brow of their limestone crags over the curving waters of the Rhone, or the towers and walls of Laon rise high above the plain of Champagne. The site is one which Nature has indicated for a "great high place." The river Wear in one of its windings almost incloses a lofty peninsula guarded by steep slopes. Hither, nine hundred years ago, Ealdham, Bishop of Northumbria, struck with the advantages of this natural fortress, bore the body of St. Cuthbert. There his followers reared a church for the sacred relics, first of wood, then of stone. In the latter they were deposited with all solemnity, in the year 999.

All traces of this church have long ago disappeared, for the earliest of the existing buildings belongs to a period some twenty years subsequent to the Norman Conquest; by which time the "prelate of Durham became one, and the more important, of the only two English prelates whose worldly franchises invested them with some faint shadow of

Durham Cathedral, from the River.

the sovereign powers enjoyed by the princely churchmen of the empire. The Bishop of Ely in his island, the Bishop of Durham in his hill-fortress, possessed powers which no other English ecclesiastic was allowed to share." Its bishop the lord of a palatinate, its walls among the most sacred of sanctuaries, its site might well be a noble one, as

indeed it is; its western façade, with the pair of grand towers and projecting gables, almost overhanging the densely-wooded slopes above the winding river; its central tower rising yet higher into the air above the lofty nave, the massive castle-walls, and the group of conventual buildings. It would be impossible to find a site worthier of a noble building, or a building worthier of a noble site.

On a nearer approach, a sense of disappointment—or perhaps rather a pang of pain—chills for a moment the first glow of pleasure. It is evident that the cathedral has lost something of its ancient glories—not by the touch of time, not by the hand of the spoiler in the usual sense, but by that of the so-called restorer. There lived at the end of the last century a man named Wyatt, of whom it is no libel to say that he was more destructive to our English cathedrals than any natural convulsion has ever been. "He touched nothing that he did not spoil" might well be his epitaph. Without any sense of beauty, without any reverence for antiquity, absolutely besotted by his shallow self-sufficiency, "he destroyed, he built, he changed square into round," in every structure which ignorant guardians—and they were many—gave into his power. He pulled down the western façade of Hereford, and ruined its nave; he spoiled the interior of Salisbury; and pared, mangled, and impoverished, to an inconceivable extent, the noble exterior of Durham. West of the nave stands one of the most peculiar features of the cathedral, which had a narrow escape from Wyatt—a kind of large inclosed porch or chapel, commonly called "The Galilee." This singular name has been borne almost from the time of its erection, which was about the year 1175. It is supposed to have reference to "Galilee of the Gentiles," as implying that the building was less sacred than the rest of the cathedral. Notwithstanding this, there seems no doubt that it was intended for a Lady Chapel. It is a beautiful, almost graceful, Norman structure, with the roof supported on rich arches and rows of slender columns, which, however, together with other details, were considerably altered in the fifteenth century. South of the main entrance is a simple flat altar-tomb, engraved with the well-known Latin verse, "Hâc sunt in fossâ Bædæ venerabilis ossa." As the story goes, the monk who composed this inscription had got his hexameter perfect with the exception of the last word but one, for which he vainly racked his brain. Puzzling thus, he fell asleep, and on awakening in the morning found that angelic hands had filled up the gap. There seems to be little doubt that the bones inclosed in the tomb are really those of the saint, which were stolen from Jarrow early in the eleventh century.

At the other end of the cathedral, in the beautiful chapel of the "nine altars," is the site of St. Cuthbert's shrine, once the holiest ground in the cathedral. The magnificent superstructure was destroyed at the Reformation, and the body of the saint—reputed to be incorrupt—buried in front of the base. Though legend says that

"... deep in Durham's Gothic shade
His holy relics are in secret laid,"

the spot being known only to three of his servants, "sworn to solemn secrecy," yet the excavations made during the present century have placed it beyond doubt that the great missionary of the North at last rested here. Hard by once hung the banner of St.

West Doorway, Rochester Cathedral.

Cuthbert, bearing the "holy corporax-cloth" used by the saint when he said mass; and the "Black Rood of Scotland," which was left so mysteriously in the hands of David I. after his struggle with a wild-hart on the site of Holyrood Abbey. This relic, hardly less sacred than the stone of Scone, was brought by the Scotch king to the battle of

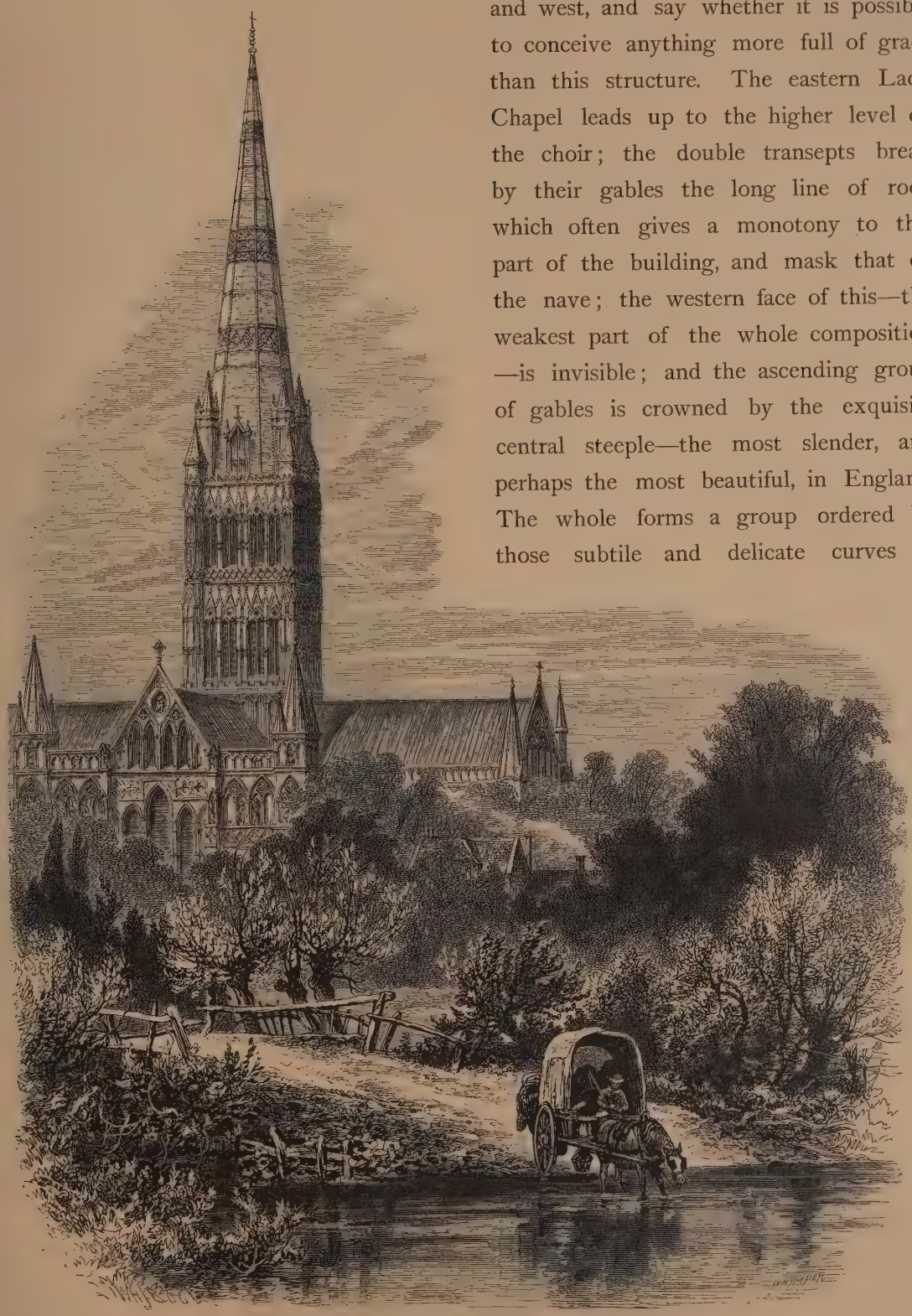
Neville's Cross, but St. Cuthbert's banner proved a yet more potent charm, and the Black Rood fell accordingly into the hands of the conquerors.

Space fails to tell of the other wonders of the cathedral—its noble nave, with the massive ornamented Norman columns, reminding us of those of Dunfermline, which has, happily, been less injured by the restorers than many others; the chapter-house, now but a wreck of its former grandeur; the conventual buildings; the library, with its treasures of manuscripts and vestments—among them the stole and maniple given by Athelstan in honor of St. Cuthbert, and found, with other relics, in his tomb; as well as the castle adjoining, once the episcopal palace, which still retains some fine ancient work. Of objects of interest Durham has its full share, while for grandeur of position it is unequaled among the cathedrals of England.

The cathedral of Rochester is small and almost insignificant compared with its metropolitan neighbor, Canterbury, with which, however, it has something in common, for the nave, which is Norman, is very probably a small copy of the former nave of that cathedral. The choir and transepts are Early English, and Rochester also possesses a fine crypt beneath the former part of the building. The cathedral generally is plain and simple in style, belonging chiefly to these two periods of architecture, though it has had a few insertions and additions of later date, such as the Perpendicular window, which has spoiled the fine Norman west front (though happily the doorway, with its wonderfully rich and massive sculpture, has escaped); and the centre tower, most of which is a feeble work of the present century. The cathedral has been rather an unlucky building. The Saxon one which stood on the site of the present was sorely harried by the Danes, and was in ruins at the time of the Norman Conquest. In the twelfth century it twice suffered severely from fires. In the year 1264 it was desecrated by the soldiers of Simon de Montfort when they were besieging the castle. The stained glass appears to have been destroyed at the dissolution of the Benedictine monastery, for Archbishop Laud complains of the injury which the interior had received from want of glass to the windows. At the time of the Commonwealth the nave was for a long time used as a carpenter's shop, and "several saw-pits were dug in it." The crypt, a comparatively rare feature in English cathedrals, is the most interesting part of the building. As at Canterbury, it extends under the whole length of the choir, the floor of which is in consequence elevated, as also at Glasgow, considerably above the level of that of the nave. It is of two ages, the central part being later than either of the ends. It is difficult to obtain a satisfactory view of the cathedral as a whole, for it is shut in by buildings, but the group formed by it and the ruined castle crowning the slope above the Medway is an extremely picturesque one, although the modern bridge has rendered the scene less tempting to the artist's pencil than it was in the days of Turner.

The cathedral of Salisbury is remarkable in two respects—it is almost wholly built in one style, and affords from one point of view the most perfect composition in

England, perhaps even in Europe. Take your stand on the northeast, beneath one of the fine trees that border the green lawn environing the cathedral on the north and west, and say whether it is possible to conceive anything more full of grace than this structure. The eastern Lady Chapel leads up to the higher level of the choir; the double transepts break by their gables the long line of roof which often gives a monotony to this part of the building, and mask that of the nave; the western face of this—the weakest part of the whole composition—is invisible; and the ascending group of gables is crowned by the exquisite central steeple—the most slender, and perhaps the most beautiful, in England. The whole forms a group ordered by those subtile and delicate curves in



Salisbury Cathedral.

which Turner so delighted. Other cathedrals have their grand features or their bits of exquisite beauty; Salisbury challenges our admiration as a whole, as one poetic thought—not many fancies—graven in stone.

The greater portion of the cathedral was built in the earlier half of the thirteenth century, the west front being—with the exception of the steeple—the latest part, as it is the least satisfactory. It is poor and rather prosaic in design; richer, indeed, than the rest of the cathedral (which is sometimes blamed for "leanness," though I should rather call it simplicity), but none the better for this richness, being expanded by turrets and what is really blank wall like the façade at Lincoln, yet so broken up in design and shallow in execution as to be far less impressive than Wells or Peterborough. The interior of the cathedral, like the greater part of the exterior, is somewhat plain in its details, but the double transept gives a wonderful beauty and enrichment to the design of the eastern part; the chapter-house, now gorgeously restored, is no unworthy rival to that of Westminster; and the cloister-court, with the quiet "Paradise" within, where the gray stone contrasts with the bright tints of the grass and the sombre shadows of some fine cedars, is one of the most lovely that I know. But, after all, the spire is the chief glory of the cathedral, whether we view it from afar, gray in the distance, over the wide downs of Salisbury Plain, or see it rising high above trees and houses from the grassy meadows that edge this southern Avon; or, as is best, contemplate it as the crown of the view which I have already named. A little more than four hundred feet in height, it is far the loftiest in Britain. Evidently it formed part of the original plan, for the first story is Early English in style; though the two upper and the spire date from the reign of Edward III. Owing to a settlement in the two western piers, it leans slightly, a plumb-line dropped from the base of the nave deviating twenty-three inches from the true position. Every precaution, however, has been taken to preserve this noble structure from the fate of Chichester.

The restorer Wyatt was let loose on Salisbury, and, as usual, did more mischief than all the iconoclasts who had preceded him. To quote the words of Mr. King, in his excellent guide-book to the English cathedrals: "He swept away screens, chapels, and porches; desecrated and destroyed the tombs of warriors and prelates; obliterated ancient paintings; flung stained glass by cart-loads into the city ditch, and leveled with the ground the campanile, of the same date as the cathedral itself, which stood on the north side of the churchyard. Such were the operations which our forefathers pronounced tasteful, effective, and judicious!" Among the tombs which have escaped the destroyer's hands is one which has a special and more than usually sad interest, the monument of the Boy Bishop. It was the custom at some of the cathedrals for the chorister-boys to elect one of their number to this office on St. Nicholas's day (December 6th), and he remained in possession of the dignity till after Innocents' day. He wore the mitre and the rest of the episcopal attire, carried the pastoral staff, and

read the holy office. The little fellow whose monument is here preserved must have died during his brief tenure of this high dignity.

The church-towers of the west country are famous among those of England for combined grandeur and richness; and it would not be easy to find among them a finer

Porch of Gloucester Cathedral.

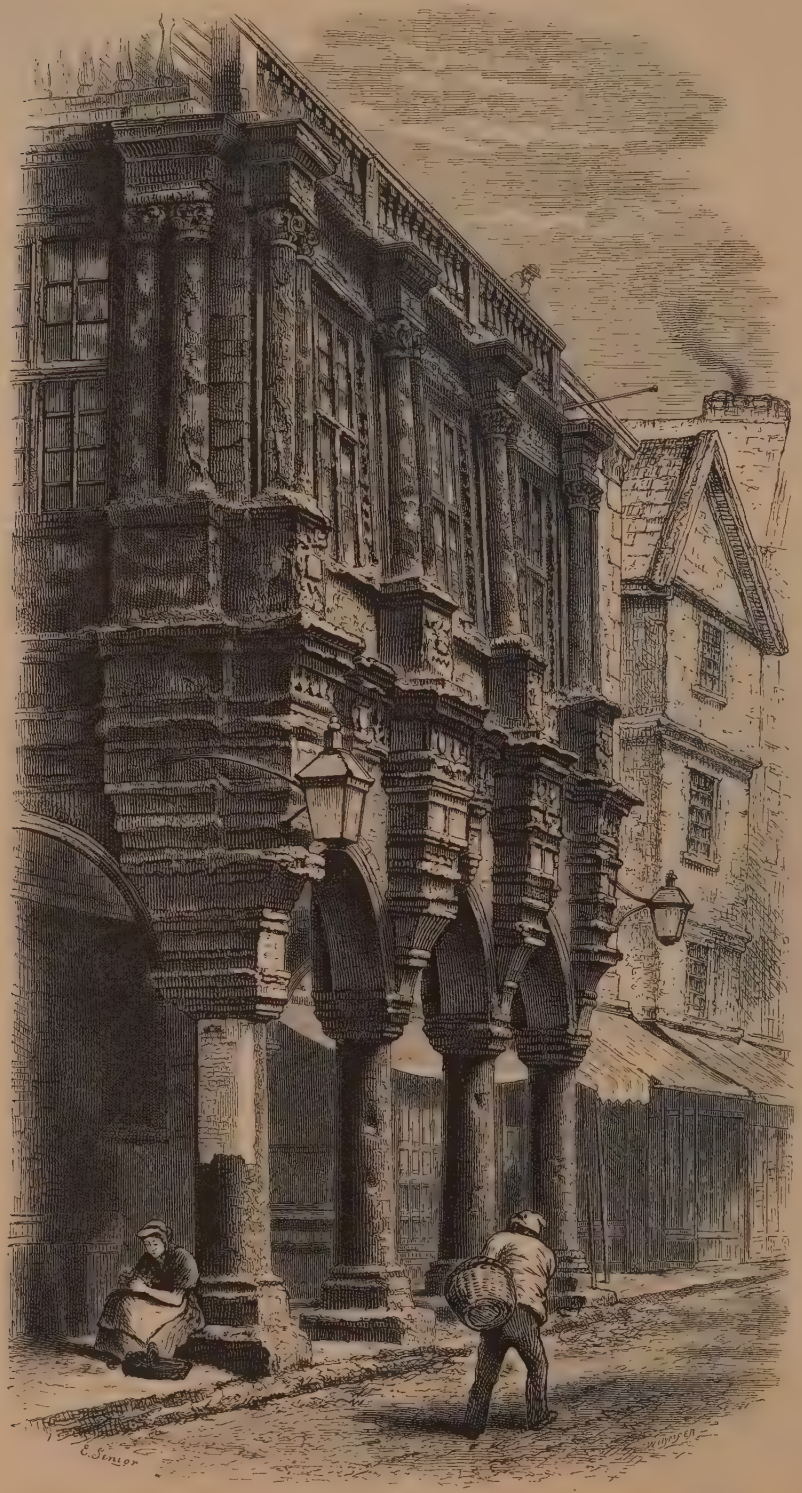
example than that of Gloucester. Faults of detail may no doubt be discovered in it, and in other parts of the building, as in almost all fifteenth-century work; but the effect, as it rises high above the valley of the Severn, must be admitted to be extremely grand. The battlements and the lofty pinnacles are constructed of open stone-work, which

gives a peculiarly light and elegant finish to the richly-decorated structure. The style is Perpendicular, to which, or to the Norman, the greater part of the cathedral (once attached to a Benedictine monastery) belongs. In early days it suffered much from fire; the first (Saxon) church was totally destroyed. Its successor, completed in the year 1100, was greatly injured only two years later, and still more twenty years after this; twice again it suffered before the close of the century. The effects of these, it is said, may be seen in the discoloration and partial calcination of some of the stones; and of course they necessitated important restorations. Prosperous days began with the entombment of Edward II., who straightway became a sort of local saint—a character with which he was not much credited during life—and attracted a great crowd of devotees. Their offerings supplied the means of carrying out important works in the abbey, commencing with the south transept, and concluding with the Lady Chapel, which was not completed till almost the close of the fifteenth century; the tower being finished about twenty-five years before. The cathedral, notwithstanding the long siege of Gloucester, suffered less than many during the Civil War, and has since escaped fairly well from the hands of restorers, little having been done till the middle of the present century was passed, since which time a more conservative spirit has prevailed among architects.

The greater part of the interior of the nave is Norman work, and the pillars, circular in form, are remarkable for their unusual height. The effect of this is very grand, but the necessary diminution of the triforium and clerestory is less satisfactory. The west front, however, in which is a very large window, with the two adjoining bays, is Perpendicular, having been rebuilt about the year 1430. To the same date belongs the rich southern porch, and which, both in style and position, reminds us of that at Canterbury, a work of nearly the same age. The transepts and choir still retain much of the old Norman work, especially in the lower part; but this is to a considerable extent masked by a sort of veil—not a casing, as at Winchester—of Perpendicular tracery. The east window is the largest in England, and the choir vaulting is singularly rich and intricate in pattern. Among the monuments, two deserve much more than a passing notice—one is that of the unfortunate Edward II., a highly-finished piece of rather late Decorated work, consisting of an altar-tomb supporting a recumbent figure, and covered, like a shrine, with an extremely rich canopy of tabernacle-work. The other is that of Robert Courtehose, eldest son of William I., whose fate was hardly less unhappy. This is an altar-tomb with a recumbent cross-legged figure, the whole being made of Irish oak; the monument, however, does not belong to a very early period, for good judges assert that it cannot possibly be older than the reign of Henry II. During the Civil War it was broken up, but the pieces were bought and preserved by one Sir Humphrey Stanway, and again put together after the Restoration.

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL, AND WYE BRIDGE.

The cloisters of Gloucester are among the most beautiful, perhaps the most beautiful, in England, the roof being the earliest and one of the richest existing examples of the fan-vault. According to Professor Willis, this style of vaulting is peculiar to England, and he suggests that it may have been originated by the school of masons employed in this cathedral. The style is Early Perpendicular, the building dating from the latter part of the fourteenth century. "In the south walk are the 'carols'—places for writing or study—twenty in number, formed by a series of arches running below the main windows. In each 'carol' is a small and graceful window of two lights. In the north walk are the lavatories projecting into the cloister-garth; these are very perfect. Under the window is a long trough or basin into which the water flowed. The roof is groined. Opposite, in the wall of the cloister, is the recess for towels." Ablutions here during a hard frost on a January morning must have been such a chilly business that one could not wonder if the monks were not enthusiastic hydropathists.



Town Hall, Exeter.

Exeter possesses a cathedral with one of the richest western façades in England, and many beautiful gems of detail. We give, here, however, its Town Hall, a building of the early part of the last century. Though it is not without a certain sturdy and almost picturesque dignity, it excellently illustrates, when contrasted with these other gems of mediæval art, the state of feeling of an age which called Durham Cathedral "a gloomy pile," considered that the "external appearance of an old cathedral cannot but be displeasing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety and proportion," but thought that the Assembly-room at Scarborough "might be converted into an elegant place of worship."

Among the smaller cathedrals, few, notwithstanding all it has suffered, are more beautiful, and none more interesting, than Hereford. No one can fail to be struck by the fine Perpendicular northwestern porch with its upper chamber; the Cantilupe transept with its curious straight window-mouldings, a grand work of the latter part of the thirteenth century; or the Lady Chapel, still a most graceful Early English structure, though it has been overmuch restored. But, perhaps, the most characteristic feature of the cathedral is the central tower, an excellent example of rather Early Decorated architecture, completed about the year 1320. Notwithstanding the unsatisfactory (modern) battlements and pinnacles, the free use of the "wallflower" ornament, so largely employed at that time in this district, gives a wonderful richness to this otherwise very massive structure. The interior, also, is very curious; the bell-chamber, with the inner walls resting upon a sort of open grating of stone, designed, doubtless, to diminish the pressure on the piers, was once a western tower, but its fall or dilapidation caused Wyatt to be summoned, who almost ruined the fine Norman nave; the western bays of the choir show what we have lost. Not the least beautiful feature in the cathedral is the glimpse from the choir through a rich late Norman arch into the Lady Chapel. The reredos and fine metal screen are good examples of modern work; and the visitor will linger long, though we cannot, over the many beautiful shrines and tombs; the quaint Mappa Mundi decorated with "anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;" the old chapter library, with the books yet chained to the shelves, and the like. The best general look of the cathedral is, undoubtedly, that from the doorway of the Deanery on the northeast. The most picturesque is, on the whole, that from the river-side, where the north tower rises above the old bridge, and the gables and trees of the Bishop's Palace. When the fine western tower was also standing, this must have been a noble group. Now it is somewhat marred by the mean gable of Wyatt's façade.

Lincoln stands on a commanding knoll above the plain of Witham, even more proudly than Ely on its isle—a cathedral scarcely yielding to Durham in the grandeur of its site, perhaps almost surpassing it in the splendor of its design. Three noble towers, among the loftiest in Britain, crown the whole building; two rising immediately

behind, though not forming a part of, the western façade; the other, which overtops both that of Canterbury and that of Durham, standing in the usual central position. Far and wide over the plain this grand group of towers is seen; they rise before the traveler as he mounts the steep street which winds upward through the ancient city till he views them from near in the precincts of the close itself. The western front is of singular grandeur, and of rather unusual design—a very large portion of it being

Lincoln, from Canwick Hill.

constructively nothing more than an extremely rich blank wall. The central part is formed by the façade of the old Norman cathedral, with the usual Perpendicular alterations. This façade has been very dexterously incorporated into a vast mass of masonry, which is bounded by corner pinnacles, and has its sky-line broken by a central gable, but is practically unpierced, except by two small doorways, one on each side, with circular windows above. The inevitable flatness of this design is relieved by covering the whole façade with rows of lancet-arches. The effect thus produced is exceedingly rich, but the design, we think, is open to question. A blank wall it

remains, after all, and that is a feature more adapted to the genius of the Classic than of the Gothic art. The one virtually lets it alone, as at the theatre of Orange,

Cloisters at Lincoln.

and so produces a sense of vastness almost overpowering; the latter seems to be uncomfortably conscious of an incongruity which it seeks to hide beneath a veil of

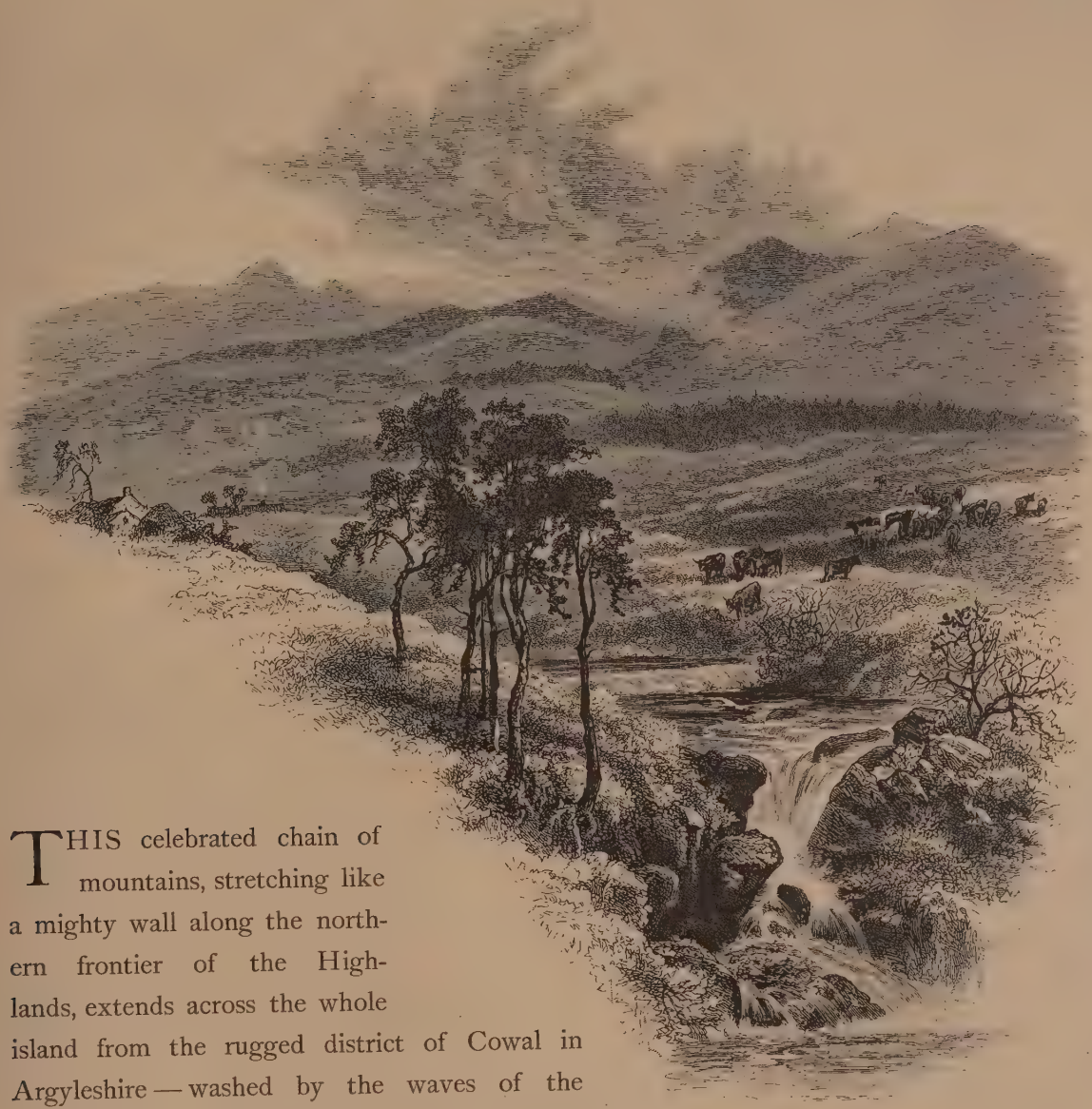
sculptured stone-work. The nave of Lincoln, which dates from the early part of the thirteenth century, is of considerable beauty, though the wide spacing of its piers and their want of solidity have been censured; there is also a curious twist in the axis of the building near the west end, which is supposed to have been caused by the retention of the old Norman façade, probably from motives of economy, after the design for the rebuilding of the nave had been nearly carried out.

The more eastern part of the church is enriched with double transepts, and belongs to the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century. The central tower recalls in its lower stage the memory of Bishop Grostête, one of the "morning stars of the Reformation;" the upper part being of rather later date. In it hangs the famous Great Tom, the third largest bell in England—notable as being the only one which is occasionally swung. The beautiful Galilee porch, and that to the presbytery on the southeast side, the noble chapter-house, and the various views of the choir, will all in their turn attract the visitor.

Castle Gate, Lincoln.

Balmoral Castle.

THE GRAMPIAN MOUNTAINS.



The Grampians.

THIS celebrated chain of mountains, stretching like a mighty wall along the northern frontier of the Highlands, extends across the whole island from the rugged district of Cowal in Argyleshire — washed by the waves of the Atlantic — to Aberdeenshire, on the German Ocean, and then, forming another ridge in a northwesterly direction, reaches to the county of Moray and the borders of Inverness. Their general height is from fourteen hundred to thirty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea; but some peaks there are—such as Bramore and Burlowers—which are more than thirty-nine hundred and four thousand feet respectively. The southern front of these mountains—the backbone of Scotland—has in many places a gradual and pleasant slope into a champaign country of great extent, of much fertility, and extreme rural beauty;

and, notwithstanding the formidable aspect of the mountains themselves, with their coverings of dark-brown heath and rugged masses of black or gray rock, they are intersected in a thousand directions by rivers and brooks of all sizes and of the most pure and limpid water, that in some places come rolling in foam and fury over beds of stone, in others glide peacefully among the richest pastures, sheltered by woods of the solemn pine or the graceful silver birch, fringing lakes that are second to none in the world for sylvan, but in some instances stern and gloomy, surroundings.

These mountains collectively are supposed to derive their name from the Mons Grampius of Agricola, who, according to Tacitus, in the year 84, encountered near Ardoch (with the Roman army, consisting of eight thousand infantry, three thousand cavalry, and eighteen thousand legionaries and auxiliaries) the Caledonian host led by Galgach, and was so severely handled that he fell back to winter-quarters in the woody peninsula now called Fife. A district so varied in feature as the Grampians cannot be described with even proximate accuracy, except in a detailed view of its parts.

The valleys which exhibit such a variety of natural beauty form a contrast with the rugged nature of the mountains that overhang them. In the deeper defiles the rivers struggle to force a downward passage, and in some places the opposite hills approach so near that the waters, bearing with them trees, and even rocks, rush with incredible force and deafening roar in proportion to the height of the fall and width of the openings. The latter are usually called passes, beyond which no foreign foe and no armed force ever penetrated, till General Wade peacefully opened up the *terra incognita* that lay beyond by the shovel and pickaxe, when he made the Highland roads in 1724. The most famous of these passes are those of Lennie, Aberfoil, Glenshu, and Killicrankie, beyond which the Hessian division in the Jacobite war flatly refused to march, as the scenery is so stupendous and gloomy that the soldiers averred the end of the world must be within it.

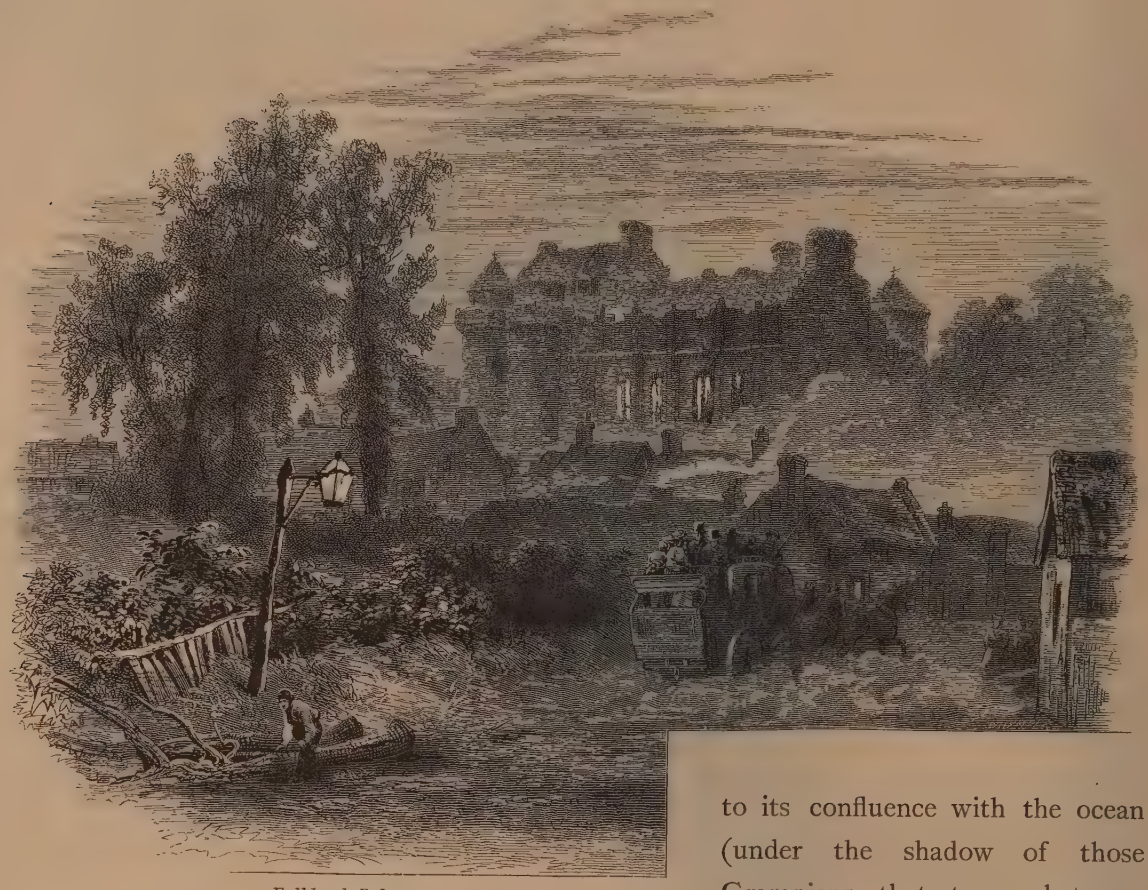
But, beyond this, plains of various extent appear, filled with villages and cultivated fields in some places; in others, howling deserts alone meet the eye, where the farms and hamlets have been swept away, the people expelled, to be replaced by deer and other game. The northern side of the Grampians is more rugged in its appearance than the southern, and the enormous mountain-masses are seen piled over each other in awful magnificence, and often with their dark summits hidden in gray mists or the lower ranges of cloudy vapor. Lead, iron, and sometimes silver, are found among the volcanic rocks; and precious stones and crystals of all colors are found in the Cairngorm group.

The range whose highest summit-line forms the western and northern boundary of Angus, while quite continuous and of uniform appearance, and specially entitled to be known by a distinctive name, is probably, in spite of its local appellation of the "Binchinnan Mountains," with their terrific precipices, more frequently grouped, in

STONEBYRES FALLS, ON THE CLYDE, NEAR LANARK.

popular speech, under the name of Grampians than any other part of the Highland border. None of the summits here are so majestic as those of Perthshire, nor are they covered with such green herbage as those which form the screens of Glenlyon and some other of the more southern valleys of these mighty Grampians, on both sides of which lie most of the scenes referred to in this article.

In the one hundred and ten miles of its course, from where it runs near Elvonfast



Falkland Palace.

to its confluence with the ocean (under the shadow of those Grampians, that tower between Cowal and Lochfyur), the Clyde has many beautiful cascades. To that at Stonebyres, the first of them in approaching the river from the west, we come by a path laid out by the well-known Robert Owen, at a point where the banks of the river become more than usually rugged, precipitous, and confined. After leaving the deep chasm of Bonnington Linn, the stream, which by that time has expanded to a broad and noble river, after a rapid run of a few miles, comes to its last fall, that of Stonebyres, below which it enters on that series of fine alluvial plains which terminate at Bothwell Bridge. Stonebyres Linn is eighty feet in height, and, the river being broken by two projecting rocks, forms three distinct falls, where a singular spectacle is afforded at times by the unavailing efforts of the salmon, during the spawning-season, to surmount these obstacles to their upward progress.

It takes its name from the estate of Stonebyres, belonging to the ancient family of Weir, and at this point the Clyde is confined between precipitous rocks, fringed with overhanging coppice and straggling trees. The Falls of Clyde are celebrated in Scottish song, and it is supposed that, in a space of about six miles, the river descends two hundred and thirty feet, and that the valley of the river above these falls is about four hundred feet above the level of the sea. A mile from Stonebyres it is crossed by an ancient bridge of three arches. The whole valley of the Clyde is famous for its fertility and the richness of its orchards. A single pear-tree has been known to yield sixty sleeks of fruit, at fifty pounds per sleek—a weight of sixty pounds; and there are now pear-trees at Milton-Lochart fully three hundred years old—one Longueville tree is supposed to have been in full bearing before the days of the Spanish Armada.

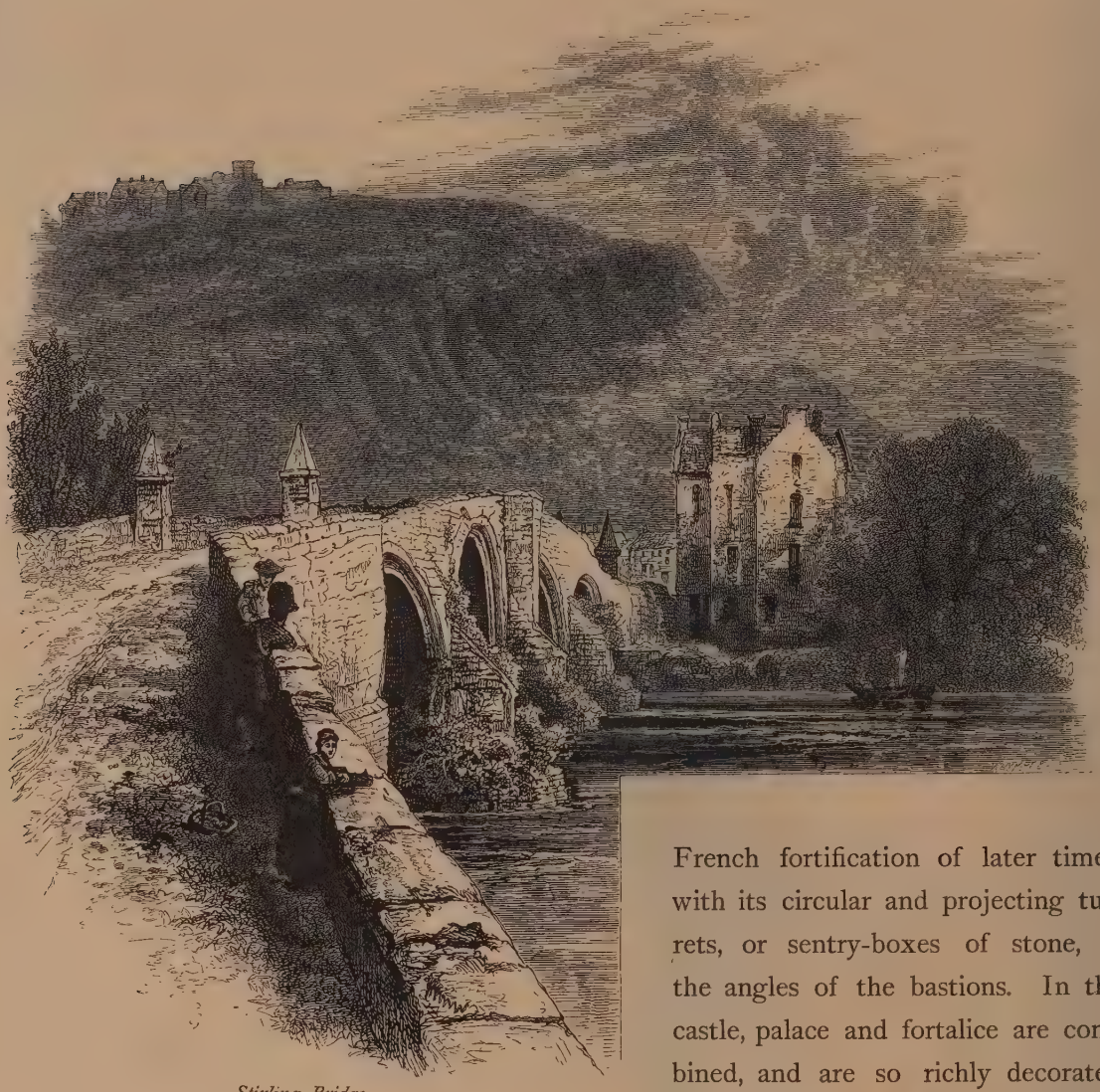
The beauty of the Falls of Clyde has excited the muse of Bowring, and that of Wordsworth, a greater name in English poetry, whose stanzas on the subject have considerable beauty in them.

Before proceeding through the fertile carse of Stirling, no tourist or artist would willingly omit to visit the ancient palace of Falkland, which has long since been deserted by its royal inmates, and become the mansion of a gentleman named Bruce. It lies near the base of the East Lomond hill, in Fifeshire, and the view from its southern parapet is one of great beauty. On one hand, the two Lomonds spread out their green sides, and point their conical summits to the sky; on the other, the fertile strath through which the blue Eden winds, and the vast extent of the mighty vale, named the Howe of Fife, lie open from Strathniglo, from where the spires of Cupar cut the sky, while all around the palace are the new woods with which the late proprietors have sought to make up for the spoliation made of the stately chase in which the Scottish kings were wont to hunt of old, and under which Anne of Denmark is said to have hunted with "the bonnie Earl of Gowrie."

In its architectural details the palace resembles the oldest portion of Holyrood, but is much more ornate. Engrafted by James III. and James IV. on the remains of that ancient castle where the Earls of Fife resided in the middle ages, when the royal Duke of Rotheroy was so barbarously murdered by his uncle, Albany, and Ramarnie of that ilk, it became the favorite residence of the good and gallant James IV., and in one of its chambers he died of a broken heart on hearing of the rout at Solway in 1542. Eastward of this beautiful little palace there is a large plain, amid the greenness of which a little knoll rises here and there above the level. This consisted of a morass which has been well drained, exhibiting the remains of what was once the Rose Loch, of which the knolls were islets; and some are yet surviving who can remember when they shot wild-ducks on this garden-lake of the princely Stuart kings.

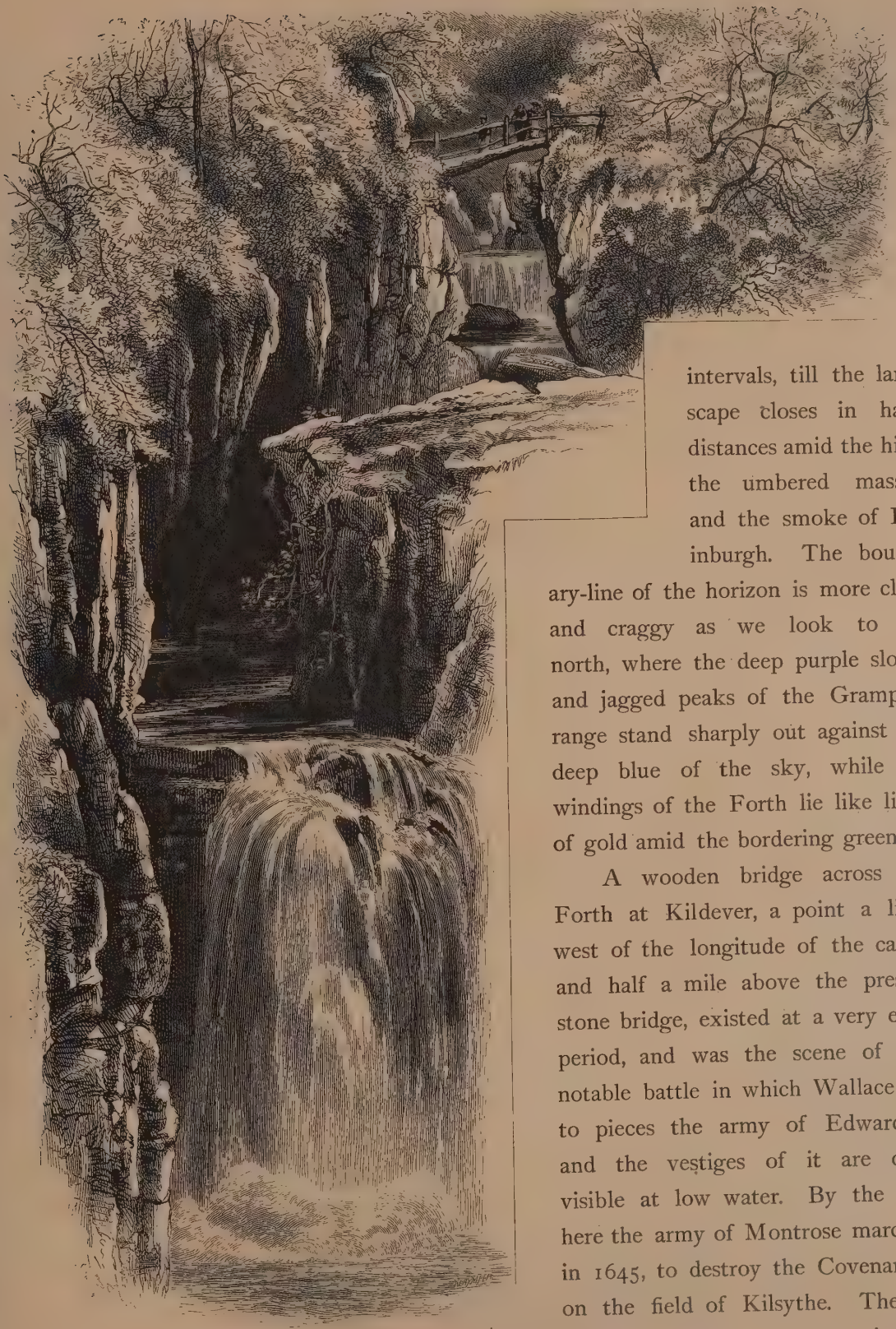
By an ancient bridge of four ribbed arches, which has high parapets, and rises to an apex in its centre, and is of unknown antiquity, we could alone, until recent years,

cross the river Forth under the shadow of the quaint and boldly picturesque town and castle of Stirling, which rise on a high ridge ending in a bold bluff, like old Edinburgh, the former having stint streets, queer old turreted and cross-tipped houses, and the latter presenting round, square, and clustered towers, of various ages of antiquity, from their Roman basements to the palatial dwellings of the Stuart kings, and the Scoto-



Stirling Bridge.

French fortification of later times, with its circular and projecting turrets, or sentry-boxes of stone, at the angles of the bastions. In the castle, palace and fortalice are combined, and are so richly decorated with statues, mouldings, and other florid architectural monuments, as to remind the traveler of majestic Heidelberg; and from whatever point of view he proceeds beyond the old bridge, so renowned in story and in song, he passes only steep crags and wooded eminences, that look down on the arena of some of the most famous battles of Scottish history. When we look from Stirling, when the sun is rising, we see him shine over undulating groves and rich fields—on stately mansions amid beautiful pleasure-grounds—the winding Forth gradually expanding into a vast estuary, with towns, villages, and spires, occurring at



Bracklinn Bridge.

intervals, till the landscape closes in hazy distances amid the hills, the umbered masses, and the smoke of Edinburgh. The boundary-line of the horizon is more close and craggy as we look to the north, where the deep purple slopes and jagged peaks of the Grampian range stand sharply out against the deep blue of the sky, while the windings of the Forth lie like links of gold amid the bordering greenery.

A wooden bridge across the Forth at Kildever, a point a little west of the longitude of the castle, and half a mile above the present stone bridge, existed at a very early period, and was the scene of that notable battle in which Wallace cut to pieces the army of Edward I., and the vestiges of it are daily visible at low water. By the ford here the army of Montrose marched, in 1645, to destroy the Covenanters on the field of Kilsythe. The old stone bridge first figures prominently

in history during 1571, when Hamilton, the Archbishop of St. Andrew, was so barbarously murdered by being hanged over it by the faction of King James, under the regent, Earl of Lennox, who was slain in the adjacent streets soon after. It formerly had two small flanking towers near the west or Stirling end, and two similar towers near the east end, two low towers in the centre, and two gates, connected respectively with the towers at each end. Two silver keys, each about seven inches long, and of the ordinary form, belonged to these gates, and were always presented to the king, or any member of the royal family who passed through Stirling, in the tower-house of which they are still preserved. In 1745 the south arch of the bridge was destroyed by General Blakeney, commanding in Stirling Castle, with the double view of preventing recruits from the north joining the little army of Prince Charles Edward, and that any deserters from it might be cut off in their retreat.

Hence, when, in the February of the following year, Cumberland marched his overwhelming force in pursuit of the retreating Jacobite clans, he had to halt at Stirling till the place of the deficient arch was sufficiently repaired by logs to admit of being passed by his guns and cavalry, and it was mainly in consequence of this detention that he failed to come up with them sooner; otherwise the battle, which is still execrated for the murder of all wounded and prisoners, might have been fought elsewhere than on the moor of Culloden.

"The port-battery of Stirling Castle," says a writer, "commands in all its amplitude and gorgeousness the surprisingly brilliant panorama from Ben Lomond, Benvenue, Ben Ledi, Ben Voirlich, through the Trossachs, the vales of the Forth, the Firth, and the Allon, the plains of Lennox and the opulent Lothians, to the clearly-seen heights of the Scottish metropolis."

In progressing westward the tourist, on reaching the western branch of the Keltie-burn, in the Perthshire village of Callender, about ten miles from Stirling, comes upon the Falls of Bracklinn, or rather a series of short falls and deep, dark linns. The Keltie rises at the base of the hill named Stericachroin, and flows through a wild and savage glen, between Brockland and Auchinlaich, and falls into the Teith a mile and a half below Callender. These falls are seen to the most advantage from a narrow Alpine or rustic bridge, of only three feet in breadth, which rests upon two projecting rocks, and which seems to hang suspended, at the height of more than fifty feet above the white, foaming pool—as *Brae-linn* literally implies—into which the tumultuous Keltie precipitates itself over jagged masses of rock with a thundering and ceaseless roar. Many are reluctant to venture on this bridge; but a visitor here should always note the magnificent view from the angle of the larch-forest, eastward of Callender, when passing from the village to the falls.

There is in Ireland a place of the same name, on the borders of Meath and Westmeath, but there it is applied to a large morass. Renowned in song and story,

BEN LOMOND AND INVERUGLAS ISLE.

this great mountain rises, on the eastern shore of the lake of the same name, to the altitude of thirty-three hundred and sixty-two feet. That vast sheet of water, with its many isles, including that of Inveruglas, opposite Inversnaid, a fort built to overawe the MacGregors, when viewed from Ben Lomond, seems to lie at our feet. In the distance the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow can be seen sparkling in the sunshine. We look down even on the vale of the Clyde, with all its towers and villages; in that direction even the distant Atlantic and the dim blue coast of Ireland are visible; while to the north the prospect is grandly sublime, Alp piled on Alp, dark Ben Cruachan towering above Ben Voirlich and all his brethren, with snow-clad Ben Nevis rearing his loftier head in the greater distance.

The northern side of Ben Lomond is simply terrific! There the mighty mass, which from other points appears an irregular cone, suddenly becomes a crater, with one side torn off, leaving a stupendous precipice two thousand feet in height. On the brink of this the tourist recoils with terror. We are in a region of clouds, which can be seen floating midway down below. The effect of a rainbow here is marvelous; and when the forked or sheet lightning is flashing far beneath us, and the thunder reverberating from peak to peak, the awful majesty of the scene is immeasurably heightened. "But this cannot be felt unless you are *alone*," says Stoddart; "a single insulated being carrying his view over these inanimate masses seems to feel himself attached to them, as it were, by a new bond."

On the western side of the mountain, at Craigrostan, is a cavern, to which tradition assigns the honor of sheltering King Robert the Bruce, after his defeat by MacDougal at Daby, when the "Brooch of Larn" was lost. Here, it is said, he passed the night, surrounded by a flock of wild-goats, in memory of which he afterward made a law that all goats should be exempted from grass-mail or rent. Next day he came to the Laird of Buchanan, who conducted him to the castle of the Earl of Lennox, by whom he was sheltered for a time. Craigrostan, in the beginning of the last century, was the property of the famous Rob Roy, who was the second son of Lieutenant-Colonel MacGregor, of the family of Glengyle; and north of it is another cave, in which he occasionally found shelter. His wife, Helen Mary, also a MacGregor, was born in the house of Cromar, on the northern side of Ben Lomond, but no traces of it now remain.

By a narrow pass, where the rocks are of a height so vast, and in some places so impending, that they seem to threaten to bury us—the once formidable Pass of the Trossachs—we approach that singularly beautiful sheet of water, the charms of which were unknown beyond the Highland frontier till the publication of "The Lady of the Lake," Loch Katrine, as it opened before the eye of Scott's imaginary hero Fitz-James.

In advancing onward the view of the lake is lost for a few minutes, but at a turn of the wooded path it opens again, with a grandeur that increases, and Ellen's Isle, a mass of the greenest foliage in summer, immediately arrests the attention. This was

SILVER STRAND, LOCH KATRINE.

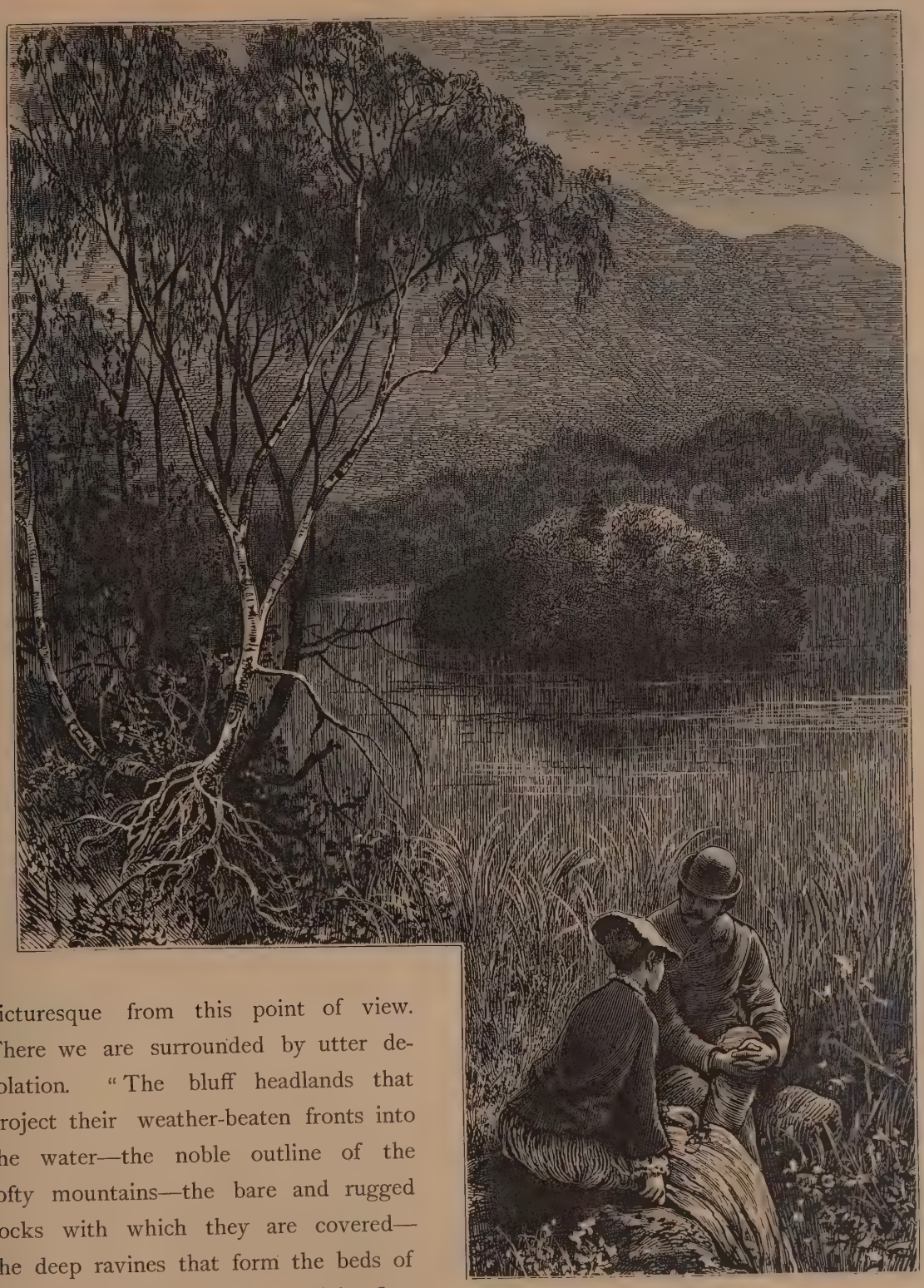
the "islet rock" whence, according to the poem, the Knight of Snowdon's bugle-horn brought Ellen's skiff to the Silver Strand, "the beach of pebbles white as snow"—the same isle to which the women of the clan Gregor fled to escape Cromwell's soldiers, one of whom perished exactly in the manner Scott describes the Lowlander as dying by the hand of "Duncraggan's widowed dame:"

"One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw,
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north through middle air
Ben-An heaved high his forehead bare."

Whether we continue to explore the northern side of this magnificent Perthshire loch, or by boat embark upon its surface, fresh beauties delight the eye. Now we behold bluff promontories, where rocks of singular blackness dip down into unfathomed water, and anon deep bays with their "silver strands," covered with sandy gravel bleached to snowy whiteness by the waves of ages. On every side rise rugged and stupendous cliffs, covered with timber of every kind, that seems to take root, not in the earth, but in the living rock. Their branches are ever filled by the melody of birds by day, and by day and night every cavern and crevice gives back its echo; while from far up the receding glens come the bleating of sheep, the cry of the mountain shepherd, and the barking of his dogs.

"The eagle at one time might be seen sitting in lonely majesty on some lofty rock, or sailing slowly through the air; but he is now banished from the district; the heron, however, stalks among the reeds in search of his prey, and the wild-duck may frequently be seen gamboling on the water or diving beneath its surface."

The only carriage-road to Loch Katrine (a name derived from the Gaelic *Kettarin*, "wild or savage") is by Callender, though pedestrians frequently come to it by the old fort of Inversnaid, and approach by the western extremity. The first sight of the lake, by this route, we obtain at a place called Colbar and sometimes the Garrow of Stronalachar; but, though there is a rude grandeur about it, the sheet of water is less



Ellen's Isle.

picturesque from this point of view. There we are surrounded by utter desolation. "The bluff headlands that project their weather-beaten fronts into the water—the noble outline of the lofty mountains—the bare and rugged rocks with which they are covered—the deep ravines that form the beds of the innumerable streams which flow down their sides—this heath-covered ruin that intervenes—the contrasted stillness and purity of the transparent lake—make us feel that it is altogether highly characteristic Highland scenery."

At this end of Loch Katrine we are in what is called "the country of the MacGregors," and it was here that, when in arms under Rob Roy, they often sought refuge from the Government troops and the oppression of their more powerful and crafty neighbors. Here, on an island in 1788, Rob Roy held prisoner for a time his enemy the Laird of Killearn, for grossly insulting his wife during his absence. Glengyle, a lonely tract of country among the hills, at the upper extremity of the loch, belonged to a family of the MacGregors, who, while their name was prohibited, changed it to Graham, but have resumed it since.

In this district rises Benvenue. This is the highest mountain which overlooks Loch Katrine at the southern shore near its east end, yet its name signifies "the Snow-Hill," and was thus applied, though its height is three thousand and nine feet, in comparison with the loftier Benledi and Ben Lomond. On its northern side this mountain, perhaps one of the most picturesque in Britain, presents those enormous masses of rocks, which appear to have been torn from its summit by some mighty convulsion of Nature, and hurled in ruin upon the slopes below. At one time it was covered for two-thirds of its height by ancient mountain-ashes, by alders and lovely drooping acacia-like silver-birches, all of which were barbarously cut down about 1825, "a lamentable outrage on the scenery of this fairy and classic region."

It is at the base of Benvenue that we find the *Coirnan-Uriskin*, or "Cave of the Goblins," where it overhangs the lake in a solemn and impressive manner. It has been described as "a deep, circular amphitheatre or hollow in the mountain, about six hundred yards in diameter at the top, hut narrowing at the bottom, and surrounded on all sides by impending rocks overshadowed by birch-trees, which render it impenetrable to the rays of the sun. On the south and west it is bounded by the precipitous shoulder of the mountain to the height of five hundred feet; and toward the east the rock appears to have tumbled down, strewing the whole slope with immense fragments, which give shelter to foxes, wild-cats, and badgers.

The Urisks, or goblins, to whom this *coir* or hollow belonged, were supposed to be scattered over the whole Highlands; but there they met at stated times. According to Dr. Graham, they were a species of lubber-fiends, who, like the Lowland Brownies, attached themselves to a family and performed much household drudgery unseen in the night. In English this muster-place means "the den of wild or shaggy men," and these are conjectured to have been originally something more than usually ferocious outlaws; "but," says Sir Walter Scott, "tradition has ascribed to the Urisks a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr."

Farther up the mountain is *Bealach nam Bo*, or the "Pass of Cattle." It is a beautiful glade, overshadowed by the light, quivering foliage of the silver-birches, "and the whole," says Scott, "composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination

BENVENUE.

can conceive." It leads into the district on the south side of Loch Katrine, and appears to have been formed by the partial separation of this side of the mountain from the rest.

Though situated geographically in Stirlingshire, Ben Lomond looks down on most of the scenes we have been describing. Indeed, it is visible from Edinburgh, sixty miles distant.

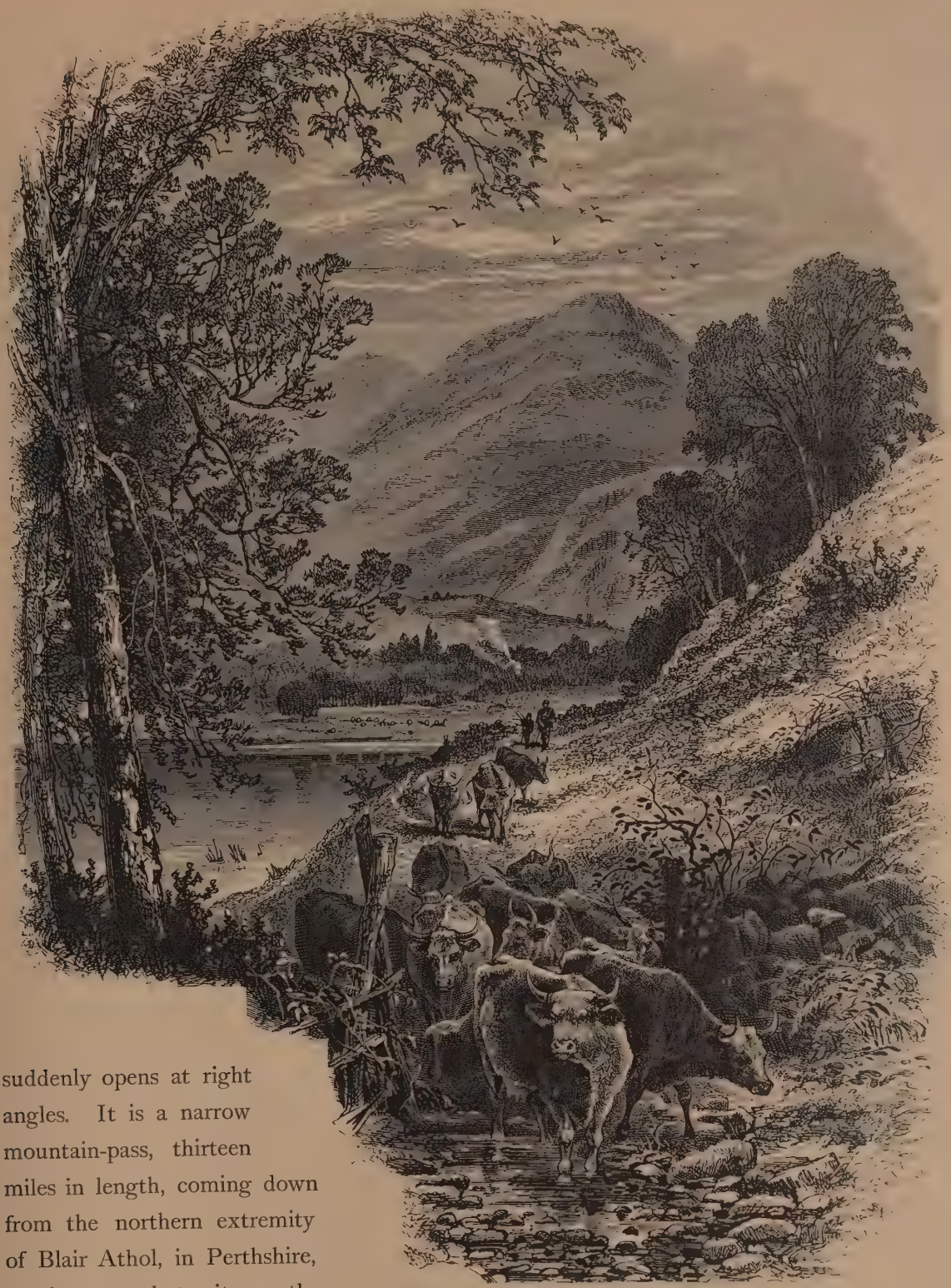
The road that leads us from the head of Loch Lomond into Strathfillan, in Perthshire, passes through this valley, the sylvan beauty of which is very remarkable in its degree. It is watered throughout its length by the small river Falloch, which is famous for its trout and pike fishing, and which rises on the northeast side of Ben Chroan. Its entire length of course is only about ten miles, but its motion throughout is brawling and garrulous. From Coilater-Mhor downward, it flows along a romantic glen, overlooked by high mountains, the lower acclivities of which, for some way, as well as up the vale of Auld Churn, are clothed with plantations.

On all sides Glenfalloch is surrounded by magnificent scenery. No great historical or warlike event has ever occurred here, and the chief feature in the vale is Glenfalloch House, a seat of the Earl of Breadalbane.

Here and there, with their smoke curling upward amid silver-birches and pine-woods, or the newer plantations of beech and chestnut, may be seen some of those humble Highland dwellings so peculiar to the district. The walls are often rough stones taken from the bed of the nearest stream, and painted with clay or mortar; the cabers that support the thatched roof are the undressed stems of the smaller mountain-pine; the chimney is perhaps nothing better than a herring-barrel inserted in the straw or heather of which the roof is composed, and underneath it the kail-pot hangs on an iron hook, as there is seldom a fireplace. In some instances they are formed without even walls, the cabers being merely fixed in the hillside. They are usually floored with hard-beaten clay, and consist of a *butt* and *ben*, i. e., an inner and outer apartment. In these stand indiscriminately the meal-gimels and square-box beds, which are formed like rude wardrobes, with hinged doors. The seats are usually stools, called "three-legged creepies."

A cow-house, a little garden-patch inclosed by a rugged dry-stone wall, and perhaps a *bught*, or fold, wherein the ewes are inclosed at milking-time, make up the appendages of those humble dwellings wherein have been born and bred a race of men who, in defense of their country in ancient times, were second to none, and before whom, in later wars, the Invincibles of Napoleon bit the dust; but in too many instances now the places whence those gallant ranks were manned have been reduced to desolate solitudes, the abode of the deer and grouse.

We come upon Glentilt, this beautifully-wooded valley, all entrance to which was long debarred to the tourist, as we pass down the vale of the Garry, from which it



Glenfalloch.

suddenly opens at right angles. It is a narrow mountain-pass, thirteen miles in length, coming down from the northern extremity of Blair Athol, in Perthshire, southwestward to its southern extremity at the ducal castle of Blair. At its entrance, or lower end, it is covered with groves and coppice, a portion of the superb demesne of the Duke of Athol.

GLENTILT.

Two miles from the entrance it is spanned by a lofty bridge, from which a magnificent landscape spreads before the eye, especially as it recedes toward the north; and it presents in the aspect of the Tilt, which rolls through it, in many places sheeted with foam, and in that of the huge mountains that overshadow it, a scene of singular beauty and impressive grandeur. About midway up the glen, and on its eastern side, rises the mighty ridge of Ben Gloe, the base of which is thirty-five miles in extent, and the misty summit of which towers over all the adjacent mountain-land. There the eagle builds his eyry in the rocks, while the kestrel has his nest in the hollow trees of the glen below. Fine marble of a pure white, of light gray, and a singularly beautiful green, has lately been quarried in the recesses of Glentilt, which has provoked the geological inquirers and tested the scientific acumen of Playfair and other celebrated philosophers.

This glen is distinguished from all others in the Highlands by its excessive depth, narrowness, and prolongation, and by the extreme boldness and wildness of its upper end, as contrasted with the woody beauty of the lower, where a profusion of the graceful silver-birch springs from crevices in the rocks. The green hills on each side are either richly cultivated or densely wooded. "For some miles along the course of the Tilt," says Macculloch, "the scenery continues equally rich, and still more various; the road passing through dense groves, or skirting the margin of this picturesque stream, or opening into green meadows, where the woods are sometimes seen towering in a continuous sheet to the sky, and at others scattered over the sides of the hills in a thousand intricate forms. Innumerable torrents and cascades fall along their declivities, adding, with numerous bridges which cross them, as much to the beauty of the scene as do the roads which, winding about the hills in various directions, display those traces of animal life, the want of which is so often felt in Highland scenery now."

But seven miles above the village of Blair Athol the glen becomes a bare, bleak valley, bounded by steep and lofty hills, and, lengthening as it goes, seems to the eye "a uniform, deep, straight section of the country—a ditch to guard and separate a world."

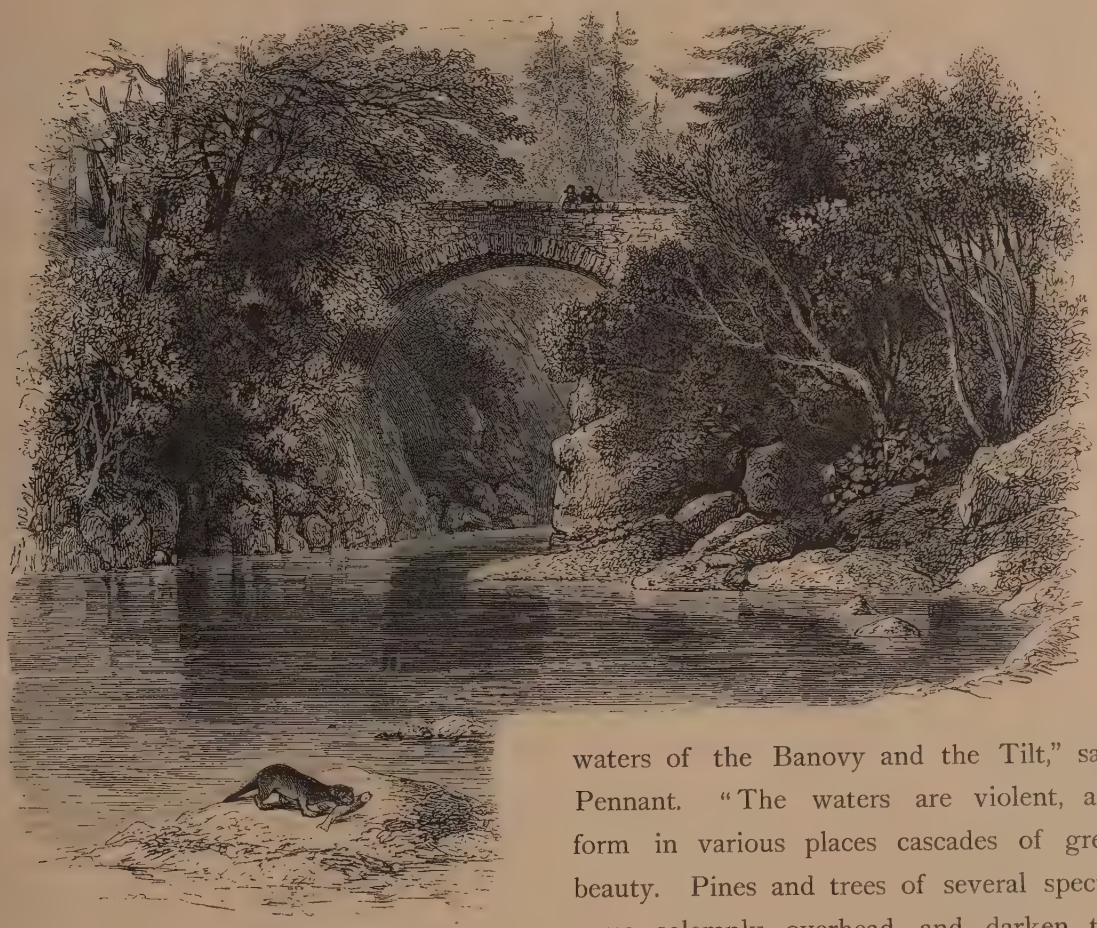
On the summits of the loftier mountains here, such as Benglae and others, the weather has left little more than gravel and stones, covered with moss, but farther down we find heath and the cranberry-plant; in the boggy places the cloud-berry with coarse grass, and vestiges of the ancient Highland plough are seen much higher up than it is to be found in these days, when the glens are depopulated.

On the eastern bank of the Tilt, southeast of Athol House, lies Clach-ghil-Andreas, or "the cemetery of Andrew's disciple;" but the river has only left a small portion of this ancient burial-place. The coffins which are found in it are usually composed of fine flagstones. On the north side of Benglae is Lochainn—i. e., "the river that is calm as a loch," and which flows to meet the Tilt.

NEAR BRAEMAR.

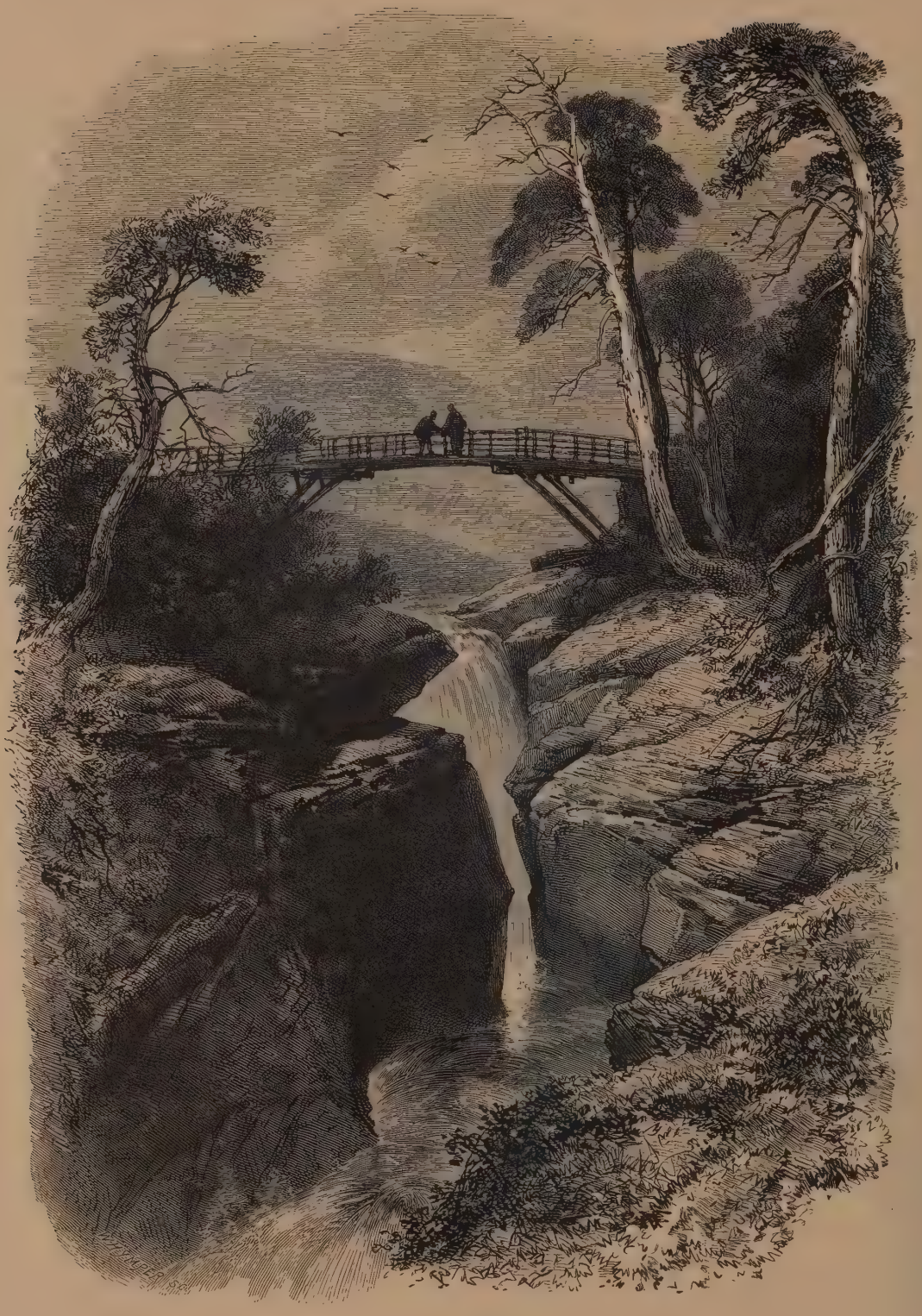
Upon Lochainn are the vestiges of a large mansion, in which John Stewart, Earl of Athol, entertained James V., his mother, Margaret Tudor, and the French embassador, in a sumptuous manner, and which was burned to the ground the moment the king left it. To the east of Athol House there is a deep, dark pool, with a rock in it, and from this adulteresses were, of old, thrown, sewed up in a sack, and drowned.

One of the late Dukes of Athol, "with great judgment, but with great difficulty, cut, or rather blasted out, walks along the vast rocks and precipices that bound the waters of the Banovy and the Tilt," says Pennant. "The waters are violent, and form in various places cascades of great beauty. Pines and trees of several species wave solemnly overhead, and darken the romantic scene."



Dunkeld Bridge.

In the very heart of the Grampian range we come upon the district known as Braemar. It is peculiarly Highland, and was long known as a royal forest; and there still the Earl of Fife has immense herds of wild red deer. On the south towers up Lochna-Gar; on the north are the double cones of Ben-na-Buird, while mightier Ben-mac-dhui looms huge and vast to the westward. At the castleton of Braemar are the ruins of an ancient hunting-seat built by Malcolm I. on the summit of a rock called the Clunaidh. There the king had a drawbridge communicating with the opposite bank, and hence the older name of the place was *Cean-an-dischart*, or the Bridge-head.



THE LINN OF DEE.

In this district is also the house of Invercauld, and no place is more characteristically adapted for the residence of a Highland chief. All around are vast forests of silver-birch and sombre firs. Behind the mansion—now so often visited by the royal family—rises Craig Leik; below Lochna-Gar spread the immense pine-forests of Balloch Bay, to the eye a sea of dark cones, amid which the white cascade of Garwal glitters in the sun.

In addition to the natural woods, the chief of the Farquarsons planted, prior to 1801, eighteen million larch and pine; and many of these are now more than a hundred feet in height, and straight as a ship's mast. The military road passes *Cairn-na-cuchinhe*, or the "cairn of remembrance," which was the war-cry of the district; and at that spot, when the Cross of Fire was sent forth, every man had to muster in arms, under pain of death.

Few who go to the district of Blair Athol would omit to visit Dunkeld, on the left bank of the Tay, in the midst of a valley completely surrounded by mountains of considerable height. In the town there are the ruins of a Gothic cathedral, the choir of which has been restored by the Duke of Athol. The river abounds with cascades.

The Dee is ninety miles in length from its source in the front of Crathie to Aberdeen, where it falls into the German Sea, but in all its course by wood and wold the place where its banks are most beautiful is at its confluence with the Geanly, which has its rise in Cairneilar, on the Hill of Eagles, in Perthshire, and there the two rivers become, in force and volume, a formidable stream. We find it bending its course through a rock-channel, after which it forms a deep cascade, or series of falls, known as the Linn of Dee, where it falls into a deep chasm in mica-slate cliffs, over which a rustic bridge is thrown.

Though but an insignificant fall when contrasted with the princely one at Foyers, it gives us a terrible example of the imprisoned powers of the watery element at the Linn, whence the body of any living thing that finds a way into it can never be recovered. "There," says a statist, "the dead white of the foam contrasts strongly with the blackness of the turbulent caldrons and the still blacker recesses of the caverns under the rocks, which an occasional commotion of the surface, more violent than usual, sometimes exhibits. We recollect in a time of flood the waters had risen above the narrow, broken part of the rocks, and its surface had a wider channel. It darted beneath the banks with the velocity of lightning, smooth and unruffled; but of what description must the working have been beneath! You will gaze into these black, surgy depths till your eyes are fascinated and your head turns giddy."

Around, the scenery is silent, solitary, and grand. Toward the west we can see the shaggy and grisly front of Cairntoul; starting from its side is Braeriach, a vast and sable mass of rock, showing two thousand feet of sheer precipice, which our eyes ache to look upon; beyond it rises Cairngorm (the Hill of Topazes); eastward towers the

arid scalp of Ben Mac-dhui, now known to be the highest mountain in Britain, and, save the whistle of the curlew or the roar of the Dee, no sound stirs the silent air; yet here and there, by the margin of the stream, the country girls may be seen washing, i. e., tramping their clothes, but more generally plaids and blankets, in a tub of foaming soap-suds, or *greath*, as it is called. The custom is thus mentioned by the cottar-lass Jenny, in "The Gentle Shepherd," Act I.:

". . . . See, the sun
Is richt far up, and we've not yet begun
To *freath the greath!* If cankered Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie us a wicked rant."

Highland Washing.

OXFORD.

The Hall of Oriel.

THERE are no cities in Europe which very closely resemble Oxford and Cambridge. Other universities have been as famous in their day, and have attracted even a greater crowd of scholars; but the collegiate system, which rapidly developed itself in England, and to which the present appearance of Oxford and Cambridge is mainly due, was never adopted to anything like the same extent elsewhere. Paris, Louvain, Salamanca, Bologna, possessed great and important buildings connected with their universities; but there were few distinct colleges. The students, as in the early

days of Oxford, lived scattered in the town; and the town gradually outgrew the university in extent and distinction. In the English universities the number, the architectural importance, and the size of the colleges, have eclipsed the pretensions of the older towns; for both Oxford and Cambridge were towns with a history of their own long before the universities were founded in them. At Oxford the earliest college was Merton, founded by and named after Walter of Merton, in 1274, in which year the founder became Bishop of Rochester. The foundation of other colleges soon followed that of Merton, and Oxford gradually assumed the dignity of its present appearance.

The approach to Oxford over Magdalen Bridge, where the view was pronounced by Sir Walter Scott to be "one of the most beautiful in the world;" the scene in the "High" toward sunset, when the sky is flushed with color, and the "stream-like winding of that glorious street" assumes its most striking aspect; and the general view of Oxford from the roofs of the Radcliffe Library, are the prospects which are perhaps most impressive to a stranger, since, besides their great general beauty, they present with distinctness the features which make Oxford to differ so widely from an ordinary English town. The scene from the Radcliffe will never be forgotten if it has once been looked upon early in June, when the spring verdure is fullest and freshest, and towers, spires, battlemented walls, and pinnacled roofs, lift in every direction their masses of gray stone above the clustering foliage. Westward lie the gardens of New College, close within the old wall of the town; and beyond them the walks and the park of Magdalen, whose noble tower, one hundred and forty-five feet high, rises close to the bridge which crosses the Cherwell. Magdalen is still, as it was pronounced by James I., "the most *absolute* thing in Oxford," and its beauty and perfection are still unrivaled. Southward are seen the great quadrangles of Christ Church, with the tower of Merton, and the meadows and avenues beyond them. Northward stretch away the parks, with the new Museum, and, nearer at hand, the tree-shaded gardens of Wadham, Trinity, and St. John's; and close below is the quadrangle of the schools and of the Bodleian Library, with the garden of Exeter, and the chestnut which is still known as "Heber's Tree," because its wide-spreading branches shade rooms in the adjoining college of Brasenose, once occupied by the Bishop of Calcutta. The position of Oxford in the angle formed by the junction of the Cherwell and the Isis (as the Thames is here called) is well seen from this point; and the grouped buildings, with their host of historical memories, are enringed by a wide, green landscape, hardly more thick set with wood than the town itself. The extent to which bright lawns and stately trees are intermingled with walls and houses is one of the most striking and most beautiful features of Oxford.

We must descend from our lofty position, however, and make a hasty pilgrimage to some of the most important and picturesque sites in the town—always reminding

our readers that Oxford is not to be read in a day, and that we can but suggest the scenes and the places which are most deserving of study. And first we pass into the High Street by St. Mary's Church, serving as the church of the university; where, on Sundays and festivals, heads of houses and red-robed doctors listen to sermons in due state. Between the years 1834 and 1843, John Henry Newman was Vicar of St. Mary's; and here was preached the long series of his famous and most eloquent

Christ Church, from Merton Meadow.

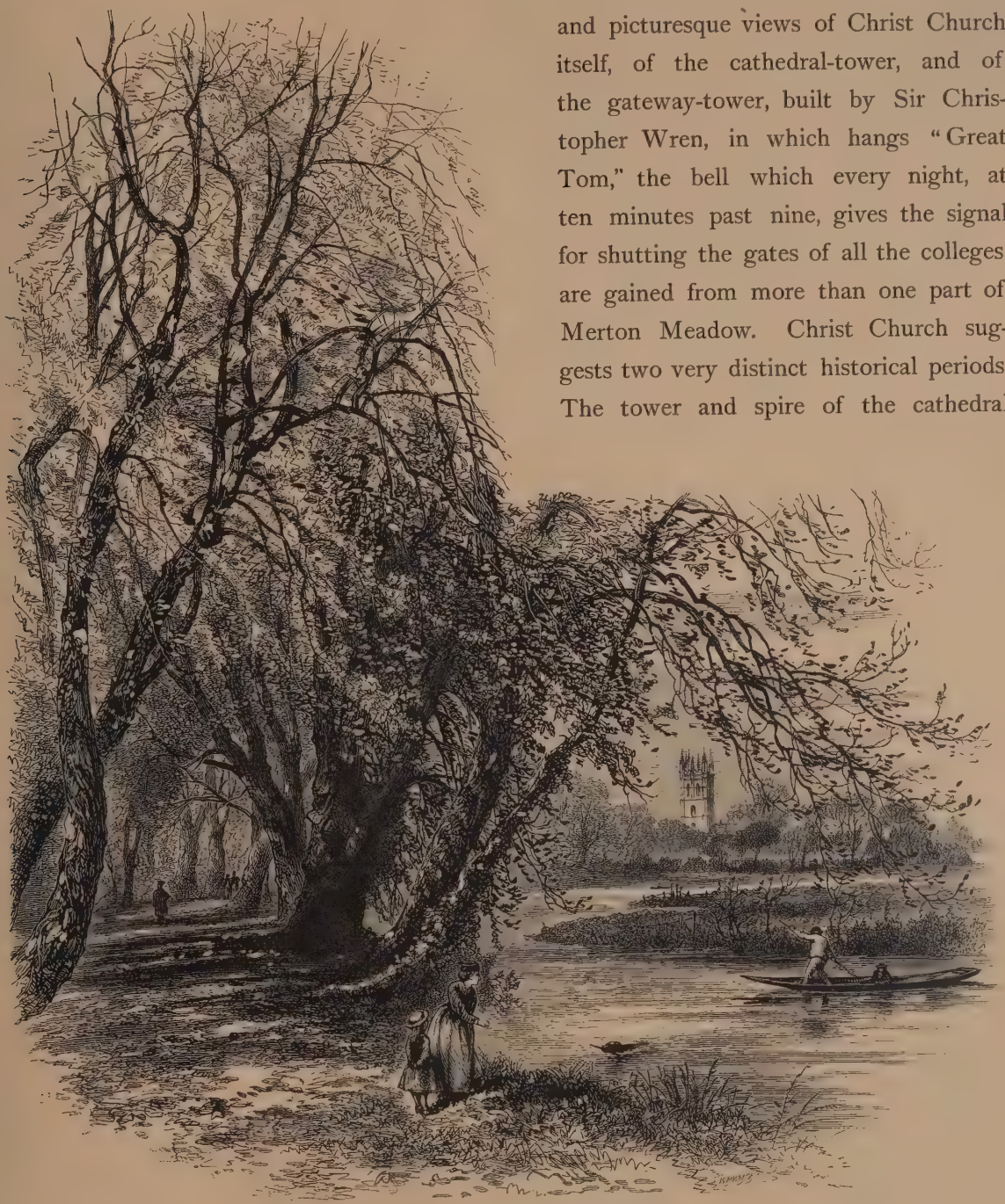
discourses. But the church, which was built by Adam de Brome, the almoner of Queen Eleanor of Castile, has other recollections. To it Cranmer was brought in order to make his recantation; and it was hence that, after he had boldly renounced all that he had written "contrary to the truth," he was hurried to the stake. The porch on the south side of the church, remarkable for its curious twisted pillars, and quite out of keeping with the prevailing architecture of the church, was built by Morgan Owen, one of Archbishop Laud's chaplains; and the image of the Virgin and Child, still remaining, formed one of the articles on which the archbishop was

impeached. Crossing the street, and passing into a narrow lane opposite, we have on our left St. Mary Hall, built about 1640, but founded long before. Dr. King, the well-known Jacobite, was for some time head of this hall; and among its students were Sir Thomas More and Sir Christopher Hatton. But St. Mary's Lane is best known as the way to Oriel College, the front of which soon opens, with Christ Church opposite.

The reputation of the gathering which for many years distinguished the Common-room of Oriel above that of any other in Oxford, still lingers about this college. Coplestone (Bishop of Llandaff), Davison, Whately, Keble, Arnold, Newman, Hampden, and Pusey, were Fellows here at the same time—a result of the "liberality" of the college, which was the first to throw open its fellowships to the university in general. It is the memory of this period which recurs to us, as we enter the picturesque but not very ancient quadrangle. The hall and the chapel, and indeed all the rest of the buildings, except the library, which is later still, date from the years between 1620 and 1640. The college itself was founded in 1326 by Edward II.; but it was afterward removed from its first site to the present, which was that of a house called "Le Oriole," given to the society by Edward III. There is some doubt as to the meaning of Oriole or Oriel; but it seems to represent the Latin "oratoriolum"—a small oratory. The statues of Edward II. and Edward III. appear over the porch of the hall, with the Virgin and Child above them. The quaint gables which surround the quadrangle, and the louvres which break the roof-lines of the hall, add greatly to the general effect, which is good, although the architecture has nothing in itself of much merit. The tower of Merton overtops the whole.

We may pass between Merton and Corpus into the open walk that extends along the north side of Merton Meadow. It was at Merton that my Lady Castelmaine was lodged when the court of Charles II. was at Oxford; and she used to float into this walk attired in the single-pin costume of Lely, and preceded by a boy playing on a lute. Merton Walks and Merton Meadow were then gay with satins and plumed hats, and their old scholastic associations were rudely disturbed. More than any other college in Oxford, Merton carries us back to mediæval days. The inner quadrangle has been little changed since it was built about the year 1350; and the passages which lead into it, with the stone-roofed treasury over the second of them, are portions of the founder's work in the previous century. The library, like the college, was the earliest in Oxford; and many of the books were the legacy of Robert Reade, the Dominican Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1415. A quiet, half-monastic air hangs about Merton, which was dedicated by its founder to St. John the Baptist. Walter of Merton is himself sculptured over the entrance gateway, fully vested as a bishop, and dedicating the seven-clasped Book of Knowledge to the Lamb in the Wilderness, crowded with animals and birds, with the Baptist standing in the background.

The fresh meadows and the tall, branching elms seem all the brighter for the contrast of crumbling gray walls and vaulted passages. The famous "Broad Walk" of Christ Church stretches in front; and picturesque views of Christ Church itself, of the cathedral-tower, and of the gateway-tower, built by Sir Christopher Wren, in which hangs "Great Tom," the bell which every night, at ten minutes past nine, gives the signal for shutting the gates of all the colleges, are gained from more than one part of Merton Meadow. Christ Church suggests two very distinct historical periods. The tower and spire of the cathedral



Christ Church Walks and Magdalen Tower.

(which serves also as the college chapel) take us back to a time before the establishment of even Merton, when the Augustinian priory of St. Frideswide was the most important ecclesiastical foundation within the borough. The existing cathedral

was the church of this priory, which was one of the lesser convents suppressed by a bull of Clement VII., in 1524, in order that the colleges of Wolsey here and at Ipswich might be endowed with their revenues. It is Wolsey of whom we most think in the hall and quadrangles of Christ Church. His college here was begun on a vast scale, and remained unfinished at his disgrace. His royal master afterward (1546) continued his design; but the original name of Cardinal College was changed first into King's College, and subsequently into Christ Church. Then, after the suppression of the greater monasteries, came the foundation of new episcopal sees. Oxford, hitherto in the diocese of Lincoln, was one of these. The old church of St. Frideswide became the cathedral; and the new dean became the head of the college of Christ Church.

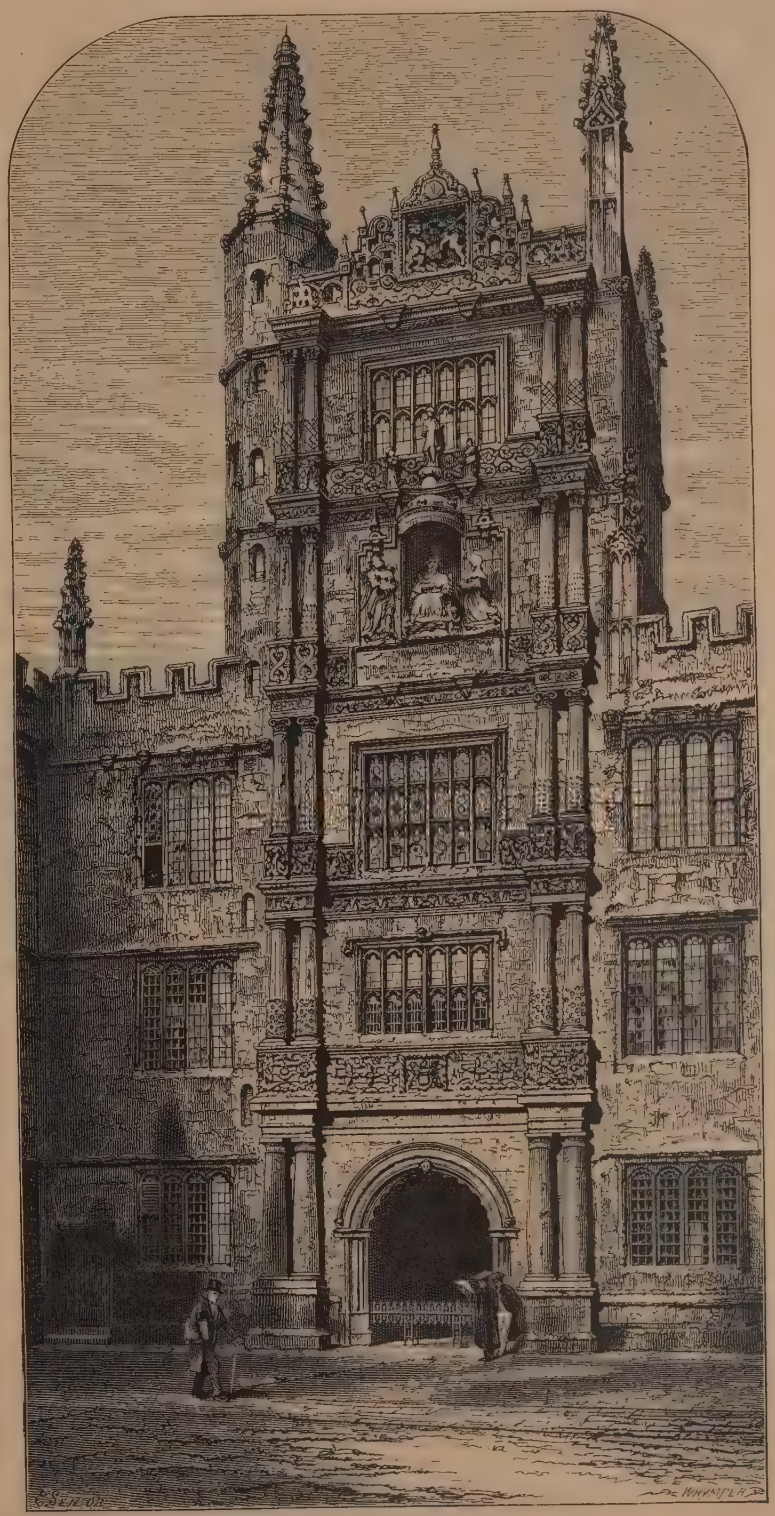
The cathedral, which has been restored by Scott, contains some rich late Norman work. As the visitor passes under its walls he may chance to be greeted by a peal from the bells, which were brought here from Oseney Abbey, close without the town; and he may recall the "bonny Christ Church bells" of Dean Aldrich's pleasant catch. The fame of their melody was widely spread before their removal from Oseney; whence "Great Tom," over the gateway, was also brought. (This bell was recast in 1680. It is more than double the weight of the great bell of St. Paul's.) Opposite the entrance to the church is the staircase which leads to the college-hall, the finest in Oxford. It is thirteen feet longer than that of Trinity, at Cambridge, and was finished in Wolsey's time. On the pendants of the roof are the arms and badges of Henry VIII. and of Catherine of Aragon, and the burly presence of the imperious king confronts us as we enter. This portrait and that of Wolsey are assigned to Holbein, and they strike, as it were, the key-note of all the feeling called forth by this noble foundation. The stately hall and the vast quadrangles are not unworthy of their origin from such a king and such a subject. Christ Church took its place at once, and has ever since sustained it, as the royal and noble college. In its hall the sovereign is received on visiting Oxford. Charles I. was lodged in Christ Church during his enforced stay; and addressed his Parliament in the hall, where it was first assembled in January, 1644. Elizabeth presided at a play given by the students in this hall; and, coming to later times, George IV., as prince regent, entertained here the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and other dignitaries, who visited Oxford in 1814. The great quadrangle, somewhat plain in its architecture, is imposing from its size. It measures two hundred and sixty-four feet by two hundred and sixty-one, and is at present (1876) in course of restoration to what will more nearly resemble the original design of Wolsey. Here, too, and indeed in every part of the college, the rooms and canons' houses are full of memories. In the garden of the Regius Professor of Hebrew is the oldest fig-tree in England — brought from the East by Edward Pococke, who occupied the same professorial chair, and died in 1691. The house

opposite was that of Dr. Bentham, who invited Johnson and Boswell to dinner, "which Dr. Johnson told me was a high honor. 'Sir, it is a great thing to dine with the canons of Christ Church.'" Then comes the deanery, to which Cranmer was brought and "gently entreated;" where, says Master Foxe, "he lacked no delicate fare, played at the bowls, had his pleasure for walking, and all other things that might bring him from Christ."

We again find our way into Merton Walk, and so, by the side of the new Christ Church buildings, into the well-known Broad Walk. The new buildings, of which the style is a very eclectic Gothic, need not necessarily be admired; but hardly any degree of admiration will seem too great for the Broad Walk—an avenue which dates from the Restoration. Here—

> "Under the shady roof
> Of branching elms, star-proof"—

on the Sunday evening before the annual commemoration, it is the fashion for members of the university, visitors, and citizens, to promenade for an hour or two,



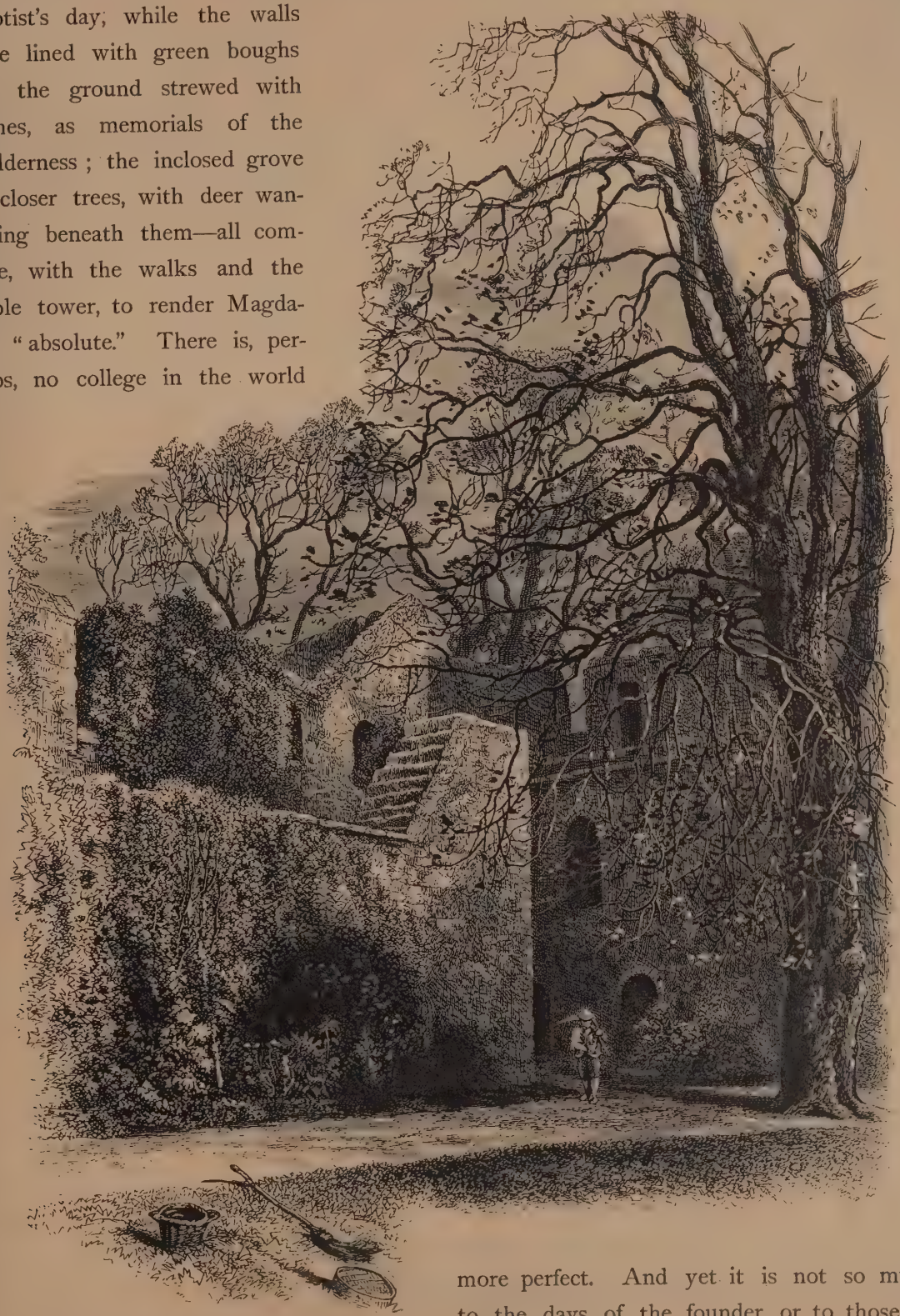
Tower in the Schools Quadrangle.

crossing and recrossing, and giving a wonderful animation to the scene. The elms, of great size and beauty, have suffered from long encounters with "winter and rough weather," and the avenue shows gaps here and there. But it is still noble; and it is not while lingering under its shade, and watching the sunbeams steal in and out among the great branches, that we shall respond to the famous epigram on the planter—

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell."

We have here nothing but thanks and gratitude for Dr. Fell, who, when Bishop of Oxford (1676–1686), cared so greatly for this avenue, protected and raised the walk, and did altogether such great things for his college. The new walk, which runs at right angles to the Broad, was brought into use for the first time in 1871. But those which extend from the Broad Walk round Christ Church Meadow, and inclose that space of about fifty acres, are of some antiquity. Nothing can be more beautiful in its way than the openings and glimpses of scenery which meet us at every turn as we pace this pleasant circuit of at least a mile and a half. On the Thames, by which the walk first passes, the barges of the different colleges are drawn up. Here the boats start and return during the May races; and hence starts the long procession of racing-boats in commemoration week. Those to whom Oxford is something more than a spectacle, well know what memories and associations have been carried with them into life from this "silver streak" of the Isis. On the east side of the walks, the Cherwell, with its flotillas of water-lilies, joins the Isis; and, as we advance, the tower of Magdalen comes into sight, and we are reminded of the anthem which at daybreak on May-day is sung by white-robed choristers on its pinnacled summit. Magdalen itself, founded in 1457 by William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, has already been mentioned. Its walks and avenues—the "Maudlen's learned grove" of Pope—are quieter, more secluded, and even more beautiful than those of Christ Church. One of the walks, it is said, was often paced by Addison, and is accordingly named after him. At the end of this walk, but in the meadow, and happily protected from marauders by a dike, the snake's-head fritillary grows in profusion, coloring the ground in the early part of May. The cloistered quadrangle, with its sunny turf and its scent of sweetbrier, is famous for the strange statues of rough sandstone, set up in honor of a visit from James I., and sufficiently mystical to delight that British Solomon. A hippopotamus, carrying his young on his shoulders, is the emblem of a good tutor watching over the youth of the society, and the various virtues and vices are represented by strange figures of animals and monsters. The Founder's Chambers, above the gate which opens to this quadrangle, where many a king and queen has been entertained in princely fashion; the chapel, so famous for its choral service and for the

"rolling music" of its organ, filling all the courts with a flood of sound; the outer quadrangle, with its stone pulpit, from which a sermon was formerly preached on the Baptist's day; while the walls were lined with green boughs and the ground strewed with rushes, as memorials of the Wilderness; the inclosed grove of closer trees, with deer wandering beneath them—all combine, with the walks and the noble tower, to render Magdalen "absolute." There is, perhaps, no college in the world more perfect. And yet it is not so much to the days of the founder, or to those of



A Quiet Corner in New College Garden.

the more distinguished members of the society, that we recur most naturally in visiting Magdalen. Prince Rupert fixed his headquarters here, and "his trumpets had been heard sounding to horse through the quiet cloisters;" but it is not his figure that rises at once before us. We rather remember the part played by Magdalen College in the Revolution of 1688; the infringement of its charters by James II., and the resistance of the Fellows to the arbitrary expulsion of their president, John Hough. Anthony Farmer, a professed Romanist, was installed with difficulty. "The porter of the college threw down his keys; the butler refused to scratch Hough's name out of the buttery-book, and was instantly dismissed. No blacksmith could be found in the whole city who would force the lock of the president's lodgings; it was necessary for the commissioners to employ their own servants, who broke open the door with iron bars." "What," asked the Duke of Wellington, as he was entering Oxford to be installed as chancellor, "is that building?"—pointing to the long wall of Magdalen. "That," replied Mr. Croker, "is the wall which James II. ran his head against."

We return up the High Street, passing on our left University College, with its mythical relation to King Alfred, the quaint Dutch windows of its chapel, and its Common-Room, where Dr. Johnson sometimes "drank off three bottles of port without being the worse for it;" and on our right, Queen's College, founded in 1341 by Robert of Eglesfield, confessor to Queen Philippa, whose gift to the college named after her—a drinking-horn mounted with gold—is still preserved in the buttery; and whose son, the Black Prince, was educated here, becoming a member of the college when he was scarcely twelve years old. But Queen's is a modern building, and its exterior suggests nothing of the fourteenth century, nor of Henry V., who was also brought up at Queen's, and who may have witnessed here the procession of the boar's head, still brought into the hall on Christmas-day, with its "canticle"—

"Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino."

All Souls, which we next pass on the same side, is less modern in appearance than Queen's, but has suffered no small change since its foundation by Archbishop Chichele in 1437, partly as a chantry where priests might perpetually pray for the souls of all those who had fallen in the French wars.

Thus we find ourselves again close to the dome of the Radcliffe Library—which Horace Walpole compared to a dowager making a courtesy—and may enter the great quadrangle of the schools. Lofty and somewhat gloomy, it reminds us a little of "Padua, far beyond the sea;" but Padua can hardly match the fantastic yet very striking gate-tower which forms the eastern entrance to the square. This was built

by Thomas Holt, in 1619, and is a very remarkable example of the later Renaissance. In its five stages, one above another, appear the five orders of classic architecture, with various friezes and ornaments; while the pinnacles on the stair-turret and at the angles are purely Gothic. In the fourth stage from the ground appears his

Gateway at St. John's.

Majesty King James I., seated on a throne, and presenting the volume of his works to winged Fame on one side, and to a doctor of the university on the other. This edifying group was gilt when it was first completed; but the king, when he visited Oxford, found it "too glorious," and the gilding was removed. The wooden sceptre

fell from the hand of James on the accession of William IV., and, somewhat to the disappointment of marvel-lovers, "nothing came of it."

Part of the ground-floor of this quadrangle has long served as schools in which are held the public examinations of candidates for degrees. What hopes and what fears it has witnessed, who can tell? Many a noble career has begun with the triumph won here; and many a statesman and scholar, laden with all honors that the world can give, looks back to his first victory in these schools as that which brought him a delight fresher and more unmingled than all his later successes. And when to all these recollections is added the charm of the Bodleian Library, which occupies the upper floors of the quadrangle, it may well be admitted that this tower of the schools rises above the very heart of Oxford. Sir Thomas Bodley completed his building here in 1606; and the library which he had then formed and had given to the university was considerable. The whole, said Casaubon, was "a work rather for a king than for a private man." The collection grew rapidly, and it now consists of about three hundred thousand volumes. Many of the rarities are displayed under glass cases. Here are the Latin exercise-books of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth; the confession of Monmouth; manuscripts of all ages, some of them illuminated by great artists. The long picture-gallery is full of interesting historical portraits, and is a pleasant place to dream in. Lord Burleigh appears on his mule; Sir Kenelm Digby, as he looked when mourning for his wife Venetia, is perpetuated by Vandyck; Sir Thomas Bodley, by Janssens. Here, too, having found a becoming resting-place in Jacobite Oxford, is Flora Macdonald, with her plaid and white roses. There is a grand chest of ancient iron-work, and many another relic of Bodley, and of those who helped forward his great undertaking.

A narrow lane leads us to the gateway of New College, the noble foundation of William of Wykeham (1380), and the complement of his great school at Winchester. New College has served as a model to all later founders, and the buildings are for the most part of Wykeham's time. But there are additions, and the hall has been restored by Sir Gilbert Scott. In the Perpendicular Chapel, perhaps the finest in Oxford, is preserved the pastoral staff of William of Wykeham, of silver-gilt and enameled. The great west window was cruelly served when its tracery was cut away in order to make room for pictorial glass designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The subject is the Nativity, with figures of the cardinal virtues in a sort of predella. The original designs on canvas perished in the fire which destroyed Luton Hoo, the seat of the Marquis of Bute in Bedfordshire. They were no doubt fine. For a due appreciation of this modern glass it is only necessary to compare it with the ancient examples close at hand.

The garden court of New College was designed by Wren. Above the iron gate which opens to the gardens (brought from Canons, the famous palace of the Duke of Chandos) is the founder's motto, "Manners makyth man;" and, passing beyond, we are

S. READ. PINXT

S. BRADSHAW SCULPT

St. Mary's Porch, Oxford.

The Lime-Walk, Trinity.

admitted to one of the most beautiful retreats in Oxford. No more quiet seclusion could be devised for—

"... retired Leisure,
Who in trim gardens takes his pleasure,"

than these lawns and bosquets of New College. There is a tree-covered mound which seems to increase the extent of the garden; and the ancient wall of the town, which incloses it on three sides, is not only picturesque in itself, but is a true fragment of another Oxford—of the burgh which, as we are too apt to forget, existed long before the university, and has continued side by side with it.

If we seek a rival for the gardens of New College, we may turn to those of St. John's, far away on the north, and outside the old town walls. St. John's, founded in 1555, was enlarged and adorned by Archbishop Laud, for whom Inigo Jones built the second court, and whose body was brought here after his execution, and buried under the altar in the chapel. The garden front (a portion of which is seen in our illustration) belongs to Inigo Jones's work. Partly shrouded in creepers, its oriels (which belong to the library) and battlements add greatly to the effect of the whole quiet scene. This garden and the adjoining domain of Trinity are much haunted by nightingales in May. The beautiful Lime-Walk of Trinity has indeed no rival either at New College or St. John's. The knotted trunks, the fresh young green of the trees in the time of the nightingales, and the long vista, with its strangely arched and intertwisted boughs, beautiful in sunlight, are still more beautiful when the "ample moon"—

> "Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
> In the green trees, and, kindling on all sides
> Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
> Into a substance glorious as her own."

But it has not always been safe to linger here at such times. Dr. Bathurst, who died in 1704, having been forty years President of Trinity, used to surprise the undergraduates who might be walking too late under the lime-trees, with a whip in his hand—an instrument of academic discipline not then entirely laid aside.

Trinity was founded in 1554 by Sir Thomas Pope, the friend of More. The buildings are all later than his time; but in the chapel, besides the finest carving of Grinling Gibbons to be seen in England, is the fine tomb of the founder and his wife, brought here from the church of St. Stephen Walbrook, in London, where Sir Thomas was buried.

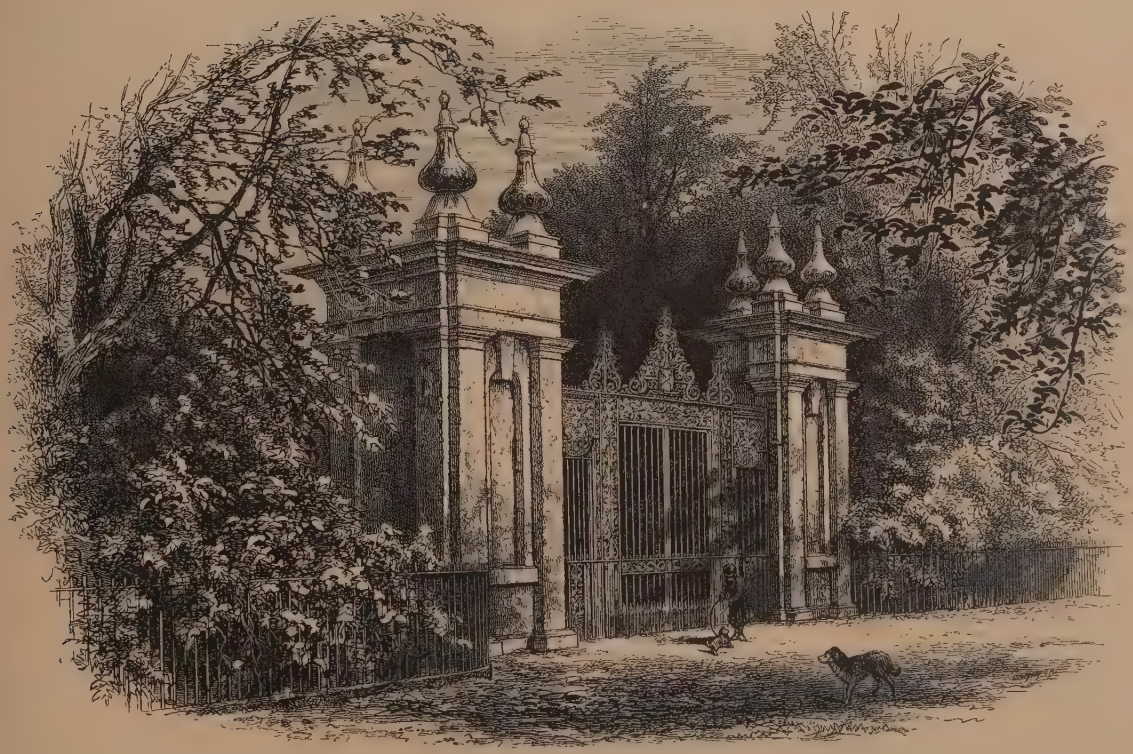
We can only glance at Balliol, famous college as it is, with its modern buildings by Butterfield and Waterhouse; or at Exeter, with its fine hall, built so late as 1618, and its modern chapel and rector's lodgings, not the least admirable works of Sir Gilbert Scott. There is no better spot on which to take leave of Oxford than that opposite the picturesque gateway of Trinity Gardens.

The visitor, especially if he is an American, will linger long before exchanging that quiet, rich, mellow atmosphere for the keen, variable air of the outside world.

Ghosts of unforgotten men still haunt, for him, the venerable cloisters and the shadowy walks; and something of the labor and achievement of each seems to belong to the place. The past and the present, in his thoughts, become blended in a soft confusion. He hears, ringing out of the earlier time, the gay Bacchanal strain of Walter de Mapes; but, as he casts a parting look upon the meadows and swelling hills, he will recall the gentle scholar and poet, Arthur Hugh Clough, and that exquisite elegy, "Thyrsis," in which Matthew Arnold has embalmed his memory:

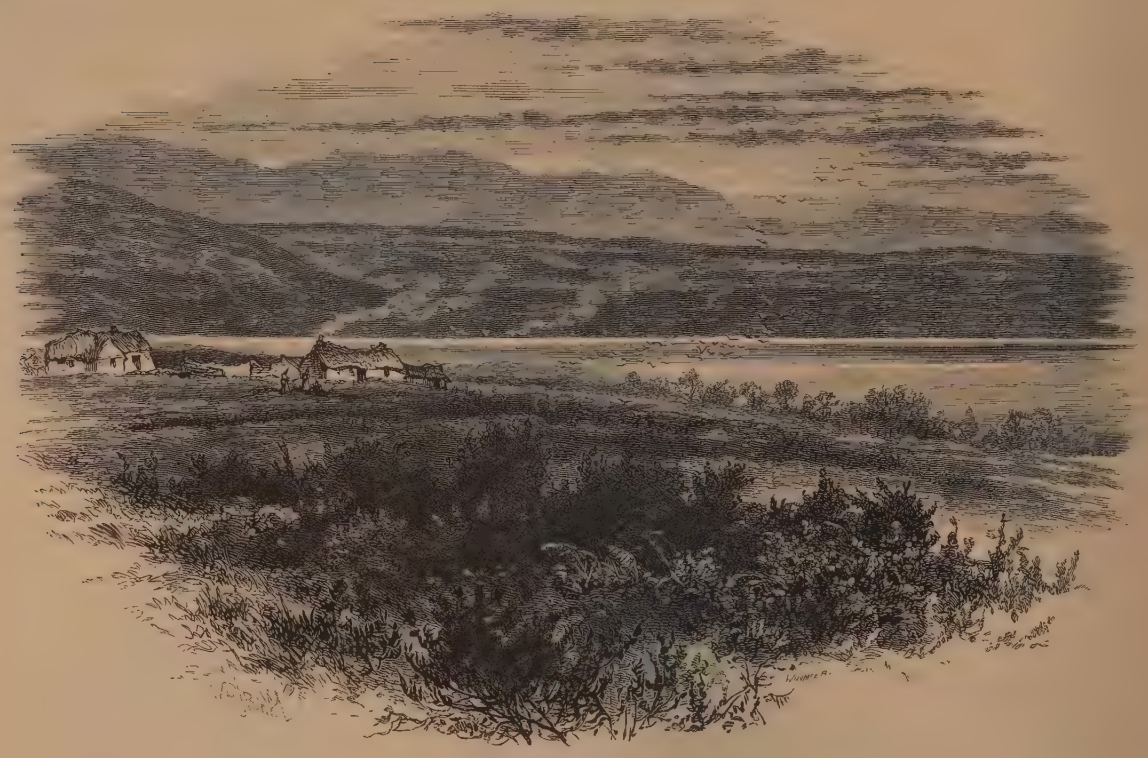
"Where is the girl who, by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoored our skiff, when, through the Wytham flats,
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among,
And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
We tracked the shy Thames shore?

"Where are the mowers who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well."



SCOTLAND.

FROM LOCH NESS TO LOCH EIL.



Culloden Moor.

INVERNESS-SHIRE, the northern portion of Glenmhor, now Albyn, or the Great Valley of Caledonia, a county which extends from the German to the Atlantic Sea, is singularly diversified in its scenery, being partly flat toward the eastern coast, but crowded by giant mountains toward the north and west. Three large openings, the basins of the Beauly and Moray Firths, with the termination of the Great Glen, meet at the town of Inverness, and place around that Highland capital a rich combination of the beauties of landscape with the advantages of water communication. A vast terrace, if it may so be called, that sweeps from the mouth of Loch Ness to "the Thundering Spey," rises behind the town, giving a charming site to villas and pretty suburban cottages; while the vast mountain-ridges that screen Glenmhor, now Albyn, as they approach the plain, through which the Ness seeks the sea, subside from their rugged sternness into picturesque hill-beauty, with wooded, many-tinted sides and softly-rounded summits.

The mountain-barriers, which rise against the comparatively near horizon, and form, with their serrated peaks, a bold sky-line, exquisitely contrast, as a background, with the amenities of the sylvan vales and waters they inclose; for the scenery, immediately landward of Inverness, exhibits the highest adorning of husbandry, gardening, and arboriculture, in close proximity to the wildest and most sterile mountains in Europe.

Inverness, which was made a royal burgh by King David I., is deemed one of the most beautiful towns in Scotland, and Macculloch ventures to place it before Edinburgh with respect to local situation. Around it, certainly, the mountain-scenes are grander, nearer, and more varied. Each outlet is different from the others; each is strikingly lovely, whether we proceed toward the solid, white bastions of Fort George that abut on the blue Firth of Moray, or enter the mighty valley of the Ness, or skirt the shores of the Beauly. On the latter—a stream which flows from Glenfarer to Loch Beauly, past the old ruined priory of that name, where for ages the Frasers, Chisholms, and Gairloch Mackenzies have interred their dead—few places are more striking than that named the *Dhruim*, where the river threads its way for about three miles among fantastic isles and pinnacles of rock. On either hand the mountain acclivities are steep and the valley between narrow, but woods of drooping silver-birch and dark-green pine, with oak and alder, fringe every part of the way on both sides. At the extremity of the Dhruim (or ridge) the Beauly is seen foaming down on each side of a high, rounded hill—the isle of Aigas—which parts the river in two, and is encircled by it; and here, in summer, the masses of foliage that overhang it present every variety of form and combination of leafy color.

Three miles from Inverness we come upon the low, ridgy moor of Culloden, whereon was fought the last battle, contested on British ground, by a few of the Jacobite clans against the forces of the government, and the history of which is too well known to need more than mention here. The battle took place on that part of the moor where its general surface inclines toward the river Nairn, and the Highland clans were drawn up a little to the west of the present line of groves, across the moor toward Culloden House. On all sides the prospect is bleak and dreary—like a place that no sunshine can brighten. The castle of Dalcross raises its square mass above the black moorland to the east; the pine-clad cone of Dun Daviot closes the vista on the southwest. A little to the north of the main road is a depression called "Stable Hollow," and near it are two small thatched houses, called the "King's Stables," wherein Cumberland's staff had placed their horses during the massacre of the wounded. The three great grass-covered mounds where the dead lie are conspicuous above the dark-brown or purple wort, and are usually very green. Local tradition asserts that belated wayfarers, when passing near them, have suddenly found themselves amid the smoke and hurly-burly of a battle; they could recognize by their tartans the clans engaged; for the peasantry believe that a great conflict will be fought there again, but

The Dhruim, near Beauly.

with whom or about what none can tell, save that there is always a Laird of Culduthel, conspicuous on a white horse, among the shadowy combatants.

Few would quit the vicinity of Nairn without visiting the castle of Cawdor, which gave the second title of thane to Macbeth, and now gives that of earl, in the peerage

INVERNESS.

of Britain, to a branch of the Campbells. It is situated near the mountains that divide Cawdor from May, and amid woods of vast extent, containing some trees that are of great antiquity. It is a most venerable edifice, with walls of enormous thickness, with vaulted roofs and battlements, more modern than the keep, wherein was shown, till destroyed by fire in 1815, a bed, in which it was asserted "the gracious Duncan" was murdered. The thane who founded the castle is said to have consulted an aged seer as to the site of it, and was counseled to load an ass with the necessary gold in an iron chest, and to build wherever the ass should stop. It did so at the *third* hawthorn-tree, and there the edifice was built around the tree, the stem of which still remains;

King's Stables, Culloden Moor.

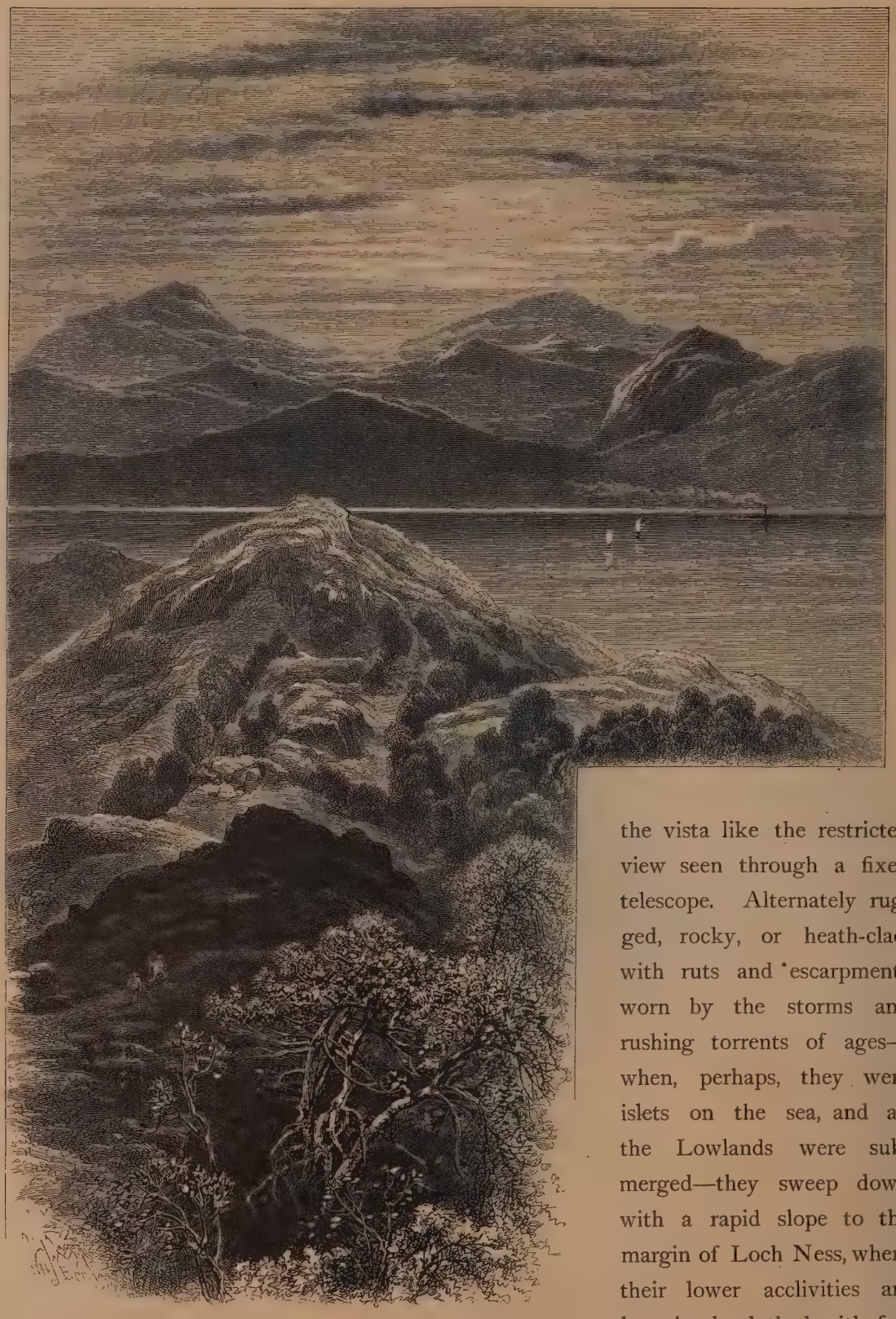
and many a generation, in the hall above it, have pledged to the toast of "Freshness to Cawdor's hawthorn-tree." The donjon is ten feet in height; the stem reaches to the top, and beside it lies an ancient iron chest. "Two other aged hawthorn-trees grew within a few score yards, in a line with the castle," says Carruthers, a skeptic in all tradition—"one in the garden, which fell about forty years ago, and the other at the entrance, which was blown down, after gradual decay, in 1836. Some suckers are now springing from the venerable root, and are carefully inclosed by a wooden fence."

Donald, Thane of Cawdor, is the first mentioned in authentic history, in 1295, and the great mass of the present edifice would seem to have been built in 1442–'68, by his

descendant, Thane William, who was crown chamberlain beyond the Spey, and shield-bearer to James II. Among the later traditions of Cawdor Castle, a low chamber under the stone roof is shown, where the unfortunate Lord Lovat is said to have found a temporary retreat after the battle of Culloden. But this is somewhat doubtful, as Lovat was found concealed far to the westward, and to reach Cawdor from the field he would have had to pass through a country occupied by the Hanoverian troops.

Cawdor Castle.

In proceeding southwest, through Glenmhor, now Albyn, the steamer takes us through Loch Ness, which, with one exception, is the most northerly of the chain of lakes that constitutes the Caledonian Canal. It is twenty-three miles in length; its deep, dark waters never freeze, and they must reach the sea before they can be cooled to the congealing point, owing to their depth, which is seldom less than fifty fathoms within two hundred and fifty feet of the shore. The mountain-ranges which flank this great glen of many waters form two parallel lines of stupendous rampart, prolonging

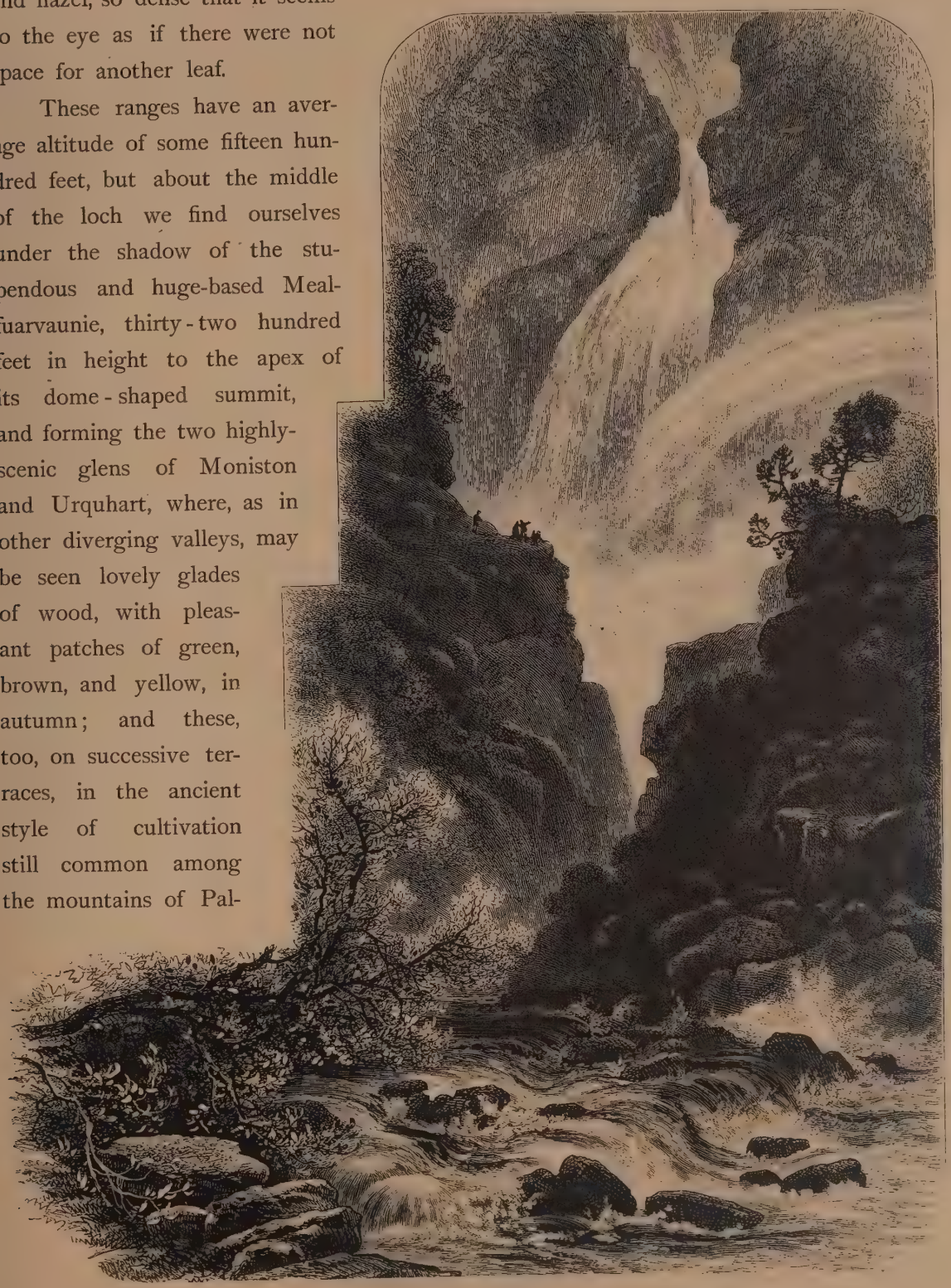


Loch Ness.

the vista like the restricted view seen through a fixed telescope. Alternately rugged, rocky, or heath-clad, with ruts and escarpments worn by the storms and rushing torrents of ages—when, perhaps, they were islets on the sea, and all the Lowlands were submerged—they sweep down with a rapid slope to the margin of Loch Ness, where their lower acclivities are luxuriantly clothed with forest—the weeping-birch, the

oak, the elm, the fragrant hawthorn, and the light, quivering aspen, presenting at all seasons richly-tinted mazes, while underneath flourishes a literal jungle of holly, sloe, and hazel, so dense that it seems to the eye as if there were not space for another leaf.

These ranges have an average altitude of some fifteen hundred feet, but about the middle of the loch we find ourselves under the shadow of the stupendous and huge-based Mealfuarvaunie, thirty-two hundred feet in height to the apex of its dome-shaped summit, and forming the two highly-scenic glens of Moniston and Urquhart, where, as in other diverging valleys, may be seen lovely glades of wood, with pleasant patches of green, brown, and yellow, in autumn; and these, too, on successive terraces, in the ancient style of cultivation still common among the mountains of Pal-



The Falls of Foyers

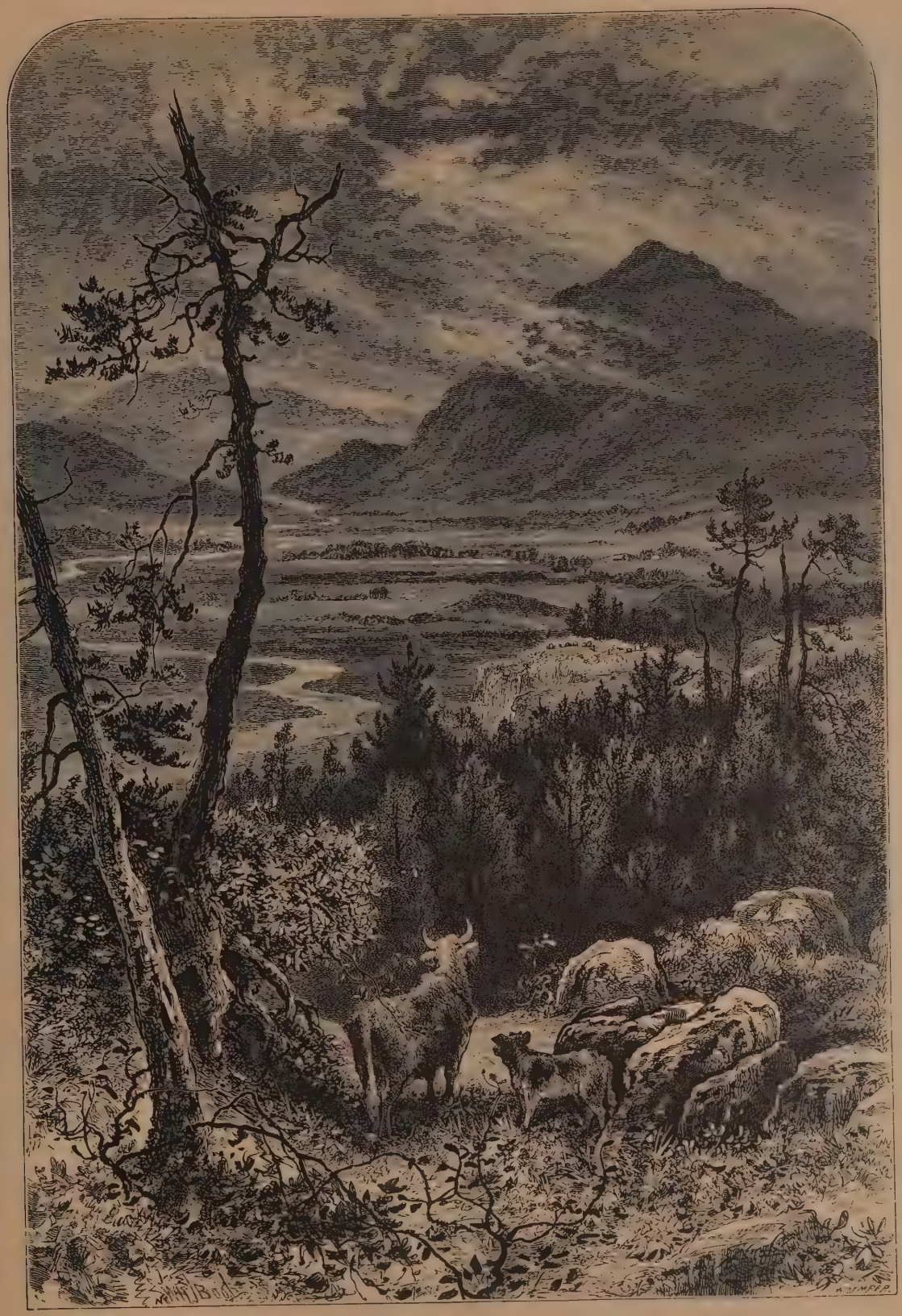
estine, carried along the face of the acclivities, laden with the fruits of tillage. Glen Moniston, and Glen Urquhart, with the ancient castle jutting into the loch on a rugged rock, display large cultivated fields and pleasant dwellings, with many handsome modern mansions ensconced in the weather-worn recesses of the mountains. But all else is one continuous natural tunnel; the long narrow belt of blue—almost black—waters its path; the mountains, with their wooded skirts, its sides; the deep azure or, it may be, cloud-laden sky, its arch—till we get into the wider waters of Loch Eil.

Loch Ness, says a statist, has the mysterious property of being violently agitated whenever an earthquake occurs, even in the most distant part of the globe. In 1755, during the earthquake at Lisbon, it was suddenly upheaved, and, rolling a billowy volume toward its head, precipitated a mighty wave two hundred yards up the river Oich at a level of five feet above the margin of the stream, and, after ebbing and flowing for about an hour, it flung a billow thirty feet in height along its northern bank, and then subsided to its ordinary repose.

Six miles distant from Meal-fuarvaunie, the Fall of Foyers glitters in its belt of shining spray, between dark-brown mountain-masses, like a streak of sky-light struggling through a vertical fissure in the rocky heights. This fall has been estimated to be two hundred and twelve feet in height. From a narrow ridge of rock, on the east side of Loch Ness, the spectator suddenly, at a turn of the way, sees the fall descending with the roar of thunder in his front. He is surrounded on all sides by cliffs of enormous height, fringed by tangled plants nourished by the constant spray. Oaks and pines of fantastic shape grow from every crevice of the rocky walls, adding a wild grace to what would otherwise be a scene of chilly horror and gloom. Clouds of white vapor are forever ascending skyward, while the stunning roar of the falling water is never hushed. Through the shapeless breach bursts a torrent, white as snow, into a deep caldron formed by the black rocks below. From its vast height it can be seen from a great distance, and Dr. Clarke has pronounced it a finer cascade than that of Tivoli, and inferior only to the Falls of Terni.

Some miles southward of this, the dark cone of Craigdhu towers above the long wooded strath through which the Spey hurries in wild career to the sea. It looks down on Kingussie, which means in English the Head of the Wood of Firs. The country throughout is sweetly pastoral, and then the Spey winds in a series of beautiful curves through fine green meadows, dotted with clumps of birch and alder trees.

Diverging to the southwest, at the hamlet of Ballachulish we come upon the entrance to one of the most sublime and solemn scenes in the Scottish Highlands—scenes usually so striking, that it is no wonder that they should have given birth to the song of the bard and the heroism of the warrior; that their inhabitants should be imbued with tenderness, superstition, and something of melancholy; and that, when in exile, the recollection of their native glens should haunt them to their latest



CRAIGDHU, FROM ABOVE KINGUSSIE.

Ballachulish, Entrance to Glencoe.

hour. In approaching Glencoe, we first come on Ballachulish after passing the great slate-quarries.

There is here a ferry across Loch Leven, at a narrow strait called *Calas ic Phodrig*, from the tradition that in this place the son of a King of Denmark was drowned, and whose name was Patrick. The parish consists of two distinct districts, separated from each other by Loch Linnhe, an arm of the sea that stretches between the mountains of Appin and Morven;

and the churches of each being four miles apart, public worship is conducted in each alternately, once a fortnight, as the country has been nearly desolated by expatriation, and the usual substitution of deer-forests for farms. The great slate-quarry here is, however, valuable, and the slate formation extends from Evesdale on the south to this point northward.

When viewed from the inn at the ferry of Ballachulish, the prospect in every direction is indeed sublime. "Beyond the ferry," says Playfair (vol. ii.), "the hills, covered with woods and pastures, rise gradually to a considerable height, and decline to the southwest where the lochs of Leven and Linnhe unite; in that direction the eye, gliding over a vast expanse of water, is arrested by immense groups of mountains of different forms and heights in Morven, which compose a splendid landscape. About four miles westward are the stupendous mountains of Glencoe. Such a variety of grand and interesting scenery is not perhaps to be found in any other part of Scotland."

In some directions the mountain-peaks are pointed like spires. The road, which passes close by the deep slate-quarries of Stewart of Ballachulish, runs along the southern shore of Loch Leven until it brings us to the dark and solitary valley of Glencoe, long the patrimony of the MacIan branch of the Clan Donald.

We next enter this wild and gloomy valley, memorable in Highland tradition as the birthplace and grave of Ossian, and in history as the scene of the infamous and treacherous massacre perpetrated by William of Orange. Now destitute of any human dwelling, bare and bleak, with its vast mountains often shrouded in gray mist, its general appearance has a tendency to suggest that "the place has been proscribed by Heaven as the habitation of either man or beast."

On every side rise immense and almost perpendicular black rocks, many of them two thousand feet in height, their summits rugged, and often shooting up into lofty spires and thunder-riven cones. In some places these opposite ranges approach so near that they seem to hang over each other, excluding daylight from the glen. At its farthest extremity the latter is bounded by Buchael Etive, which might be termed the rocky skeleton of a mountain, as it is almost destitute of verdure. Over this passes an old Fingalian war-path, so steep as to obtain for it the name of the "Devil's Staircase;" but this road may be avoided by taking another to the right, which leads to that vast Serbonian bog, the dreary, desolate, and seemingly interminable Moor of Rannoch. In Glencoe the goats scrambling on the rocks, a few shaggy cattle browsing under the wall-like mountains over which the eagles soar, are the only living things to be seen, save an occasional herd of red-deer. From these dark hills white torrents are forever descending. In the centre is a small lake, and from it issues the Cona, so celebrated by Ossian. On the south rises the mountain of Malmor, and on the north the famous Dun Fiann, or Hill of Fingal. Ossianic names, so common over all the Highlands,

THE PASS OF GLENCOE.

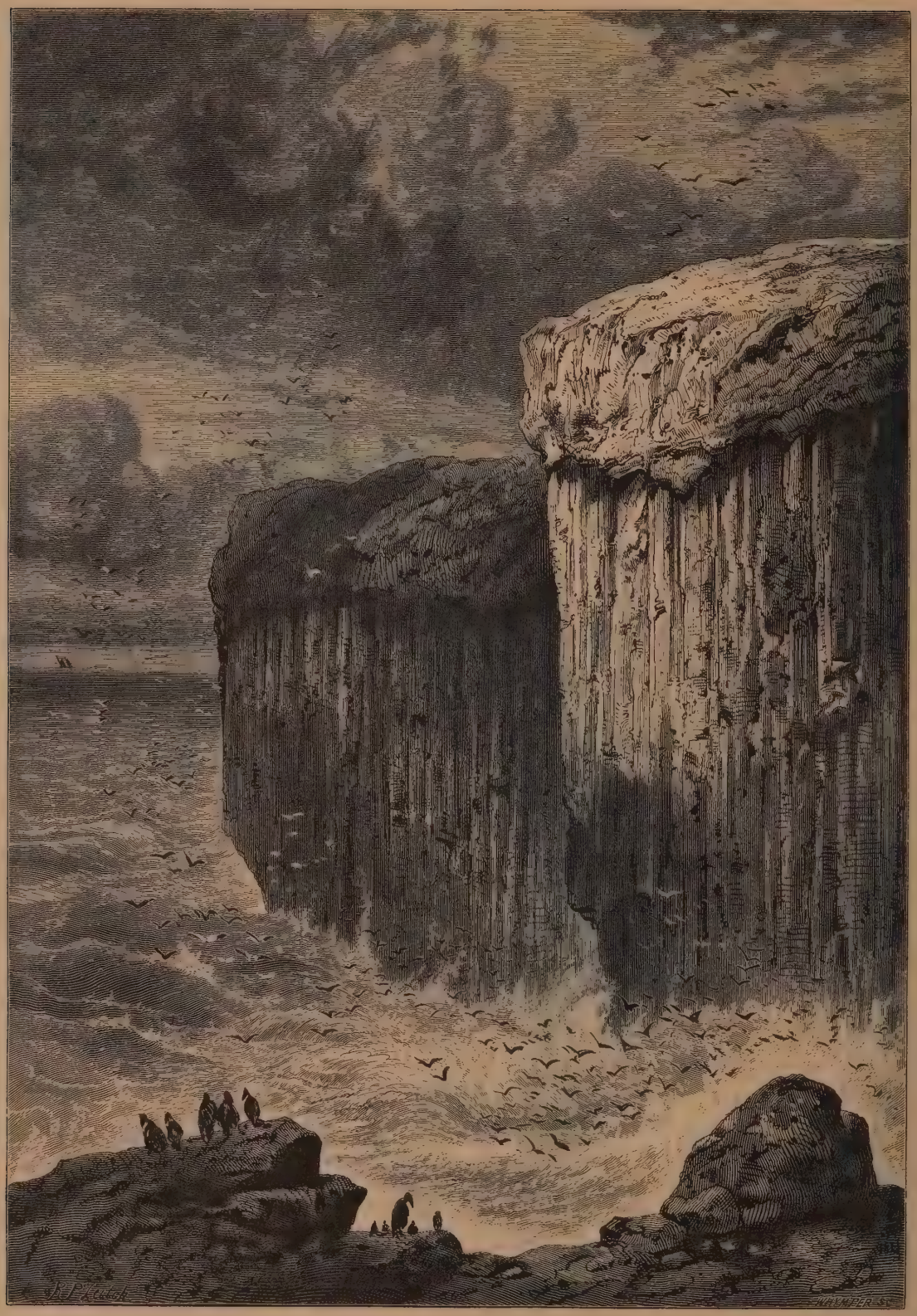
are most numerous in Glencoe. *Grianan Dearduil* is the "sunny place" of Ossian's Darthula, whom Nathas stole from her husband Conquhar. Here, too, we have *Caslis-na-con*, "the ferry of the day;" *Bitanaben*, or "the hill of deerskins," and many other places which refer to the hunting-expeditions of Fingal, whose peculiar domain was Morven. "The curse of Glencoe" is still applied to the Breadalbane Campbells, who were William's accessories in the massacre which was committed in 1692 at the north-west end of the valley, and thus fixed an indelible stigma on the government of the Revolution. It made a great sensation throughout Scotland, and will perhaps ever be remembered with execration in the Country of the Clans.

In referring so much to the Land of Fingal it is impossible to omit some description of the cavern (though in a remote and lonely Argyleshire isle) which bears his name.

This stupendous basaltic grotto in the lonely isle of Staffa remained, singularly enough, unknown to the outer world until it was visited by Sir Joseph Banks in 1772. As the visitors' boat glides under its vast portal, the mighty octagonal columns of lava which form the sides of the cavern (says a writer)—the depth and strength of the tide which rolls its deep and heavy swell into the extremity of the vault unseen amid its vague uncertainty—the variety of tints formed by the white, crimson, and yellow stalactites, which occupy the base of the broken pillars that form the roof, and intersect them with a rich and variegated chasing—the corresponding variety of tint below water, where the ocean rolls over a dark-red or violet-colored rock, from which the basaltic columns rise—the tremendous noise of the swelling tide mingling with the deep-toned echoes of the vault that stretches far into the bowels of the isle—form a combination of effects without a parallel in the world!

Staffa means "the isle of columns." A herd of cattle browse upon its summit; but not a hut exists to shelter, in case of storm, the thousands who come yearly to visit it. In the isle are six great caverns. On proceeding from the landing-place, the first objects of interest that challenge our notice and excite our wonder are the Clam-shell Cave; second, the *Buchaille*, or Herdsman; third, the Causeway and the Great Face, or Colonnade; fourth, Fingal's, or the Great Cave; fifth, the Boat Cave; and sixth, the Cormorants', or MacKinnon's Cave.

These columnar caves range, or vary, from eighteen to fifty feet in height; the depth of dark water within them, from thirty-six to fifty-four feet. The Great Cave, which is named from Ossian's King of Selma, is rather more deficient in symmetry than the rest. The outline of the entrance, perpendicular at the sides, and terminating in a contrasted arch, is pleasing and elegant. "The height," says Macculloch, "from the apex of this arch to the top of the cliff above, is thirty feet; from the former to the surface of the water at mean-tide, sixty-six feet. The total length inward is two hundred and twenty-seven feet." These measurements differ somewhat from those taken by Sir Joseph Banks.



FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

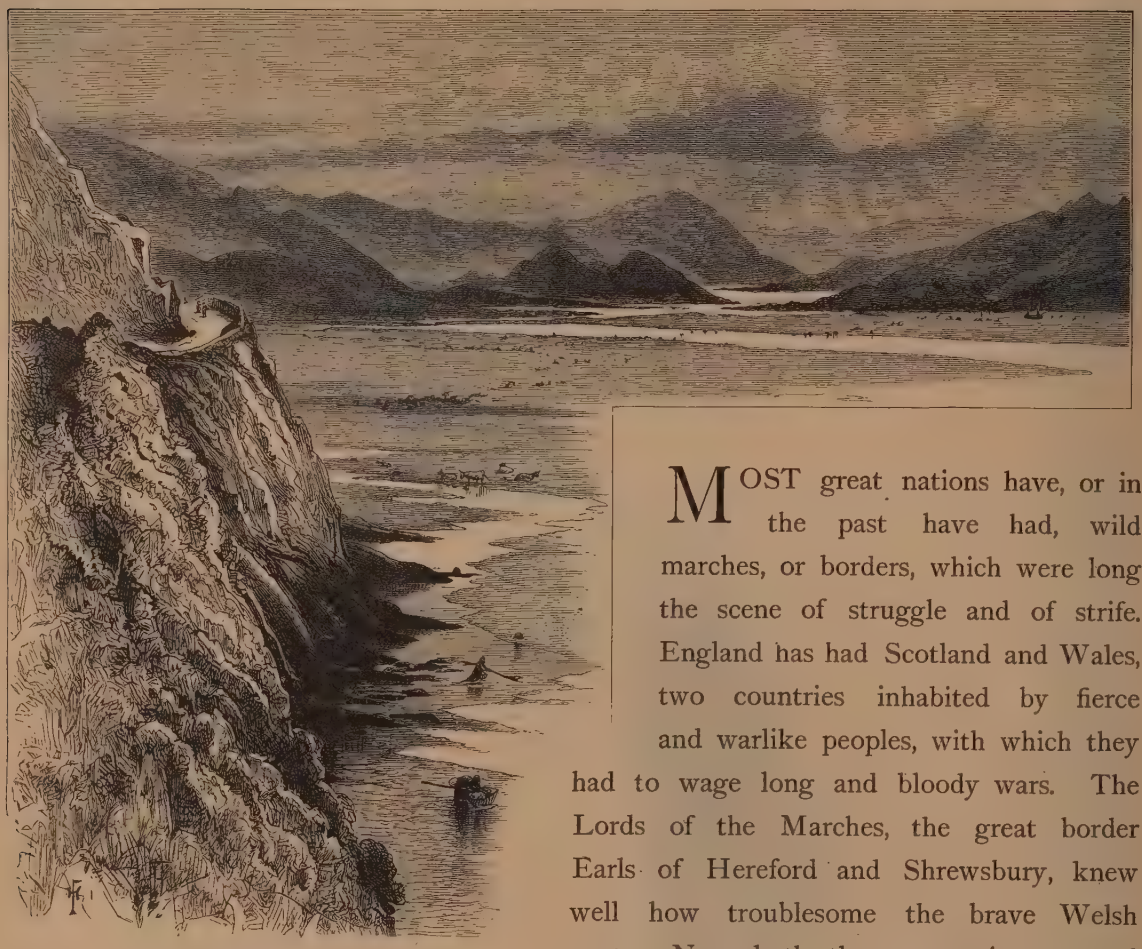
The finest views are obtained from the end at low water, as, when the roaring tide is full, it is impossible for the eye to comprehend the whole with ease. From this position, also, the front forms a solid mass of a very symmetrical form, supporting by the breadth of its surface the vacant shadow of the cave itself. Here, also, that subtile play of light, shade, and reflection, which is produced by the broken columns retiring in ranges and gradually diminishing, is seen with distinctness. The inner sides of the cave are columnar throughout, the columns being broken and grouped in many different ways, thus catching a wondrous variety of direct and reflected tints, mixed with secondary shadows and deep, invisible recesses, producing an effect that is equally pleasing and picturesque, and yet is awful.

"As I sat on one of the columns," to quote Macculloch, "the long swell raised the water at intervals to my feet, and then, subsiding again, left me suspended high above it; while the silence of these movements, and the apparently undisturbed surface of the sea, caused the whole of the cave to feel like a ship heaving in a sea-way. The ceiling is divided by a fissure, and varies in different places. Toward the outer part of the cave, it is formed of the irregular rock; in the middle it is composed of the broken ends of columns, producing a geometrical and ornamental effect; and at the end a portion of each rock enters into its composition."

As the sea never ebbs out entirely, the only floor of this cave is the beautiful green water, reflecting those tints which vary and harmonize with the darker tones of the rocks, and often throw upward on the columns the flickering lights which its undulations catch from the rays of the sun.

This great natural curiosity is quite unnoticed by Martin in his account of the Western Isles, published in the beginning of the last century. A bronze Celtic sword-blade of vast antiquity—old, perhaps, as the days of Luns of Lochlin, if that famous armorer ever existed—was found here some years ago, and is now preserved at Edinburgh. When or how the place acquired its name of Fingal's Cave we have no means of knowing; but when writing of the Roman invasion (A. D. 211), Gibbon says: "This Caledonian War, neither marked by decisive events, nor attended with any important consequences, would ill deserve our attention; but it is supposed, not without a considerable degree of probability, that the invasion of Severus is connected with the most shining period of British history or fable. *Fingal*, whose fame, with that of his heroes and bards, has been revived in our language by a recent publication, is said to have commanded the Caledonians in that memorable juncture, to have eluded the power of Severus, and to have obtained a signal victory on the banks of the Carun (or Carron), in which the son of the *King of the World*, Caracul, fled from his arms along the field of his pride." On this passage, Tytler remarks that much has yet to be proved before we can venture to transplant these shadowy heroes into the field of history.

THE WEST COAST OF WALES.



Between Dolgelly and Barmouth.

MOST great nations have, or in the past have had, wild marches, or borders, which were long the scene of struggle and of strife. England has had Scotland and Wales, two countries inhabited by fierce and warlike peoples, with which they had to wage long and bloody wars. The Lords of the Marches, the great border Earls of Hereford and Shrewsbury, knew well how troublesome the brave Welsh were. Now, both these countries are, and long have been, happily fused into the great whole of a great kingdom; and old border wars belong wholly to history and to romance. That great legislator, great warrior, great king, Edward I., succeeded, in 1282, to the infinite advantage of both countries, in making Wales an integral portion of the British Empire. Happy had it been, for Scotland as for England, if his project, frustrated only by his untimely death at Burgh-le-Sands, for a similar union between Scotland and England had been as successfully completed.

Ceasing thus early, the wars and incursions of the Welsh were chiefly political or national in character; while those of Scotland, which were carried on to a date so much later, were predatory as well as political. The border-towers of the north bear the same relation to a Norman castle that a moss-trooper bears to a knight.

The northern border-holds were built for defense and plunder; as bases for reiving, and ravaging, and freebooting. The apt motto in the northern marches was, "Thou shalt want ere I want;" and for centuries—

> "All along the border here,
> The word was snaffle, spur, and spear."

No Christie of the Clinthill or Reiver of Westburnflat appears in the records of Welsh border warfare. The Norman castle, originally a symbol of subjection, ripened into a stronghold of order.

"The Britons," says Freeman, "were neither exterminated nor enslaved." By the wisdom of Edward, a noble population was made an integral portion of a great united nation. "Edward could feel no more doubt than we do now that, in uniting the two countries, he was consulting the best interests of both." "This incorporation," says Sharon Turner, "was an unquestionable blessing to Wales. That country ceased immediately to be the theatre of homicide and distress, and began to imitate English habits."

The Red King, and the English-born Henry, born within Tostig's earldom, and called the "Lion of Justice," tried to unite Wales with England. The tiger-heads of Harold flamed and flew in Welsh war when the son of Godwin added Gwent to the English realm. The chronicler says of Henry I.: "Good man he was, and mickle awe there was of him. Durst none man misdo with other in his time." He speaks again of the "unwise doings of Cediver, son of Goronwy," who was so "mischievous to the (Welsh) country in general," but who was yet "in fear of offending King Henry, the man who subdued all the sovereigns of the isle of Britain by his power and authority . . . . the man with whom no one could strive but God alone, from whom he obtained the power." Between 1101 and 1112 Henry subdued much of Wales, and a fusion between Britons and Norman settlers was brought about. Henry and Rufus both built castles, the earliest being those of Rhuddlan, Rhyd-y-gors, Montgomery. Henry settled Flemings in Pembrokeshire, the last Low-Dutch settlement in Britain, that of Hengist having been the first; and he gave Norman bishops to Llandaff and to St. David's. But the final fusion followed the deaths of Llewellyn and of David, when a greater king than any one that had preceded him founded, by valor, mercy, and wisdom, the national unity of England and of Wales.

Wales, like Scotland and Cumberland, is a country of mountain and of lake, of great, wild, natural, romantic beauty. It is not a true philosophy to allow the vision of any other country or scenes to mar our present enjoyment of the charms among which we may happen to be traveling; but some essentially similar things suggest unavoidable comparisons—as, for instance, it is impossible to read the other Elizabethan

dramatists without thoughts of the "crown o' the world," Shakespeare—and it may be forgiven an Alpine-Club man if he cannot refrain, when in Wales, from comparing it with another land of mountain and of lake—with Switzerland. I avow that, under this influence, I am tempted to speak rather of Welsh "hills" than of Welsh "mountains;"

View from Castle Dinas Bran.

that I prefer the lake of Lucerne to Bala Lake; and that the fair green hill-ranges of Wales are overtopped, in my affections, by the crowds of snow-giants which soar so near to heaven from out Helvetia's soil. As I miss the unspeakable glory of those cloud-cleaving Swiss snow-mountains, I find the Welsh hills low and small; and I turn

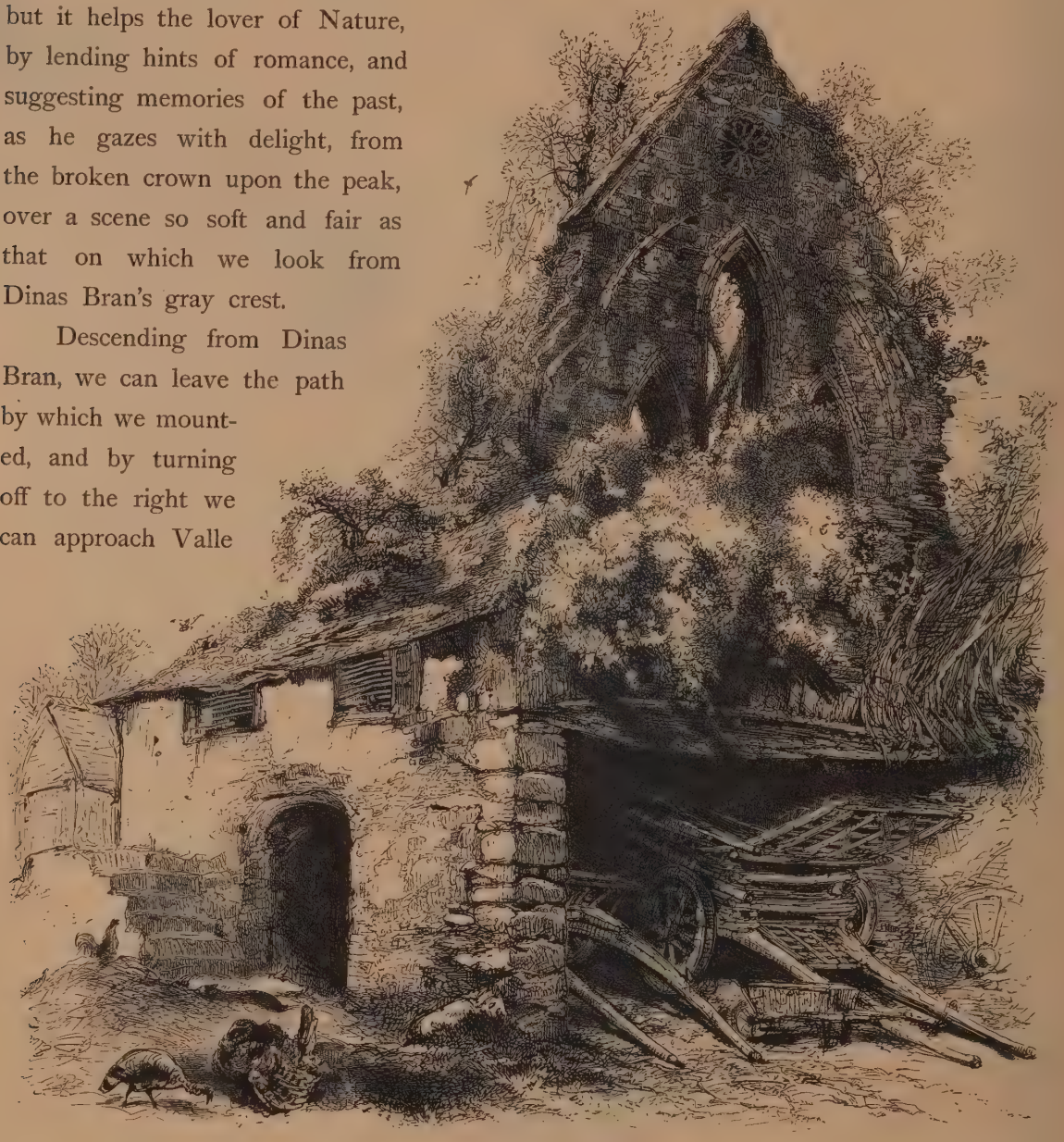
with comfort to the thought that Wales itself was once the scene of glacier action and of glacier grandeur. After this brief confession, I turn with alacrity to follow the wayward footsteps of the artist with whom we are now about to visit some of the scenes of beauty and of interest in sweet, wild Wales.

Our Welsh studies may fitly begin with an old, ruined castle. For the lover of the picturesque the age of ruins is not past, and Wales, as we shall presently find, is singularly rich in dismantled relics of the dim, far olden time. Painting, "mute and motionless, steals but a glance from Time;" but it is the charming privilege of the art pictorial to leap at once upon the subjects of its choice, and to indulge its "elective affinities" by representing to the eye the object that attracts and suits its purposes and powers. We must walk up a hill to attain, with our artist, to the few remains of Dinas Bran.

To visit Dinas Bran you start from Llangollen. Humming the air of "Sweet Jenny Jones," which the harper has been playing in the passage of the Hand Hotel while you had your lunch, you stroll from out the cool shade of the hotel garden into the clean, sun-bright streets of the white little town, and you soon reach the point from which the miniature ascent begins. When we started, soft, tender, gray cloudlets—like the poutings, the half-affected little tempers, of a pretty and wayward woman—veiled the burning sun, and we began slowly to mount the easy winding path which leads gently up, some thousand feet, to the ruin. A little blessed breeze begins to stir, and we commence our petty climb in comparative coolness; but the blaze of full summer glory shines out again as we slowly mount, and the heat returns. The "sacred Dee" glistens brightly in the blinding glare; below, in the lovely, peaceful vale of Llangollen, you see that there is shade beneath the trees; but, as we walk on, the gentle cloud-veil again spreads between us and the too brilliant sun. As we rise higher and higher, we find that our ruin-crested summit stands in the very centre of "all the circles of the hills." On one side the limestone hills are bare and barren, but elsewhere there are green hills, often hedge-divided up to their very tops. A few more steps and you are among the relics of Dinas Bran. Rude, amorphous lumps of rubble project all around you from out the hill's soft crest. They are suggestive, but very vague. All the ashlar has long disappeared, and every moulding is gone. A bard, one Iolo Coch, sang the castle as having been the residence of a certain beautiful Myvanwy, for whose beauty we must now trust wholly to the poet in whom she inspired love. Griffith ab Madoc (*tempus* Henry III.) and Owen Glendower are names connected by a loose link of tradition with these jagged stumps of utter ruin. History is faint and wan on Dinas Bran, the hints of wall and tower are rude and scanty; but the picturesque, which is young as Nature, is very vital and very lovely yet. Standing under the ragged arch from which our artist sketched, the eye roams over a wide expanse of country,

stretching far away to the distant horizon, and across the middle distance runs the white railway-viaduct, over which the iron horse glides swiftly every day. Limestone cliffs are quarried out on one desolate side of the hill. The other encircling summits rise up all around, and the scene is sweet and fair. For the architect or archæologist the ruin has but little attraction; but it helps the lover of Nature, by lending hints of romance, and suggesting memories of the past, as he gazes with delight, from the broken crown upon the peak, over a scene so soft and fair as that on which we look from Dinas Bran's gray crest.

Descending from Dinas Bran, we can leave the path by which we mounted, and by turning off to the right we can approach Valle



Valle Crucis Abbey.

Crucis by the vale of Llangollen. We cross sun-bright fields, in which haymakers are busily at work, and soon stand before the great doorway of the abbey-ruins. A heavy bell depends, looking like a great tear in iron, and we read a notice which informs us that the housekeeper lives a long way off, and that we must wait patiently until the

bell can be answered. We do wait patiently, a patience rendered pleasant by cool, deep shade, and by the beauty of the west front on which we gaze. At length a key grates in the lock, the door is opened, and a tall housekeeper surveys us with calculating and interrogative eyes as she admits us to the interior, carpeted with grass, of Valle Crucis Abbey. Valle Crucis at once suggests Tintern. There is the same light, delicate, refined, ornate beauty in column, in window, in moulding. As the birch-tree is the "lady of the woods," so these early English abbeys, of the size and of the date of Tintern and of Valle Crucis, seem to be the feminine, or lady-like, of a most ethereal and graceful style of art-architecture. The trees and ivy are all most vividly, most freshly, green, while the light gray stone, round which the ivy clings, from which little boughlets spring, is in the perfection of old-stone tone and hue. Nothing is strong or massive—all is delicate and graceful in Valle Crucis.

My competent informant tells me that the greater portion of the ruins are of very late Early English, built toward the end of the thirteenth century; and points out that there has been some attempt at a Perpendicular restoration at the east end of the building. The blue sunlit sky shines gloriously through lofty window and pointed arch, and heaven itself now roofs the ruin. How fair and still is all the place and scene! The beauty of Nature goes hand in hand with the beauty of architecture. Another party mercifully coming in at this moment, we were glad to turn the old housekeeper over to them, and to investigate and enjoy by ourselves and for ourselves. The scheme of the church can easily be made out. The ruins are complete enough for that. Nave, and aisles, and choir, and transepts, can be restored by knowledge and by fancy. Among the mouldering tombs is one which bore the name of Myvanwy; and the mind turns for a moment from archæology and from art to fancy a romance round the resting-place of the beauty who fired, so long ago, the heart of the bard of Dinas Bran. "Only a woman's hair" connects castle with abbey; a woman's beauty and a minstrel's song link the two together. The life was lived in the stronghold, and the church holds the grave of Myvanwy. Much is suggested of her, but nothing more is known. We are in the soft twilight in which imagination shapes and works. "The low sun makes the color," and he is slowly westering over tree and field as we stand once more outside the fair western end of the lovely ruin. We look for a moment at those parts of the old building which are now included in a modern farm, and then we quit Valle Crucis, and leave abbey and castle for the railway-station. We arrived just in time. A column of white vapor streamed along the sunset-tinted woods, and the train grew along the gliding rails.

The Devil's Bridge, near Aber-ystwith, which we visit next, is a poor subject for word-painting—the theme suits better with the pencil. There are two bridges: one a rude arch—built, probably, in the twelfth century by the monks of Strata Florida Abbey; and the other, the upper bridge, built in 1753. The waterfall is good, but as

a mere waterfall it is surpassed by many cascades in Switzerland. It has, nevertheless, one superiority over all the Swiss cascades, and that superiority consists in the luxuriance, variety, and delicacy, of the vegetation and foliage which surround our present Devil's Bridge. The charm of the place consists, in my judgment, in the exquisite beauty of its natural surroundings. The valley of Rheidol is distinctly fine; the hilly road from Aber-ystwith is very pleasant, and the wood-clothed rocks which inclose the roaring splash of foamy, falling waters, hurrying ever madly downward, are very striking. In such weather as that in which I was recently in Wales, the watery coolness of the tree-shadowed air is simple luxury. The spot is, deservedly, a point of regular tourist pilgrimage, and Aber-ystwith vomits forth daily, during the season, mighty vans and towering coaches crowded with those who love to visit, in crowds, the places which their guide-books and hotel-keepers extol. The longest leap of the mad waters, so rudely disturbed in their generally quiet habit of finding their own level, is one of one hundred and ten feet. The fourth, or Rheidol cascade, is seventy feet deep. Ravine, gorge, mountain, cataract, foliage, all combine to form a very pretty picture.

The Devil's Bridge.

We are next taken by our artist to a scene lovelier far, if less imposing. Obeying blindly, but cheerfully, the magic wand of his pencil, we find ourselves in Dolgelly, and shall then be constrained to walk with him up the celebrated Torrent Walk. The "Walk" is contained in private grounds (those of Caerynwch), but is open to public use. You mount gently by the side of murmuring, falling waters, which sometimes stagnate into deep, still, quiet pools. The bed of the bright waters is studded with dark, damp rocks. All around is the "cool dark of dewy leaves." Creepers hang pendant from every spot on which

they can fix a root. Ferns abound; trees, of singular loveliness, wave or droop their shadowing and leafy boughs. The air is fresh with the coolness and resonant with the music of many waters. Sun-flecks steal through leaf-openings, and speck with white-gold bank, and rock, and path. Outside is the blaze of almost Eastern summer; inside is the still, splashy freshness of a Moorish fountained court in the Alhambra. The place is a retreat, as lovely as refreshing, from the branding sun of our July of 1876. Perhaps the weather outside enhanced, by contrast, the pure greenery, and shade, and hush, of water-shine in the Torrent Walk. Outward circumstance often stimulates, as it sometimes mars, enjoyment; and I look back with exceeding pleasure to the recollections of that fair sylvan torrent.

"The Torrent Walk."

Our artist gives us next a pictorial glimpse of Wales from the high, winding road which leads from Dolgelly to Barmouth. This road, like many roads in Wales and in Switzerland, is hewed out of rock. Below us stretches a wide valley plain, surrounded by low hills, Cader Idris being faintly visible; and through the plain the white, calm river winds gently to the immensities of ocean. The scene selected is typical, and gives a counterfeit presentment of many a route characteristic of the scenery of fair, wild Wales. The pencil travels by great leaps. It bounds over intervening space, from point to point, and springs from road to mountain-peak and to crumbling ruin.

Next comes a scrap, or sketch, one of those of which an artist's portfolio is commonly full, of a wild Welsh moorland peasant-home. The cottage is on the road. Behind it are sun-bright meadows, clumps of trees, and low, swelling hills. As a house, it is not very good or very tidy; and it resembles an Irish rather than an English cottage. When one returns from abroad, the neatness of an English cottage, the flowers tended with such pleasure and such pride, the self-respect shown in a loved and carefully-ordered home, are very striking even to an English eye. I have seen many of these Welsh lowly homes; but I never noticed much tendency to flower-gardens. They are picturesque with pigstyes,

"And the wild washing waving on the line."

The reader will notice, in the illustration, the hat worn by the woman. This head-gear is characteristically Welsh. These hats, tall, narrowing toward the top, with flat, round rims, suggest Mother Hubbard and Mrs. Quickly, with a touch of Tudor witch. They are often worn over a cap, with white frills embellishing either side of the face; and the fair wearer, thus "got up," resembles unconsciously, but quaintly, a Peninsular veteran, with a weather-scarred visage surrounded by the white whiskers of the days of glorious Waterloo. I fancy that the use of these hats is slowly dying out. I do not remember ever to have seen one worn by a young woman. They seem to be old-fashioned, and to be confined to the generation which is passing away.

We now find ourselves jerked to Beddgelert, and we start to walk along the bank of the river Glaslynn. Gradually the stream becomes wilder, and the hills higher. The whole scene changes and grows more romantic and more picturesque. I saw this road in radiant sunshine, but it would, I think, be finer in gray, stormy weather, with straining clouds, and under tempest sky. Dark, fierce weather would, probably, enlarge and ennoble all the characteristics of the scenery. The pass narrows, and we approach Pont Aberglaslynn, a bridge thrown across the rapid river at its narrowest and most torrent-like point. The Pont is a tourist-object. It is undoubtedly fine; but I think, with Charles Kingsley, that it is overpraised. He says that Devonshire has many things as fine; I add that Switzerland has many things of the sort that are almost

incomparably finer. The rocky sides, though never really high, are sufficiently precipitous, and there is often finer color in the stained and weather-scarred rocks. The invisibly bright waters of the Glaslynn are of a singularly pure green color; and the whole pass—it is short—is certainly picturesque. The man who has traveled much will regard Pont Aberglaslynn with pleasure as a "pretty bit;" but the tourist who has traveled not at all, and who sees the scene as the first of its sort, within his limited experience, will probably tarry about the Pont, and exalt the pass to the loftiest boundaries of the wildly and terribly romantic. Happily, traveler, student, and mere tourist, will all enjoy, each one after his kind.

Welsh Cottage.

On some of the happy little Welsh railways the traveler finds himself admitted as a member of a small family party. The officials are all friendly, and every one knows every one else. They are all Joneses, or Morgans, or Evanses, or Reeses. The names of stations are not called out, because the traveling public is mainly a local public, and such forms are superfluous. A rate of, say, three or four miles an hour, and stations three or four miles apart, do not conduce to rapidity; but that matters little on lines on which speed is ignored and punctuality unknown. The people are all simple, and kindly, and intimate. The mind feels nothing of the usual stress and strain of railway traveling; but you trundle gently along, through charming scenery, in a kind of slow, unfeverish delight. George Eliot was right in praising the value

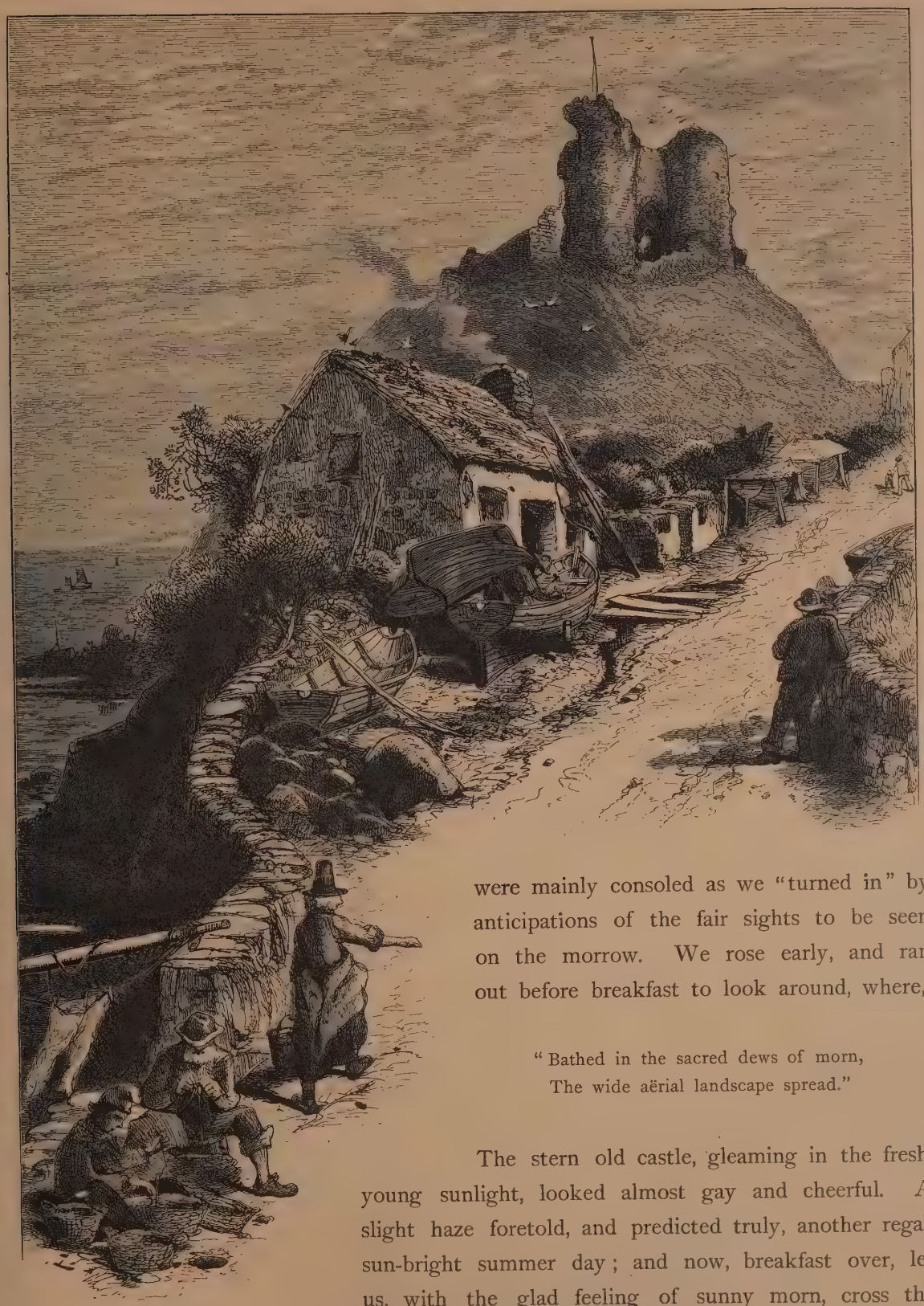
PONT ABERGLASLYNN.

of the leisure in which people lived in former days; and the nearest approach which our hurried day makes to the calm of a by-gone time is, perhaps, to be found in these easy-going, unhasting lines of railway. By these pleasant means of locomotion we passed to Crickeith and to Harlech. The line runs along the coast of Cardigan Bay. The day was bright and breezy; the little greenish-purple waves, crisped by a light summer wind, danced gayly toward the shore; and the wide spread of waters, filling up the broad space between the two horns of the bay, was dark against the light and shining heavens. One white sail glanced in the splendor of the blaze of sunlight, and one or two fishing-boats, with dark-brown sails, spotted the sea with color.

On such a beautiful coast-line of idyllic happy railway, with glad sea on the one hand and fair inland country on the other, lies the little station of Harlech; and high above the station glooms the great gray mass of the stately old castle. We reached Harlech, from Barmouth, in the later gloaming, when the "pale purple evening" of a brilliant July day was melting into the soft shades of coming night and sleep. The path from the station to the capital new hotel, which is just opposite to the main entrance of the grand old fortress, is high, and rather steep. Harlech is, according to our happy experience, wholly uninfested by tourists, and we had some trouble to find any one who could carry up our modest luggage to the highly-placed hostelry; but, once arrived at that good eminence, we thought that the utterly quiet and really romantic site was one of the most charming things that we had seen in Wales. Soft duskiness made the huge block, with its massive entrance and majestic towers, seem even larger, in that mystery of early night, than it looks in the garish daytime. Far below us the windless sea composed itself to the calm rest of stillest summer night. In the distance, to the right, stretches the long range of Snowdon and his brother hills; and behind their wavy sky-line the lingering light and color of dying day threw out each soaring peak into clearest, sharp relief. An immense plain, treeless and singularly flat, made up of small, hedge-sundered fields, extends from the foot of the castle hill to the long line of northern mountain bulwark; and across this wide surface runs the straightest line of railway that I know.

On the beach lay one pathetic wreck. A ship heeling over on to its side, with rigging gone, with masts stripped above the futtock-shrouds, and bowsprit ceasing at the cap, lay idly and sadly there, a melancholy victim to the wintry storm. As we stood at the hotel-door, and gazed from that height upon the fair scene spread below, the darkling night sank in a deeper hush of gloom over the plains of earth and sea. One or two lights began to glimmer in the windows of little farm-houses, and the stars to shine against that background of darkness which brings out their mystic brightness. There was no breath of wind, and all was still—so still! Once a dog bayed in the remote distance. The castle grew larger, and became more deeply sombre. It was too late to get into it that night; but we left the outer air and scene unwillingly, and

HARLECH CASTLE.



Crickeith Castle.

were mainly consoled as we "turned in" by anticipations of the fair sights to be seen on the morrow. We rose early, and ran out before breakfast to look around, where,

> "Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
> The wide aërial landscape spread."

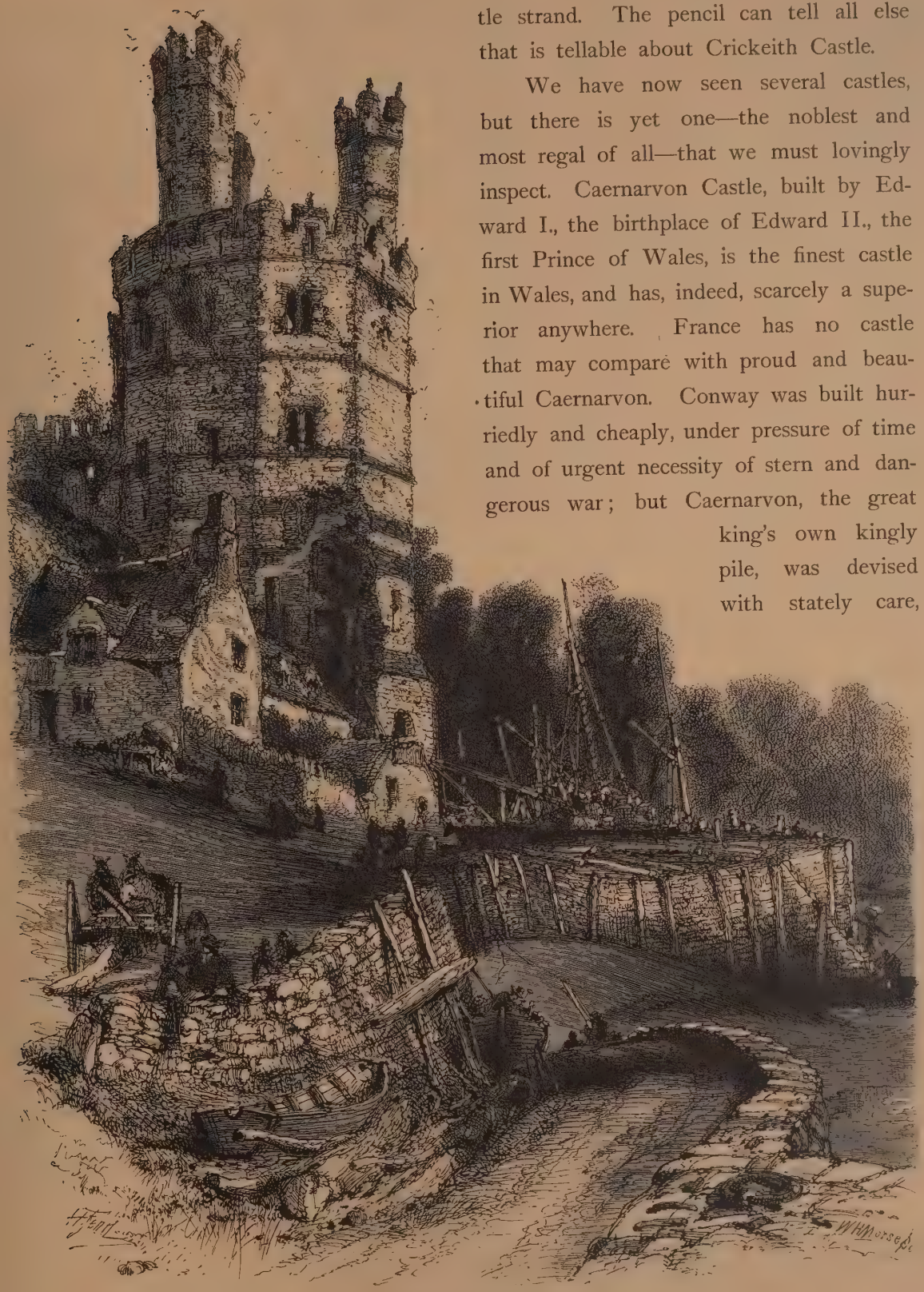
The stern old castle, gleaming in the fresh, young sunlight, looked almost gay and cheerful. A slight haze foretold, and predicted truly, another regal, sun-bright summer day; and now, breakfast over, let us, with the glad feeling of sunny morn, cross the bridge and enter Harlech Castle.

Two great round towers inclose a narrow entrance. Though not a perfect square, the castle is square in form. The outer walls and the round towers at each corner of them being all left, the ruin gives the mind a direct and distinct impression of its former strength and meaning. We walk round it first along *les lices*—that is, along the broad path between the main walls and the outer battlements. The sea at one time came up to the foot of the sea-side of the stronghold, though now it has retired until the castle is almost a mile inland. All Edward's castles were built upon the sea. The great strategist knew well the advantage of having the sea as a base of operations, and the King of England understood the use of his royal navy. Harlech is characteristically Edwardian. The ruin is so far perfect that the archæologist can read its every meaning and reconstruct its every detail. On one part of the great gray wall the lichen has branded a stain of color which resembles the red rust upon an old helmet. Harlech has some history, too, and possesses the vividness of life which springs from connection with well-known names in history. It is said, but the internal evidence is not conclusive, that Harlech was built by the architect of Caernarvon. In 1404 Harlech was taken by the best known of Welsh heroes, Owen Glendower; and he was dispossessed by Prince Henry. Margaret of Anjou found refuge here during the Wars of the Roses, and one tower still bears her name. Her visit occurred after the battle of Northampton. Edward IV. seized Harlech after a long siege, the castle having been bravely held by the governor, Davydd ap Ifan. Harlech saw much fighting during the Civil Wars, but was ultimately won for the Parliament, in 1647, by Mytton. It still belongs to the crown, and is in the charge of a royal constable. The fosse which surrounds the landward side was wide and deep; the traces of chapel and of great hall are still distinct. Smaller, lighter towers, as at Conway, spring out of the larger and heavier main towers. The plan of the whole is simple, grand, and easily understood. The remains are reasonably perfect, and the situation is magnificent.

A few stations—and therefore only a few miles—distant is Crickeith. The castle has been a much smaller one than that of Harlech, and it is now in a state of abject ruin, being, in fact, not much more perfect than the amorphous remains of Dinas Bran. In truth, the present remains serve mainly as a suggestive old-world adjunct to the pretty bay, and to the pleasant scene around. There is but little that is of value to the archæologist, but the lover of the picturesque will delight in Crickeith. The castle has been, probably, of the date, and is in the style, of the Edwardian coast stronghold. It stands at a moderate height, on a little rocky promontory, against the foot of which the sunny wavelets lap and break to-day. It has no history. A narrow gateway, set between two once massive towers, leads into the dismantled and ruinous interior. The mass of masonry is mainly formless rubble, vaguely suggestive, but "only that, and nothing more." The bay, seen, as we saw it, on a perfect day, is broadly beautiful, and the scenery around is very charming. Crickeith is a small and cheap watering-place,

and a few bathing-machines dot its gentle strand. The pencil can tell all else that is tellable about Crickeith Castle.

We have now seen several castles, but there is yet one—the noblest and most regal of all—that we must lovingly inspect. Caernarvon Castle, built by Edward I., the birthplace of Edward II., the first Prince of Wales, is the finest castle in Wales, and has, indeed, scarcely a superior anywhere. France has no castle that may compare with proud and beautiful Caernarvon. Conway was built hurriedly and cheaply, under pressure of time and of urgent necessity of stern and dangerous war; but Caernarvon, the great king's own kingly pile, was devised with stately care,



Caernarvon Castle.

and was completed unrestingly but unhastingly. The building occupied many years. In 1283 Queen Eleanor held her court in Norman Rhuddlan, but in 1284 Caernarvon was so far completed that she removed to it, and there, on the 25th of April, 1284, gave birth to "Edward of Caernarvon," the victim of Berkeley Castle, and the subject of Marlowe's tragedy. The great castle is fully worthy of great Edward I., and is, indeed, characteristic of the hero-king. It is stern and proud; it expresses lordship in splendor as in strength; but it seems also to symbolize the calm power and temperate will of that great founder in whose hand might was only a means to right. Conway is built of rubble; Caernarvon of cut stone. The towers of Conway are round; those of Caernarvon are multangular. On the Eagle Tower, and round the battlements of some of the towers which are placed near it, the old architect (supposed to have been Henry de Elreton) has, by a stroke of poetical imagination, placed mystic armed heads, which rise like the first apparition that the weird sisters showed to Macbeth, and which suggest, somehow, a rude relationship to that iron-crested head of Michael Angelo which, with the shadow of the helm steadfastly resting on the profoundly calm and changeless face, broods forever, in harness and in helmet, over that mystery of Death which lies unfolded, but unread, in the splendid Medicean tomb beneath the solemn figure's reposing feet. The castle rises to its highest idea in that superb Eagle Tower which dominates and crowns all else. From beside its flag-staff you see the castle below, the hills beyond, the coast of Anglesey, the broad, golden sands, the quiet water

Puffin Island.

and the sleeping woods, and that quay which marks the spot where Edward's navy rested when it brought supplies and soldiers to Caernarvon. Standing on the Eagle Tower, the castle, an irregular oblong in shape, is spread out like a map at your feet. Queen Eleanor's Gateway, directly opposite, is very lovely; and you see the Black Tower, the Chamberlain Tower, the Well Tower, the Dungeon Tower, the Warder's Tower, and the great entrance-gate. Although that is tolerably perfect, it is but the outside shell of the castle that remains. The interior is empty, except for hints of that which once was there; for the inside of such a castle was full of buildings, and was like a busy hive of life and work. Archæology can do much to restore these complex interior erections, but yet there are points about which Viollet-le-Duc doubts, or Burges hesitates. How precious it would be if some knight of Edward's time—clothed in chain-mail, with clear-cut face, shaven but for the mustache, and set in the framework of its iron shroud—could rise from the grave and tell us, with living voice, how such a castle looked in its day of vital life; how it was manned, and fought, and worked; how its court-yard was filled with buildings; and how its complex internal economy was daily carried on!

Over the great gateway sits the statue of royal Edward. Defaced by time, the figure is yet dimly suggestive, and watches there, over his majestic fortress, "moulded in colossal calm." There is something of Egyptian repose in the still, throned figure, which symbolizes to our day the memories of a great warrior-ruler's great triumph. Caernarvon is a monument to Edward of England, and his eagle-spirit seems to dwell forever in the mighty castle which remains, in ruin, a noble emblem of his victory and rule.

The artist has paused to sketch a glimpse of Puffin Island, which rises out of the water, on the east side of Anglesea, like the back of a huge floating whale. It formerly belonged to the monks of Penmon, and derives its name from being much frequented by puffins. Other sea-birds resort there; it abounds also in rabbits and rats, and man now asserts himself in the shape of a signal-station keeper, and by means of the tower of an ancient church. It was the scene of a terrible marine disaster in 1831, when the ship Rothsay Castle was wrecked, with the loss of one hundred lives.

The next choice of our artist is a subject of interest rather than of beauty—belongs more to economics than to romance. He has chosen to depict the great Penrhyn slate quarries. Here workmen swarm about like busy ants; thunderous blastings shake the drowsy, sunny air; ledges, terraces, cuttings, and "shoots," vex the tormented earth. From a literary point of view these industrial undertakings play but a subordinate part in "PICTURESQUE EUROPE." They are the Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns, not the Hamlets, of the pen-and-pencil panorama. Still, in a land of such mineral riches as is Wales, it is fit to glance into the bowels of the earth, to think for a moment of its cavernous wealth, in place of remaining always on its more attractive surface.

PENRHYN SLATE QUARRIES.

Slates are a marked feature in Welsh life. They roof the living and entomb the dead. It is indeed a pity, picturesquely considered, that there are so many slate roofs in Wales. An English eye misses the delicious color of the dear old red tiles. Slates are cold, chilling, bare in form, bleak and piteous in hue. The gifted young architect who is restoring Cardiff Castle has been led or driven to surmount a Norman wall with a roof of ordinary dull, ugly, small slates.

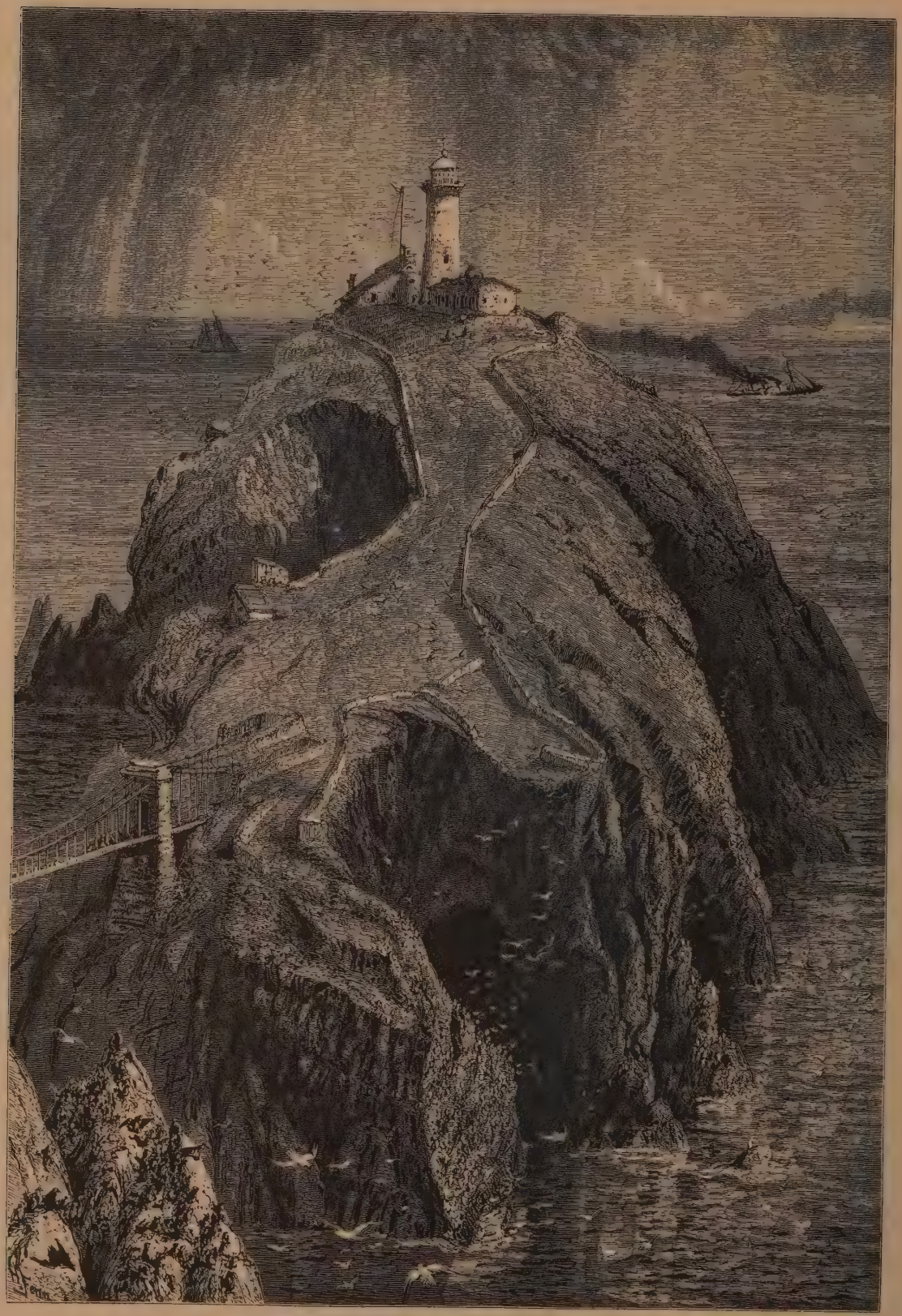
We now "fly by night" to Holyhead, and make our last excursion with our artist to the South Stack Lighthouse. Crossing by an elegant but fragile-looking suspension-bridge, you pass over a mighty chasm, which divides the block of cliff on which the lighthouse itself stands from the three hundred and eighty "stairs" which descend toward the chasm on the mainland. The view seaward is very fine. The wide channel is spread out broad before you. The smoke of the rapidly-cleaving steamship streams far behind her in the radiant, sunlit air; and—

> "On the horizon's verge descried,
> Hangs, touched with light, one snowy sail."

When there is no heat-haze the Wicklow Mountains can, I am told, be seen from the lighthouse. The sea now is calm and smiling, but the southwest gales, which in winter roar and rage round the exposed Stack, are, as I can well believe, most grand and awful. The wild winter waves, maddened by such an obstruction, dash themselves in foaming fury over the high, great rock; and in those terrible nights of storm the revolving white light, now extinct in the daylight, as a fire is put out by the sun, must be of priceless value to the laboring ship and to the anxious seamen. In the great wave-worn caverns, deep down in the strong rock, the sea booms in winter in much-resounding, hollow thunder; and how the winds of the fierce gale must sweep round the lofty cliff and lonely lighthouse!

The rocks of the Stack are dark and sombre, and of an iron hardness and resistless force. How, even now, in summer, the keen sea-air sweeps all round the grim, wild cliff! Countless sea-birds—gulls, auks, puffins, razor-bills, cormorants—live and breed on this their fitting home, and we feel that art does right to bring us to-day to this wild sea-bird's home—to the South Stack Lighthouse of Holyhead.

Before we quit Wales we must not forget that Shakespeare has paid *his* tribute to Edward's victorious fusion of the two countries. When Henry V. (Henry of Monmouth) lies, with his heroic little English army, in the heart of France, and adds Agincourt to Cressy and Poictiers, he has among his officers Captains Gower, Jamy, Macmorris, and Fluellen; and of these Captain Fluellen is surely not the least or last. Fluellen furnishes proof of the thorough union of England and Wales. Scotland is, by-the-way, a little unfortunate in the nationality of its heroes. William Walleys, or



SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE, HOLYHEAD.

Wallace, was of Welsh extraction; Robert de Brus, or Bruce, was a Yorkshireman, of Norman descent; his grandfather was an English judge, his father was a personal friend of the English king, and Bruce himself was admitted into Edward's household. Robert de Brus, the founder of the family in England, came over with the Conqueror, and was rewarded for his valor at the battle of Senlac by various lordships, of which Skelton, in Yorkshire, was the principal. I am always struck, when visiting castles in Wales, with the absence of interest in the personality of their owners. There are no lords or chieftains in whose personal character, or acts, or qualities, we can take a living or sympathetic interest. The ruins of the structure remain, but, with the exception of Caernarvon, there is a want of knight, or king, or hero, whose personality can stir the imagination or touch the heart.

The one exception is Owen Glendower, and he owes his hold upon our sympathies to Shakespeare. Who forgets that scene in the archdeacon's house at Bangor, in which the conspirators divide the kingdom which they have yet to win? We now know what they did not know—how futile were their high and over-confident aspirings. The silk of womanhood contrasts, in the working-scene, with the steel of knighthood. The tender Lady Mortimer, with her "pretty Welsh," and the lively Lady Percy, who swears too much like a "comfit-maker's wife," soften and enliven the mail-clad meeting. Flint Castle, too, is made memorable by Shakespeare. We see great, sumptuously-stern structures of the olden day in quite a different light when *his* "splendor falls on castle-walls, and snowy summits old in story."

And now we quit wild Wales with Shakespearean images filling our minds. The mountains of Scotland may be sterner and grander; the lakes of Cumberland may be wider and fairer than those of Wales; Switzerland surpasses it both in mountain and in lake; but it is a leal and lovely land, a noble principality; and we shall not, I hope, regret our visit to this picturesque and romantic portion of the United Kingdom.

THE LAKE COUNTRY.

Windermere, from Newby Bridge.

ON a solitary hostel by the river-side in the Cambridgeshire fens one reads in large letters above the door, "Four miles from anywhere.—No hurry." The maxim of this inscription should be adopted by every traveler who would duly appreciate the beauties of the English lakes. Small as is the space occupied by their district on the map—so small that an "express" tourist could see all its lions in a six-day period of labor—their beauties are of a kind that can hardly be culled in haste; and such a one will bear away in his memory scarce better souvenirs than he would of the hedge-row flowers, did he snatch at them from a passing carriage. There are scenes in more than one part of the world, the first glance at which produces the most lasting effect; scenes, a glance at which instantaneously, as it were, photographs an impression of overpowering grandeur or awful desolation. Such is not the character of the lake district: its beauty, like that of many faces, reveals itself only to those who linger long to gaze; its rewards are highest for those who obey the behest, graven on the wayside seat by one of its loveliest scenes, to "Rest and be thankful."

The statement containing comparisons is trite, but still beauties are often revealed by contrast, and even the existence of a better does not deteriorate a good. Therefore, we shall venture to compare briefly the mountain-groups of Cumbria and Cambria, or, more strictly, the lake district, with the northern half of Wales. The former gains, we think, over the latter by its more complete insulation. You pass, in most directions, almost suddenly and with marked change of scenery into that group of hills that it

requires no great stretch of fancy to reconvert into an almost severed peninsula. Yet, notwithstanding this, a large part of Wales gains greatly in beauty from its proximity to the coast, for on the borders of the Cumbrian hills a broad strip of lowland intervenes between them and the sea. Here, therefore, are no estuaries such as that which gives its fame to the valley of the Manddach; no straits where earth and sea enhance each other's beauties, as at the Menai; but, on the other hand, this very distance from the ocean blasts allows a greater richness to the vegetation, a freer growth to the trees around the borders of the lakes. There are few grand cliffs in the Cumbrian mountains. Their outlines, though sometimes graceful, are not often bold, and occasionally monotonous; yet their slopes and valleys exhibit a wealth of verdure that one but seldom sees in Wales. Last of all, that land is rich in lakes. Besides the lovely mountains, which are common enough, there is little to mention except the upland lake of Bala, and the two in the valley of Llanberis; while it is in sheets of water of all sizes, from little Rydal to such as Windermere or Ulleswater, that Cumberland and Westmoreland are so wonderfully rich. Above all things, this district has especially a "homesome" aspect, if we may coin the word. It looks a place not only to be visited, but also to be lived in. The Alpine glens, the Scotch moors, the Norway fiords, are well enough in the bright summer-tide; but we can well believe their aspect stern in autumn tempest or in the wintry blast; while here, in storm as in sunshine, the kindly look never quite departs from the face of Nature, to which the Christmas snow adds a new beauty, like the silvered hair on a mother's brow.

Since, then, there is such a wealth of beauty—of lake and stream, of mead and forest, of crag and fell—in this Cumbrian district, neither artist nor author can be expected to do more, in the compass of a work like this, than offer a few scenes as examples of the many charms to be found.

We will ramble about as chance dictates: so let us begin with Windermere, the longest, the narrowest, the most river-like of the group. It is by this lake that many travelers first approach the district, some coming by rail to Windermere town, near the upper end, others following the line along the shore of Morecambe Bay, which at last, turning inland, brings them to the southern end of the lake, at Newby Bridge. Though the hills are lower and the scenery tamer here than in other parts, this part should not be neglected; and the soft luxuriance of the scene, as we commence our journey northward in the little steamer, will not soon be forgotten. Gradually the hills on either side lift themselves into the air above the wooded slopes; the purple masses that rise far ahead above the stretch of placid water assume a greater distinctness of form and detail; and now the shores again narrow, wooded islands stud the waters, and almost seem to bar the way. Then, again, the lake expands; the groves, when Bowness is passed, become, if it were possible, yet more luxuriant; picturesque villas, castellated houses, peer out here and there, half hidden among the groups of trees; the craggy

heads of the twin Pikes of Langdale are seen overhanging the valley of the tributary Brathay, while in front the Rothay pierces deep into the mountain masses that form the advanced guard of Helvellyn. Few views in the district can equal, hardly any surpass, that which lies before us as we approach the head of the lake: beautiful in

Windermere.

the noontide brightness, more beautiful when the gauzy mists are stealing over the mountain-sides, most beautiful of all when the western heaven is glowing with the last evening rays behind the purple masses of Bowfell and the Langdale Pikes.

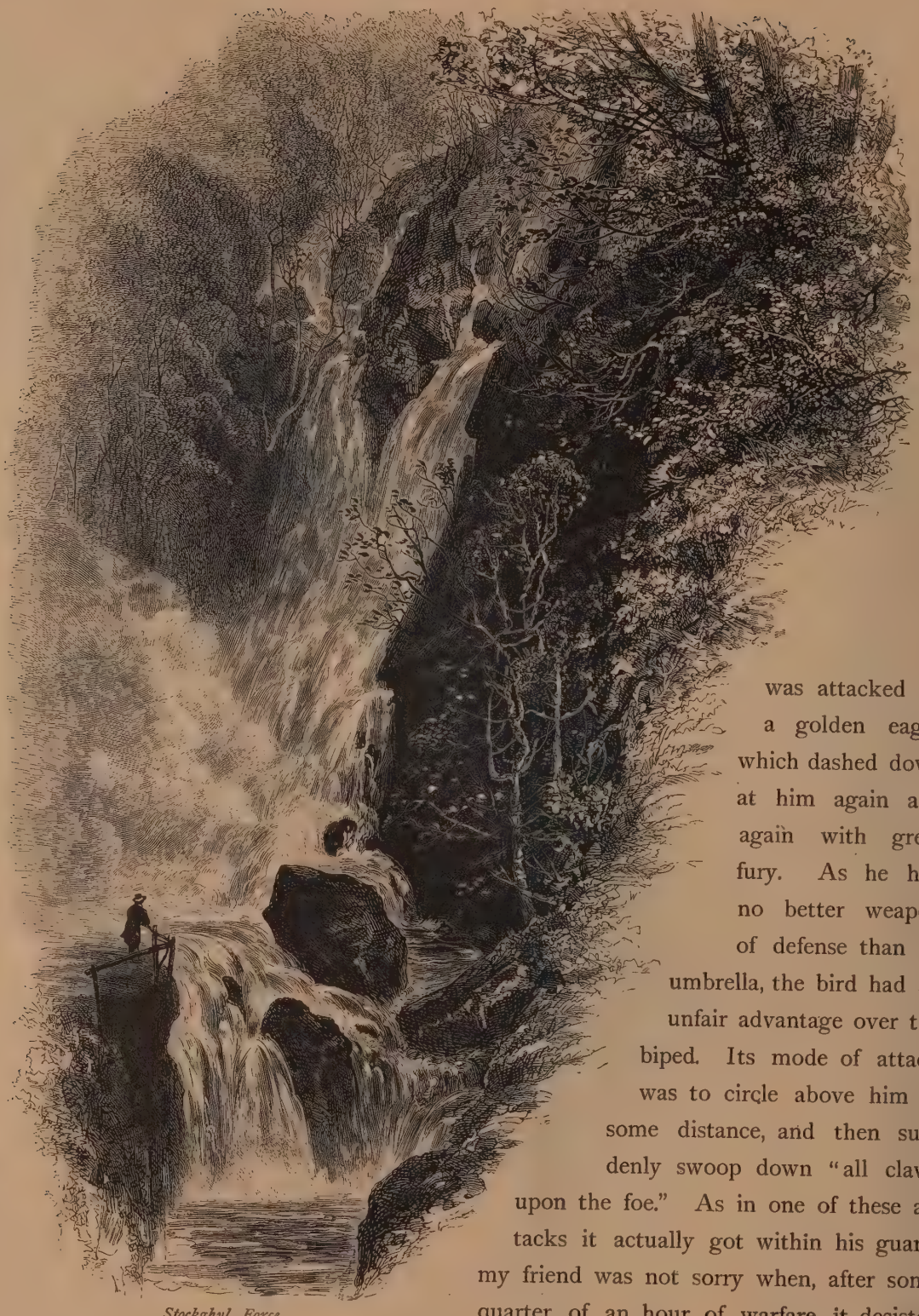
But in this neighborhood it is hardly possible to stir many yards without finding some new beauty which seems lovelier than the last. Even the ordinary carriage-road

from Windermere to Ambleside affords an exquisite variety of foreground combination of rock and turf, of shrubs and trees, whose branches enframe pictures of mountain masses rising over expanses of the blue lake. Perhaps some of the best views are obtained from the valley of Troutbeck, which comes down to the lake about half-way between Ambleside and Windermere.

Ambleside is one of the best halting-places for exploring the neighborhood. Within even a few minutes' walk are many picturesque nooks, one bearing that name *par excellence*—a delightful spot, where a stream purls among the bowlders between wooded braes, with jutting crags and fern-clad slopes. Behind one of the hotels Stockghyl Force, one of the finest waterfalls in the country, comes tumbling down, its foaming waters glancing among the overhanging boughs. "Force" is one of the words which, like many other Old-World relics, have lingered among the shadows of the hills. It is the same as the Scandinavian "foss," and signifies a waterfall. Of longer excursions there is an abundance, for Coniston and the Langdales on the one side, Ulleswater on the other, may easily be visited; while in front lie Rydal and Grasmere, and Thirlmere—or, in a long day, even Derwentwater—may be reached.

Two roads conduct from Ambleside to Coniston. It is better to take the more southern course in going and the other in returning. At first the scenery is rich and park-like; then, as the road ascends, it becomes somewhat wilder. Windermere lies below and behind, the sheet of liquid blue, which rivals the sky, widening out as you mount. The crags of Langdale and of Oxenfell stand boldly out; these, on the day when I passed, were bathed in a light more like that of Italy than of England. Crags and grassy slopes, green fields and heather-clad moors, firs, juniper, and a hundred other shrubs, gave each moment new combinations, changing, as in a kaleidoscope, from beauty to beauty, till the blue sheet of Coniston opened out before us, its head embosomed in trees, and guarded by the massive form of the far-famed Old Man.

The view from the summit of this mountain, in my opinon, is one of the finest in the district. Standing, as it does, like a bastion tower on the edge of the group, it commands a wide extent of the higher mountains, the bolder peaks of the Scafell range being especially conspicuous, while our eyes range along the beautiful lake, seemingly almost beneath our feet, and thence far down the estuaries of the Kent, the Severn, and the Duddon, to the sands of Morecambe Bay. Far away over these may be seen, on a clear day, the castle of Lancaster, and even Ingleborough and the Yorkshire fells; while those who are specially favored may discern, like clouds on the horizon, the Isle of Man, and even the peak of Snowdon. The Old Man, like most of the Cumbrian mountains, is easily ascended, a good path leading up to the rounded platform which forms the top, and the pedestrian who is weary of this can easily climb the steep slopes of the central corrie. A friend of mine, however, once met with a novel adventure on his descent along the northern ridge of the mountains, for he



Stockghyl Force.

was attacked by a golden eagle, which dashed down at him again and again with great fury. As he had no better weapon of defense than an umbrella, the bird had an unfair advantage over the biped. Its mode of attack was to circle above him at some distance, and then suddenly swoop down "all claws upon the foe." As in one of these attacks it actually got within his guard, my friend was not sorry when, after some quarter of an hour of warfare, it desisted and sailed majestically back to its eyrie.

From some points of view the trench-like form of Coniston Lake is a little too conspicuous for perfect beauty, but it would be difficult to find anywhere more lovely

views than are obtained from several places near the upper end. Sweeps of greenest grass, and groves of trees of many shades, from the dark fir to the bright lime, make exquisite foregrounds for the blue expanse of water and the massive form of the Old Man. In one of the most beautiful of these sites is the house of Professor Ruskin, to whom, as to so many other poets, the spell of Cumbrian beauty has proved an irresistible attraction. The lover of the picturesque cannot help lingering in view of the home of one who more than any other man has taught his countrymen to appreciate the greatest master of landscape-painting the world has ever produced, and has zealously striven to divert students of Nature from following false ideals, to seeking for her truths and reverencing her beauty.

The return to Ambleside by Tilberthwaite is even more beautiful than the route by which we came. By a long gradual ascent from the level of Coniston Lake we pass through an upland valley. Here groves of trees and slopes of grass make rich and beautiful foregrounds; behind them rise the precipitous hills, their rough-scarred sides of sombre purple contrasting exquisitely with the verdure at their feet. Higher up, as the crags approach nearer to the road, the slopes become wilder; the forest-trees are replaced by the trailing junipers; the rich sward by the feathery brake, the glowing heath, and the blushing ling. These beauties, however, must not make us forget to cast a frequent glance behind, where the green slopes around the quiet waters of Coniston are sinking down into a carpet of verdure that stretches out toward the sea.

Presently the road reaches the top of the fell, the scene behind disappears, and in a few moments is replaced by another—different, indeed, but not less beautiful; for we are standing on the brow of a steep descent, and beneath us Little Langdale is spread out like a map, while beyond it are the twin Pikes, backed up by a long extent of the higher summits. Each turn of the road, as it zigzags down in an almost Alpine fashion, reveals some new beauty, for there are few points of view from which the Pikes show to greater advantage, and fresh bits of foreground constantly offer new contrast with their dark crags. Perhaps the best view of all is obtained, after the descent is over, from the neighborhood of Skelwith Bridge, where some groups of pines form a peculiarly graceful and appropriate foreground.

As we are now in Great Langdale, we may as well turn aside to notice the upper part of the valley; though no one but the most hurried traveler would crowd this excursion into the same day as one to Coniston. The Pikes, of which we have already spoken, rise very steeply on the northern side of the valley. Though they are hardly to be ranked among the loftiest of summits in the district—for their respective heights are only two thousand four hundred and two thousand three hundred feet—yet the abruptness with which their craggy heads rise, not only above the general level of the surrounding fells, but also from the bed of Langdale itself, gives them a truly

mountainous character which is not possessed by several higher summits. This grandeur is augmented, as has been mentioned above, by the singular beauty and richness of Lower Langdale, which affords such endless variety and contrast of foreground scenery.

The comfortable inns beneath the slopes of the Pikes make excellent points of

Coniston Water.

departure for many fine walks, such as not only the ascent of the Pikes themselves, but also those of Bowfell and even of Scafell. The former of these is a noble point of view, and can be reached by a rough scramble direct from the head of Langdale; this, too, is a very striking scene, where its level floor of sward is strewed with scattered blocks and the moraines of vanished glaciers, and encircled by almost

an amphitheatre of crags. But most visitors will first turn their steps to the far-famed Dungeon Ghyll, a cascade at the base of the Pikes. It is a model in miniature of an Alpine ravine. The burn that drains the dark corries beneath the peaks tumbles leap after leap down the steep slopes, till at last it plunges into a narrow ravine in the hard rock. Except when there is a "spate," it is easy to make one's way over the great bowlders in the lowest bed, and penetrate into the ravine. On either hand are vertical walls—which one can almost reach with outstretched arms—of dark, hard rock. At the upper end the stream—a mass of white foam—glances and glimmers ghost-like in the shadows. Overhead—

> "Into the chasm a mighty block
> Hath fallen, and made a bridge of rock,"

while other blocks beneath our feet almost hide from view the broken waters of the stream. Yet the sombre purples of the crags are not wholly unrelieved, for cushions of moss and tufts of grass have clung to every ledge, while trailing plants here and there almost mask the rock and sturdy shrubs. Near the top trees have fixed their roots firmly in the crannies, and their branches wellnigh meet above the ravine.

Another of the favorite excursions from Ambleside is to Patterdale and Ulleswater. From the village it is a steep pull up-hill to the top of Kirkstone Pass—so steep that the hirer of a carriage probably concludes with the Irishman that, "if it wasn't for the appearance, he might as well walk;" for he will most likely have to do so most of the way. But he may solace himself with glances back at Windermere, which will show him many a scene like that he sketched. At the top, where a great bowlder, looking from some points of view like the gable of a chapel, gives its name to the pass, is a small house, fourteen hundred and eighty-one feet above the sea-level, which claims to be "the highest inhabited house in England." The view back over Ambleside and Troutbeck is fair to the last, but it is a wild scene in front. On either hand are two great banks of screes, broken here and there by crags; a steep and stony valley lies in front, at the end of which the bare expanse of Brother's Water—hardly more than a tarn—gleams beneath the great mass of Place Fells, which seems almost to block up the valley. Quickly we hasten down the windings of the road to a more fertile region; strips of meadow soon begin to soften the harshness of the nearer slopes. Some trees, though not many, appear as we approach the ill-omened shores of Brother's Water; and not long after passing it we are in Patterdale, once more in the characteristic scenery of the lake country—groves and meadows in front, craggy mountains behind. The road now becomes one of rare beauty, hardly to be surpassed in the whole district, till at last, as the woods gather more and more densely on the slopes, Ulleswater gleams in front, reflecting in its quiet waters the surrounding summits. Just at the head is

BRANTWOOD, RESIDENCE OF MR. RUSKIN AT CONISTON.

the pretty village of Patterdale, fairly nestling among trees, with its tiny church and old yew-tree. For a distance of four or five miles round this spot as a centre, each step discloses some new beauty. The reach of waters below is far the most beautiful part of the lake. The views from its shores, especially looking back toward Patterdale, are almost the finest in the whole region. Not far away—

"Doth Aira Force, that torrent hoarse, speak from the woody glen;"

and beyond the parks that clothe the western slopes rise the bare fells of Helvellyn and the lonely vale of Grisedale. The summit of that mountain can be readily reached from Patterdale, and we can choose between the two "edges" by which it is approached. Of these, the nearer, Shiding Edge, still moves to awe the soul of the tourist accustomed only to the pavement of cities. In this direction one can return to Ambleside by descending into the Rothay Valley, either on the head of Helvellyn or direct from the solitary tarn at the top of Grisedale.

Let us now follow the main valley of the Rothay from Ambleside. The only difficulty is, which way to choose; for there are at least three, all beautiful. If, loving ease, you prefer to follow the carriage-road, you will think that it would be hard to find anything fairer than these meadows by the Rothay, broken so charmingly by knolls of slate-rock capped by groups of trees, and backed by the delicate, yet showy, outlines of Loughrigg Fell. You will linger long to mark the exquisite harmonies of colors produced by the blending of the purple rock with the greens of every hue, from the bright, deciduous leaves to Scotch fir, whose sombre clusters are relieved by the warm red of its bole. You pass, and come to Rydal village, where you choose again whether you will still keep near the Rothay, along the shore of the two lakes, to the church of Grasmere, or strike off up the hill on the right, by Rydal Hall, with its tiny cascade; by the little house,

"Almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy,"

where William Wordsworth spent many years of his long and honored life; by the Wishing Gate, where the artist may well wish, and all in vain, for the power to depict, the author to describe, the beauties of the scene that is spread before them, for there are few better positions than this for viewing Grasmere's

"Vale and lake within their mountain urn,
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep."

From the Wishing Gate a gradual descent leads to Grasmere village, at the head of the lake. Yet no less beautiful is the way along the right bank of the Rothay.

LANGDALE PIKES.

We pass Fox Howe, where the memory of Dr. Arnold still is fresh; we pass through the meadows by the brink of Rydal Mere; then, mounting up along the steep hill-side, we traverse a kind of terrace, high above the basin of Grasmere, till, after entering a shrubbery, we descend through a richly-planted park to the village.

Rough, humble as is the church of Grasmere, its "God's acre" is classic ground. Here rests poor Hartley Coleridge, who closed his eyes in the next village; and here Wordsworth, who spent the earlier years of his married life in Grasmere, sleeps, among the kinsfolk and the scenes he loved so well. It would be hard to find a spot more like an earthly paradise —so near to the green lake, its surface ruffled by "one little isle," while all around are green meadows, wooded slopes, with the glimpse into wild Easdale to enhance, by contrast, their

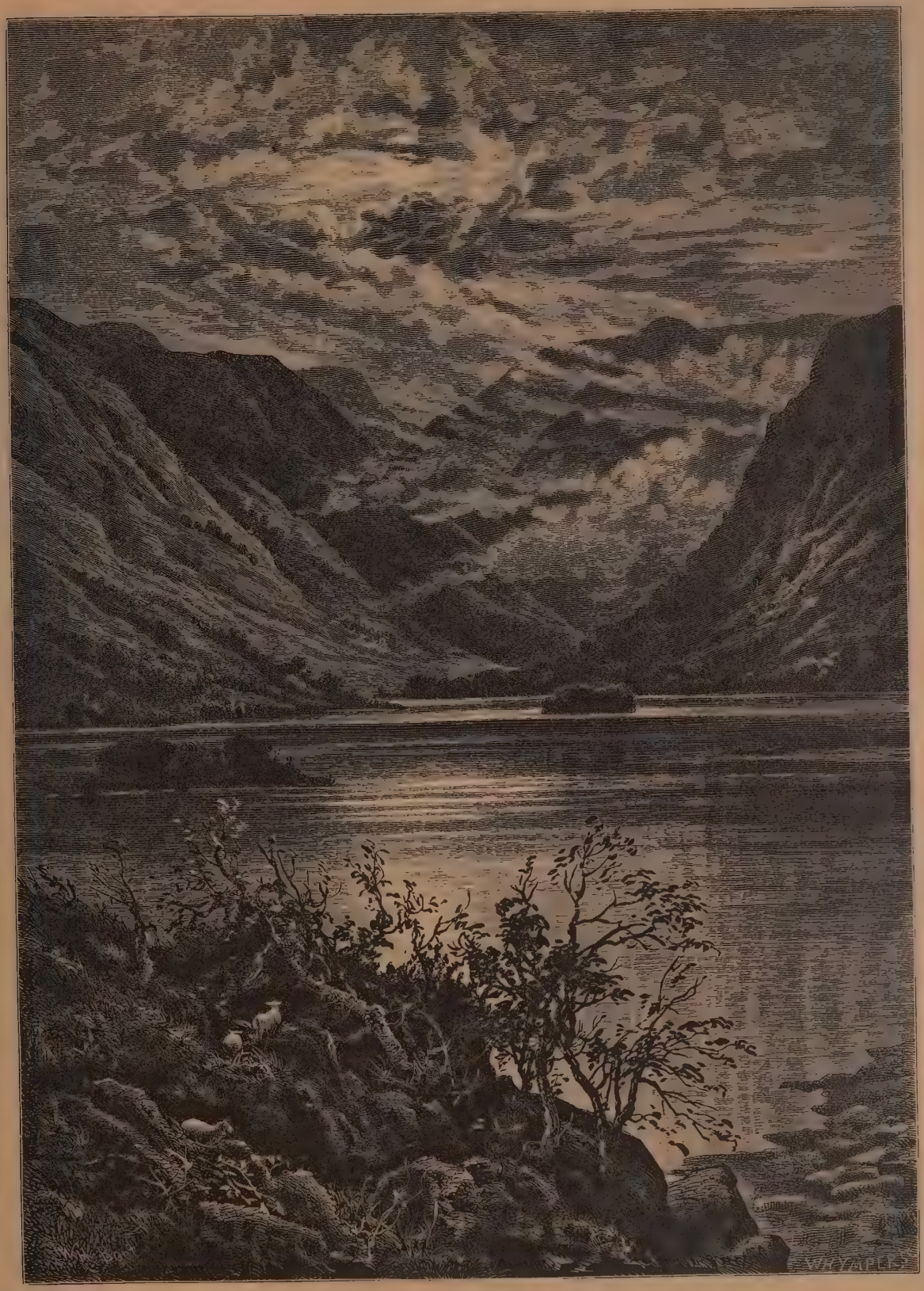
Dungeon Ghyll.

riches; and, above all, the varied forms of Seat Sandal and Heln Cong, guarding the deep depression of Dunmail Brise.

On the top of this a rude cairn of stones, according to tradition, marks the grave of Dunmail, "last king of rocky Cumberland," fallen here in battle at the frontier of his domain. Hence we descend to Thirlmere, a long, narrow lake, in one place almost severed into two, which is guarded on one side by the slopes of Helvellyn, on the other by the bolder crags of Armboth Fell. As might be expected, from its elevation, its shores are less luxuriant than those of the other lakes, and great domes of ice-worn rock here and there rise above the turf. From near its lower end is a striking view down the vale of St. John's, between steep walls of rock, to the noble form of Blencathra. The traveler bound for Keswick leaves this fine valley on the right, and, crossing a low gap in the hills, descends gradually toward Derwentwater, through exquisite scenery.

It is hard to decide between the rival claims of Ambleside and Keswick as halting-places; but I think that, were I obliged to choose, I should prefer the latter; nay, I will even venture to assert that it would be difficult to find a prettier spot in all Europe. Grander scenery you may, of course, easily meet with around the lakes of Tyrol and Switzerland, more luxuriant around those of Italy; but though so small (only a league in length), though surrounded by summits which, among the Alps, would only be unnoticed hills; though its banks are only wooded by homely English trees, yet it seems a mountain Eden, a Happy Valley of Rasselas. When first I saw it, I had traveled direct from the Continent, and the memories of Thun and Lucerne were fresh in my mind; yet, instead of suffering from this comparison, it seemed to be more beautiful from its entire difference.

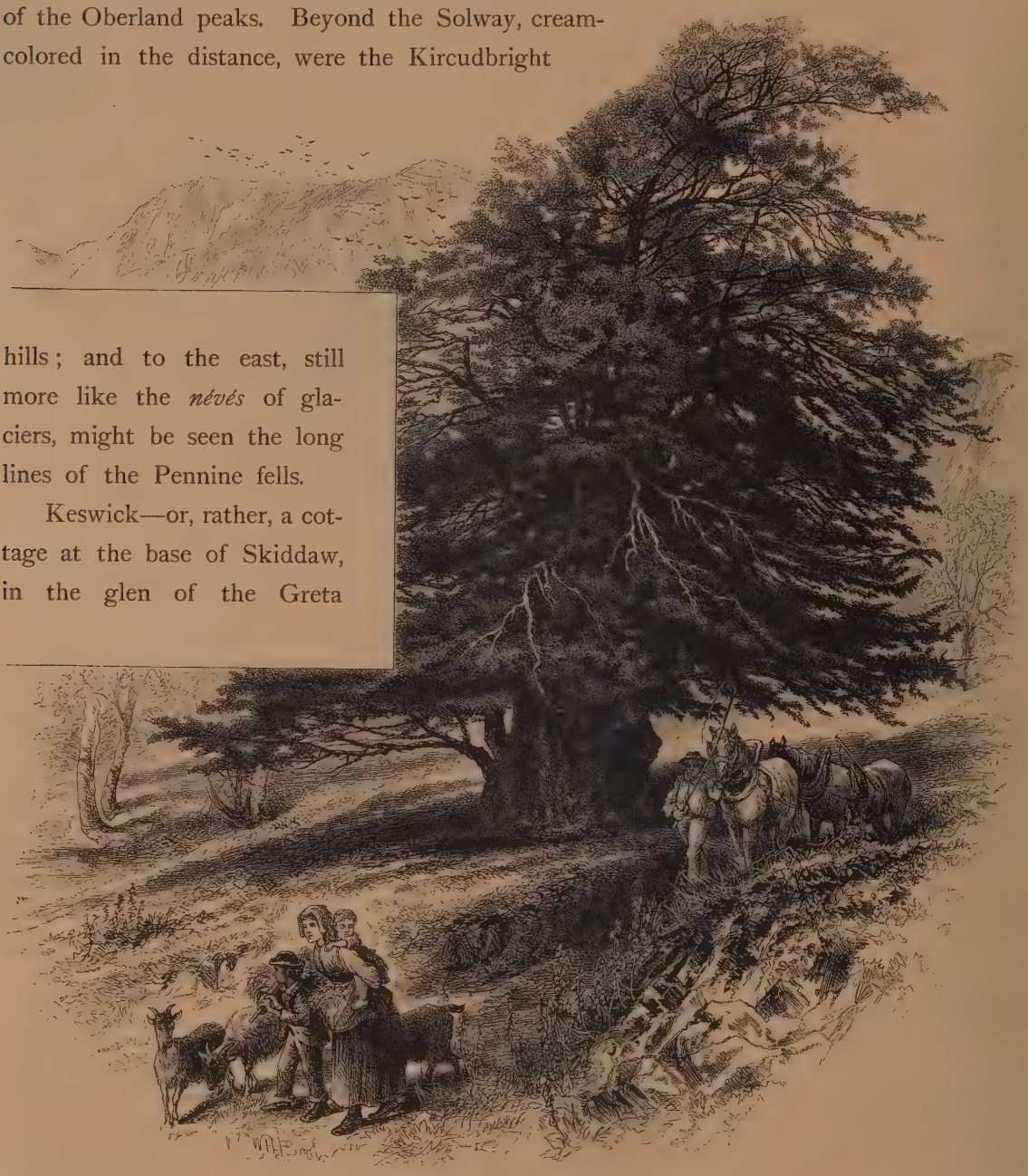
Skiddaw itself, the principal summit of the district, is not very striking in appearance, being in form rather a huge hill than a mountain. Still, from some points, especially from the shores of the lake, its huge, rounded head crowning the great grassy slopes has a very attractive look. Neither is the view from the top among the best in the district. Derwentwater and Basserthwaite, indeed, lie spread out below; and to the south, around the recesses of Borrowdale, the main group of the Cumbrian mountains is well seen; but to the north there is little else than an undulating expanse of barren upland moors shelving gradually down toward the Solway. In the winter, however, it is sometimes a different thing. Skiddaw, then shrouded deep in snow, seems to rival even the Alpine giants; its gleaming summit, breaking through the clouds, towers aloft as if it were the very *calotte* of Mont Blanc. Then, on a clear December day, what a view there is from the top to reward your plod over frozen snow through the biting air! I could have fancied myself back again upon some favorite Alpine outlook. There rose before me every important summit in the district, every slope, every ledge loaded with snow; the bare fell-tops were turned



ULLESWATER

into great snow-fields, which it required no great stretch of fancy to believe the parents of glaciers; and even that dreary moorland on the north had now become an almost unbroken sheet of snow, reminding one of that which caps the precipices above the Val d'Anzasca, or is fed by the southern slopes of the Oberland peaks. Beyond the Solway, cream-colored in the distance, were the Kircudbright hills; and to the east, still more like the *névés* of glaciers, might be seen the long lines of the Pennine fells.

Keswick—or, rather, a cottage at the base of Skiddaw, in the glen of the Greta



Old Yew-Tree.

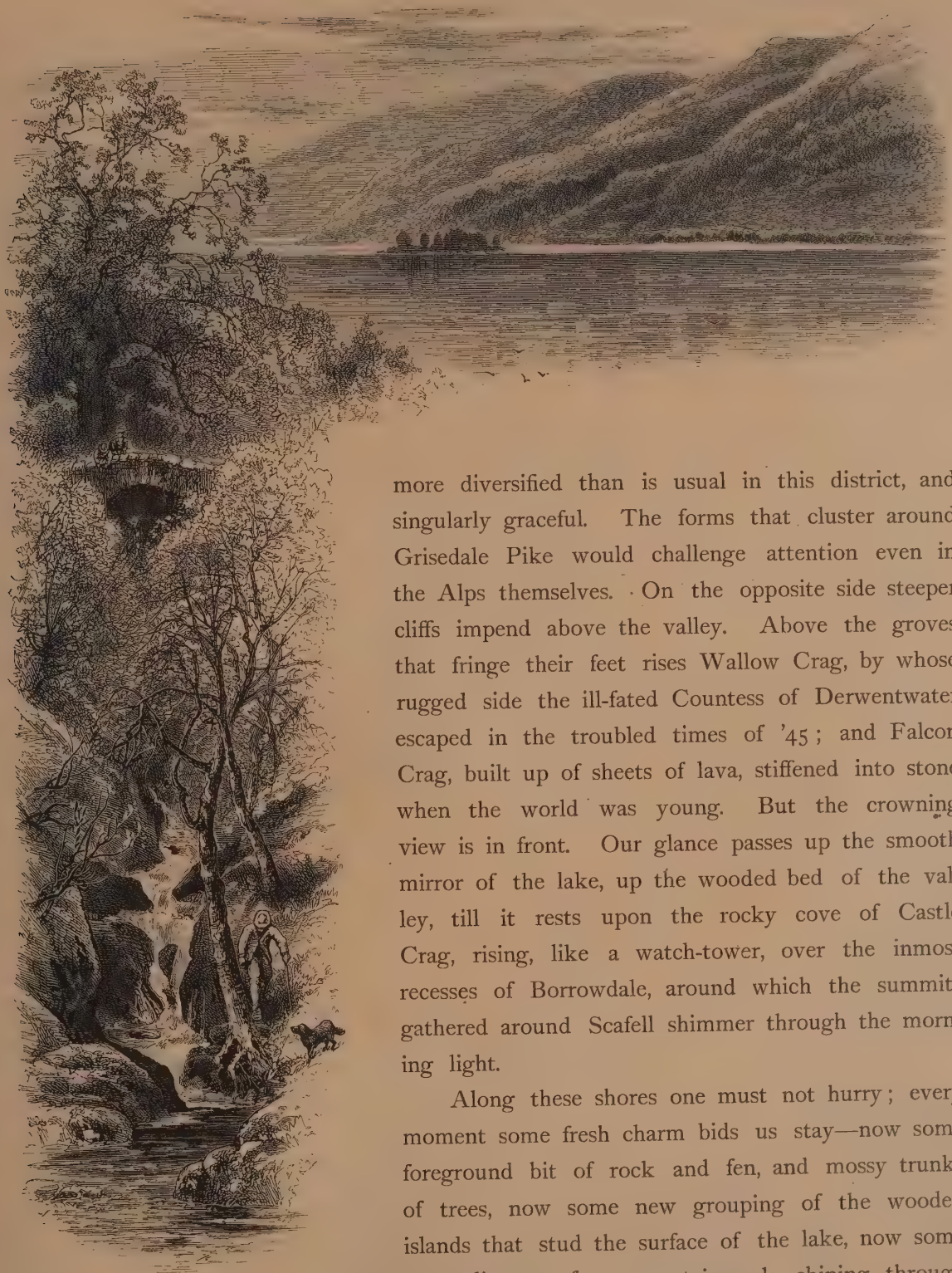
—was for many years the home of Southey, who is buried in the Crosthwaite church. The reader of this work, too, must not forget that Derwentwater was the bourn of that eminent traveler in search of the picturesque, Dr. Syntax. If he knows that

THE NAB COTTAGE, RYDAL LAKE.

humorous book (and, if he does not, he will thank us for naming it), he may seek for the site of Worthy Hall, where Syntax, "with genius big, first drew a cow and next a pig;" or identify the spot where Guzzle's luckless step "soused the doctor in the lake;" and will probably conclude that this very church is the Sommerden where, in the evening of his days, he "enjoyed his hours of learned ease."

Wordsworth's Grave.

There is hardly a spot along the shores of Derwentwater which does not furnish some exquisite picture. Its banks are a succession of sloping meadows and ferny braes, of groves of trees feathering down to the water, with bolder crags behind, and steep, rocky slopes of mountain pasture. Stand upon its margin and glance around. On one side the green sides of Skiddaw rise from the almost level bed of the valley, and Blencathra's bolder form impends over the glen of the Greta; on another stands the mountain group which forms the western boundary of the valley, their outlines



Derwentwater.

more diversified than is usual in this district, and singularly graceful. The forms that cluster around Grisedale Pike would challenge attention even in the Alps themselves. On the opposite side steeper cliffs impend above the valley. Above the groves that fringe their feet rises Wallow Crag, by whose rugged side the ill-fated Countess of Derwentwater escaped in the troubled times of '45; and Falcon Crag, built up of sheets of lava, stiffened into stone when the world was young. But the crowning view is in front. Our glance passes up the smooth mirror of the lake, up the wooded bed of the valley, till it rests upon the rocky cove of Castle Crag, rising, like a watch-tower, over the inmost recesses of Borrowdale, around which the summits gathered around Scafell shimmer through the morning light.

Along these shores one must not hurry; every moment some fresh charm bids us stay—now some foreground bit of rock and fen, and mossy trunks of trees, now some new grouping of the wooded islands that stud the surface of the lake, now some new glimpse of a mountain-peak shining through the boughs, its blue and purple tints seeming, if possible, more tender and aërial from contrast with the strong lights and shadows of the green leaves. At the upper end of Derwentwater is Lodore, to whose cascades Southey

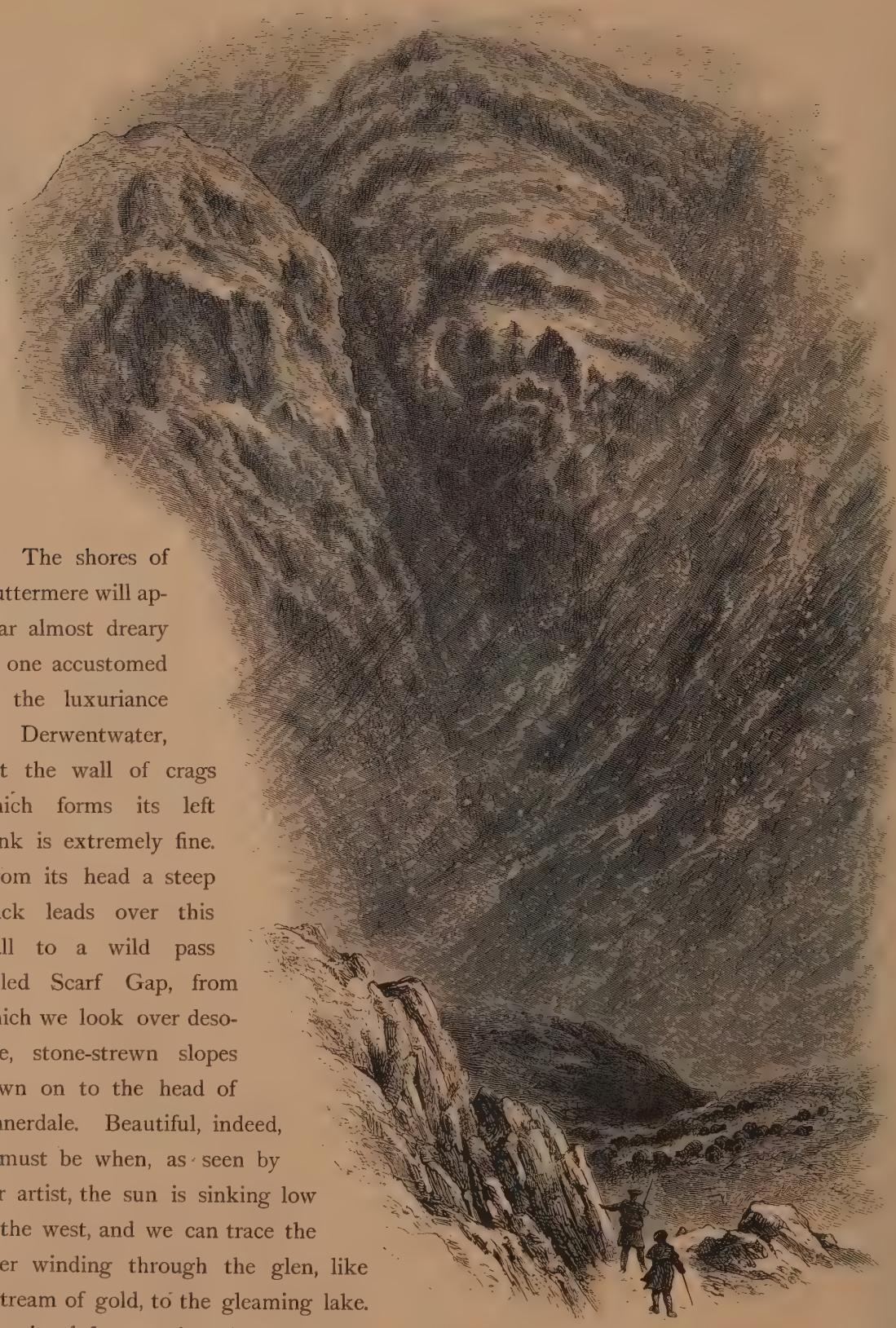
HONISTON CRAG AND PASS.

has lent the charm of his verse. But, if asked "How does the water come down at Lodore?" I must answer, Except in a spate, it does not; and that whoever visits it after reading the poem runs a good chance of being disappointed. But there is no lack of beauties, even if we neglect the waterfall. Here is Grange, a picturesque group of cottages, trees, ice-worn rocks, and an old bridge spanning the divided stream; here the huge mass of the celebrated Bowlder Stone. Here we pass beneath the wooded sides of Castle Crag, where the valley narrows to a mere defile, and the stream goes dashing among the fallen blocks. Standing amid this scenery, so softened by its wealth of vegetation from its natural ruggedness, it is hard to believe that a great glacier once filled the bed of Borrowdale, and passed high above the summit of Castle Crag. Yet there is its "writing on the wall," so plain that he who runs may read.

After passing over Rossthwaite's grassy base, our road mounts steeply on the right, till it gains the summit of Borrowdale Haws. The views during the ascent are fine, but the descent is yet more striking. A wild, desolate valley brings us, before long, to full view of Honiston Crag, one of the few really grand precipices in the country. It is a noble mass of rock, jutting out from the main mass like a huge

Ennerdale, from Scarf Gap.

bastion, with dark, bare walls rising full one thousand feet in height—never so impressive as in winter, when its ledges are all loaded with snow and fringed with icicles. Then the scenery begins again to soften as woods resume their place in the bed of the glen, and the waters of Buttermere begin to gleam below us.



Peaks of Scafell.

The shores of Buttermere will appear almost dreary to one accustomed to the luxuriance of Derwentwater, but the wall of crags which forms its left bank is extremely fine. From its head a steep track leads over this wall to a wild pass called Scarf Gap, from which we look over desolate, stone-strewn slopes down on to the head of Ennerdale. Beautiful, indeed, it must be when, as seen by our artist, the sun is sinking low in the west, and we can trace the river winding through the glen, like a stream of gold, to the gleaming lake. On the left are the slopes of the

Pillar Mountain, so called from the singular mass of rock, resembling a group of ruined towers, which projects from its flank. Across these slopes a narrow track leads by a pass called "Black Sail" to the head of Wastwater.

Wastwater is often more highly praised than any of the English lakes. With this opinion I cannot agree. The upper end, to me, seems rather dreary than grand; for here, as in other parts both of Cumbria and Wales, I find my admiration flags after the limit of trees is passed. The finest view is from the lower end of the lake, where the bold crags (called "The Screes") on the southeastern shore are well seen, and the pyramid of Great Gable rising above the lake at the head of the narrow glen reminds us a little of the Bristenstock from the Bay of Uri.

From the head of Wastwater a steep and stony path leads between the summits of Great Gable and Great End to the Stye Head Pass, one of the highest in the district, for it is about fourteen hundred feet above sea-level. It is also one of the wildest, for the path winds among endless wastes of broken rock, all around the lonely tarn are bare and rugged crags, and the peaks of Scafell and Great Gable stand up gaunt and bare. But these the traveler can hardly hope to see, except at rare intervals, through the drifting clouds; for this is the home of the storm, a terrible temple of the winds and rain. When I crossed over, it was much such a day as is depicted here—pelting rain and a howling wind, which drove the vapors scudding past us; generally nothing could be seen but a wilderness of barren and dripping rock, quickly fading into the impenetrable mists, which only now and then opened for a moment to show the dark crags and corries of Scafell Pikes. It is no wonder that the idea most commonly associated with this pass and Honiston Crag should be that of rain and storm; for this little district around Scafell is the wettest in Great Britain. On the Stye Head Pass more than one hundred and fifty inches of rain, or six times as much as at London, falls every year; and in 1872, the wettest year known within a long experience, the gauge recorded more than eight feet of rain.

From the summit of the pass a descent even steeper than the ascent leads to Borrowdale, by a waterfall which will in all probability be seen to advantage, and tempt the passing traveler to risk a cold by lingering in his damp clothes. When the bed of the valley is reached, the bleak and dreary scenery gradually begins to wear a more smiling aspect; scattered houses and inclosures appear, trees begin to clothe the slopes, and so we pass on once more through the grassy basin of Rossthwaite, through the defile of Castle Crag, and along the shore of Derwentwater, till we reach Keswick town once more, whence the iron road can take us home again.

Two objects of interest sketched by our artist we have neglected to mention. One is the magnificent yew-tree (page 480) made famous by the verse of Wordsworth, which stands at Lorton Hall, near the village of Lorton, in the vale of Cocker River.

The tree has lost some of its grandest branches and much of its massive foliage, yet is sung as follows by the poet:

"There is a yew-tree, pride of Lorton vale,
Which to this day stands single, in the midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore;
Not loath to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heath; or those that crossed the sea,
And drew their sounding bows at Azincour—
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poictiers.
Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary tree! a living thing,
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed."

The other object referred to is Nab Cottage (page 481) (a *nab*, *neb*, or *nose*, is either part of a mountain or a projecting point of land into the water), situated on the northern shore of Rydal Lake, and separated from the skirt of Nab Scar by a sloping meadow, which is famous as being once the home of De Quincey, and afterward the residence and death-place of Hartley Coleridge. The cottage, with its out-houses, forms a picturesque group, and is charmingly situated on one of the most beautiful of the lakes.

END OF VOLUME I.